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MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

By John Heard, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MARCHETTI AND GILBERT GAUL.

SOME years ago I was camping with General Tiburcio Otero by the side of a small stream near Baroyecas in Sonora. Our evening meal was over and, as we smoked our Tepic cigars, over a cup of coffee enlivened with genuine Tequila, I thought the moment opportune to ask my companion for some reminiscences of the French war. He had been intimately connected with the uprising of the north-western provinces, and many a *piou-piou* owed his translation into a better world to Otero's fondness for removing his enemies beyond the possibility of return; so I pressed him to allow me to write, at his dictation, the story he knew so well, as a contribution to history.

"It is not time yet, Don Juan," he said, rising to fill at the brook a cup which he set upon the table. "This water is very muddy, one could hardly swallow it," he added, drawing my attention to the amount of matter in suspension; then he began to talk of irrelevant things. A half hour later he again pointed to the cup; the sediment had settled and the water was clear above it.

"Look you, Don Juan, it is the same way with history," he said, with that inimitable stately Spanish gravity that invests the most trite remark with the dignity of wisdom, "at first it is so cloudy and thick that you cannot see through it. Then the mud settles, and the living things become clear to you with many others that float and have come to the surface. . . . "

Some years have passed since then, and in the meantime many documents concerning the "Intervention" have come to the surface, especially in France.* The true inside history of the part played by the United States will probably never be thoroughly known, for there were few documents, and these were either insignificant, or written for the public to whom those diplomatic secrets were to remain caviare. The real instructions were given by word of mouth, and both the men that spoke and the men that listened have passed away; they kept their counsel during their lifetime; it is not probable that they will speak from the grave.

These great historical episodes are proverbially Janus-faced, and the credulous majority, usually satisfied with the face on the outside of the door, seldom attempts to investigate the inner side of the panel. So in the case of the French intervention in Mexico, the public saw only the famous Jecker claim, and innocently accepted this *causa belli*. Let us step behind the curtain and see what we can discover, for this Mexican question

* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Méxique d'après les documents inédits d'Ernest Louet. 3 vols., par Paul Gaulot.

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Landing of the Allied Troops at Vera Cruz.—Page 669.

really belongs to the history of the United States — more, perhaps, in its promise than in its fulfilment.

I.—The Conception.

By the treaty of Aqualá (signed August 23, 1821), the Spanish colony of Mexico became an independent . . . chaos. The colonial policy of Spain has always been conducted on the same rudimentary principles. The son of the soil, a subject, and above all a contributor, was positively excluded from participation in any branch of government; and this government was absolute. Its representative, whatever his title, was responsible only to God; hence, as results, a petty despotism in its worst form, a progressive tendency toward revolt, and a lamentable incapacity for organization or self-rule.

This was the lot of Mexico. Freed suddenly after many years of bondage, she did not at first know what use to make of her liberty. She was like a Frankenstein to whom a soul was unexpectedly given on his coming of age. Instinctively recognizing her own ignorance, she strove to follow the example of older civilizations by government and

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The French Attack upon Fort San Guadalupe at Puebla.—Page 670.

opposition as equivalent quantities ; the result was, however, by no means the desired equilibrium.

After the disastrous outcome of the experimental empire under Iturbide (May, 1822—March, 1823), Mexico started on an extraordinary and certainly unparalleled career of insurrections and *pronunciamientos*, of which no less than two hundred and sixty have been recorded during the first sixty years of her so-called independence. In the absence of any legal government, might became right, and the power passed into the hands of the army ; but, just as the Government had no principles, no con-

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stitution on which to fall back in solving doubtful problems of right and wrong, so the army had no flag, no history, no traditions. In other words, it soon manifested a general preference for serving the man who paid, and the best paymaster was the so-called clerical party.

During the first three centuries of its existence in Mexico the Church had undoubtedly devoted some of its leisure to the spiritual welfare of its children; at the same time it had so little neglected the establishment of its temporal power, that in 1860, one-third of the national wealth was absolutely in its control, whereas the State coffers were empty. It was, therefore, an easy matter to convince the army of the advantages of serving God and getting paid for it, over the alternative of fighting for honor on an empty stomach, flanked by equally empty pockets. Army and church combined meant absolute power, and absolute power inevitably entails abuse. The Mexican people, *misera contribuens plebs*, first appreciated the logic of this statement in 1856, and rose, east and west and south and north. In January, 1861, the victorious Liberal army entered the City of Mexico. After an eventful struggle of four years' duration, the first two of which were marked by an unbroken series of defeats, Benito Juarez, the Mexican Washington, had achieved the independence of his people. The clerical party was crushed, dispossessed of all its property (July, 1861), and its leaders exiled. Its return to power insured a reign of terror marked by the most pitiless reprisals, and it seemed as though every precaution, however cruel, were justified, in order to avert the possibility of such a national calamity. Helpless at home the clericals now sought aid abroad. As long ago as 1840 the growing shadow of the great liberal power on the north, the United States, had caused its leaders much anxiety, for a liberal republican government in Mexico involved the political death of the clergy. Primary education, the recognition of the rights of individuals, the disestablishment of the Church, the encouragement of immigration, hence the dissemination of independent thought, in other words, the programme of progress, foreboded serious difficulty to the future maintenance of ecclesiastical despotism. Under these circumstances, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Gutierrez de Estrada, proposed the founding of a monarchy, for which audacious suggestion he was promptly rewarded by exile. From his home in Europe he maintained an active correspondence with the leaders of the reactionary party in Mexico, and in 1854 received from President Santa-Anna a special commission to negotiate, as plenipotentiary, with the Cabinets of Paris, London, Vienna, and Madrid, the establishment of a European Prince on the throne of Mexico. President Miramon confirmed the appointment in 1859, about which time Napoleon III. turned his attention toward Mexico, and recommended the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, as a candidate for the proposed imperial throne.

This choice was not altogether irrelevant, for one clause of the treaty of Aqualá stipulated that, should the principle of a constitutional monarchy secure adoption, the crown be offered first to the Infantes of Spain, brothers of Ferdinand VII., and, in the event of a refusal on their part, to the Archduke Charles of Austria. By nominating Maximilian, Napoleon was interpreting this clause freely, it is true, but with a certain appearance of plausibility. It must not for a moment be supposed that he merely intended to gratify the house of Austria by this gift of a transatlantic empire, though he was doubtless anxious to conciliate the Court at Vienna, estranged from France by the events in Italy. No! Like Talleyrand he foresaw the colossal development of the United States, foresaw and dreaded it. Its power was a menace to Catholicism and to the monarchical principle; for the prosperity of a great liberal power on the American continent must eventually cast its reflection on its shadow over Europe. At that time our country was divided against itself, for when Napoleon began to show his projects openly, the War of the Rebellion had begun; our interference in Mexican affairs seemed improbable, and the time was well chosen for the attempt

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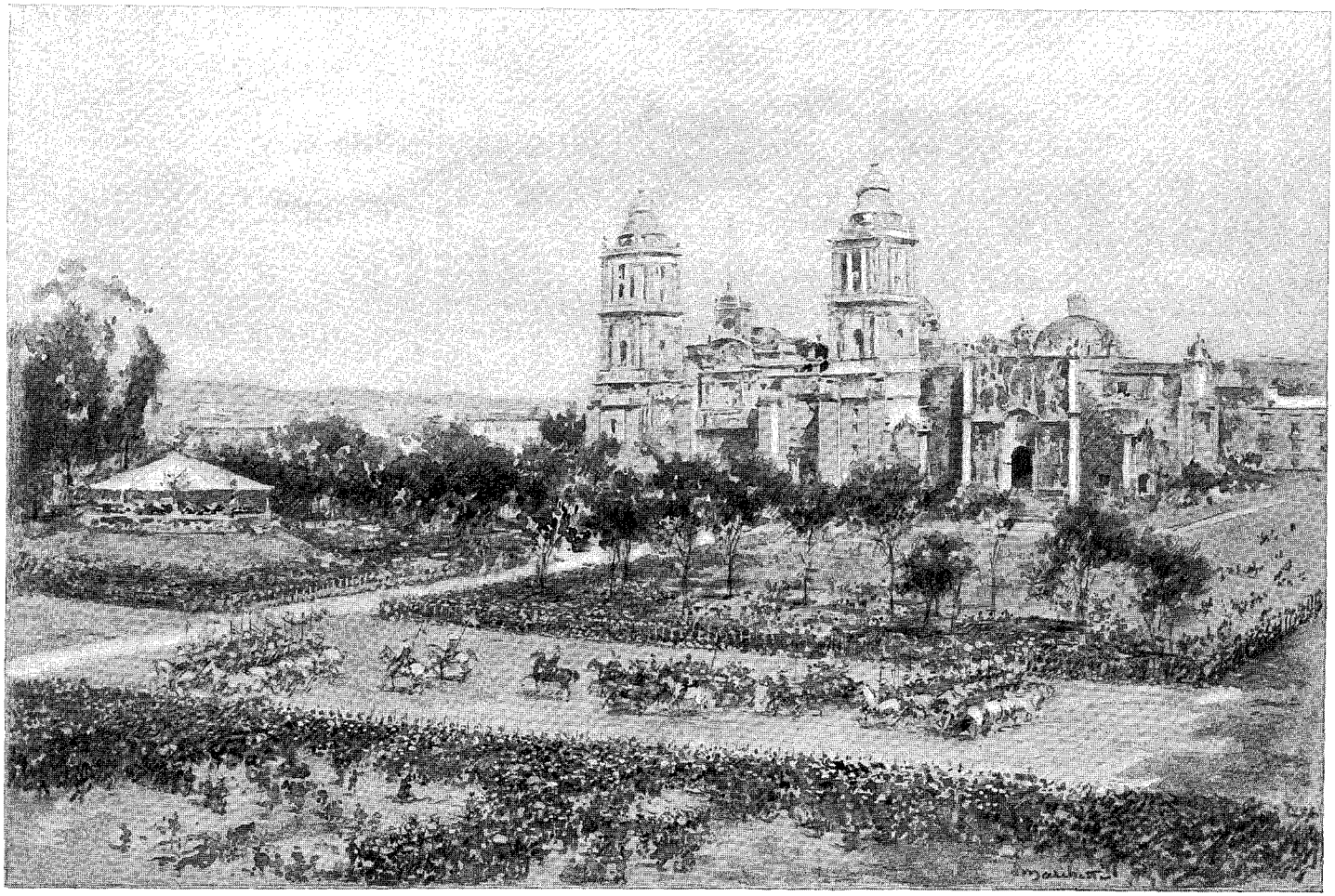

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.

Triumphal Entry of General Forey into the City of Mexico.—Page 673.

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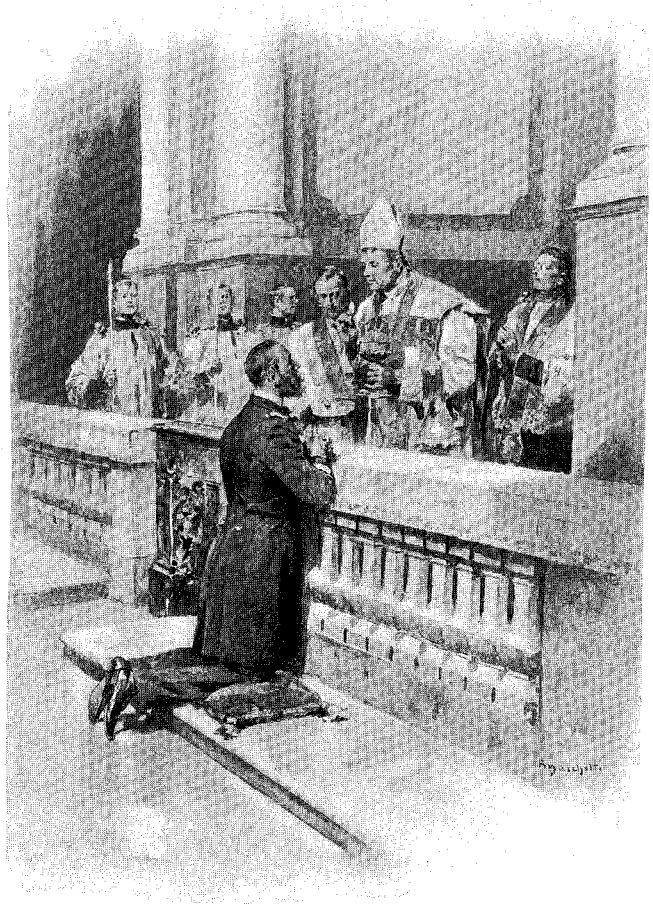
to establish in America a Catholic-Latin Empire closely related to all the courts of Europe. Before our intestinal troubles were over, the projected empire could be organized, firmly consolidated, and the influence of the United States be thus effectively checked toward the south.



Maximilian Receiving the Pope's Benediction at Rome before his Departure for Mexico.—Page 676.

Nothing was wanting now but a pretext for commencing hostilities. To be sure, the Mexican Congress had repudiated its debts to foreign fundholders (July 17, 1861), and diplomatic relations with England and France had been temporarily suspended. But Napoleon realized full well that the redress of mere commercial wrongs inflicted upon French residents in Mexico, would not be accepted by the nation as a sufficient reason for war; hence we understand the sudden insight of the French envoy, Mr. Dubois de Saligny, into the necessities of the situation; guided by carefully worded hints, this gentleman undertook to supply the requisite insult to the French flag. On the 14th of August, the Mexicans celebrated a victory won by the Government troops over General Marquez, and, according to his own testimony, Mr. de Saligny was fired upon while seated on the terrace before the French Legation; later in the evening he was insulted by a mob headed by a band of music and yelling: "Down with France! Down with the French Minister!"

An investigation carefully conducted

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Château of Miramar, the Home of Maximilian and Charlotte, near Trieste, Austria.

by the Mexican Government, who realized what complications might arise from this apparently trivial incident, completely disproved the assertions of Mr. de Saligny, without, however, overcoming the prejudices of the French Cabinet. Negotiations were at once begun with London and Madrid, and a collective intervention was decided upon by the three Governments (London, October 31, 1861). The United States was also invited to co-operate; Mr. Seward's answer was not only decidedly negative, but recorded in unmistakable terms the disapproval of the President and his Cabinet of the course resolved upon by England, France, and Spain.

On January 8, 1862, the combined squadron, under the command of General Prim, entered the harbor of Vera Cruz and landed their forces, of which 800 were British, 2,600 French, and 600 Spanish (the latter had previously landed 5,600 men, thus making 9,600 men in all). On the 13th the first meeting of the plenipotentiaries was held in Vera Cruz, and the ultimatum of France read amid not a little confusion. Her claims, so extravagant as to seem absurd, were as follows:

1st. The payment by Mexico of $12,000,000 on account of French claims prior to July 31, 1861.

2d. The payment of a sum to be eventually determined for satisfying such claims as had arisen since that date.

3d. The payment of the balance still due, according to the terms of the convention of 1853.

4th. A guarantee by the Government that the Jecker contract be executed as signed.

Until these obligations had been satisfied the ports of the republic were to be occupied by foreign troops. England and Spain refused to be parties to such unjustifiable demands, and the result was the Convention of La Soledad, where it was agreed that all claims should be settled by diplomatic means. The Government of Juarez was here (for the first time), officially recognized by the commissioners, and the treaty was ratified by him as President of the Republic of Mexico.

Nothing could have been more con-

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trary to the wishes of Napoleon. Fearful of some interference on the part of General Prim, whose troops outnumbered the French, he at once despatched reinforcements of four thousand five hundred men under General Lorencez, upon whose unexpected arrival the English and Spanish representatives agreed not to interfere in the home policy of the Mexican Government, and to act independently of France. Moreover, the return to Mexico at this moment of a number of former leaders of the clerical party, who unwisely proclaimed the establishment of an Empire under Maximilian, created an unfavorable impression. General Prim, who was still in command of the expedition, deemed it necessary to write a long personal letter to the Emperor Napoleon, in which he expressed his disapproval of the course adopted by France, and explained that the public sentiment of the country was very largely, almost unanimously, Republican. At the same time the Mexican Minister in Paris, Señor de la Fuente, wrote in similar but much stronger terms to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and predicting a long, but eventually successful, struggle for independence against foreign rule, requested his passports. In spite of these warnings Napoleon persevered in his mistaken policy, disregarding or disbelieving such information as did not fully agree with his theories, and, on the 9th of April, the Triple Alliance was dissolved. The Spanish and English at once notified the Mexican Government of the withdrawal of their troops, and of their refusal to take part in any further meetings to which Mexican exiles were admitted at the solicitation of the French commissioners. The allied commissioners also collectively notified the Government that the French army would commence operations as soon as the Spanish troops had evacuated their lines. In other words, war was declared, and General Lorencez, at the head of 6,000 men, undertook the conquest of Mexico, a country four times as large as France, with a population of about nine million souls. The enterprise was a foolhardy one; even the returned exiles so far forgot their assertions (that the French soldiers would be everywhere received with flowers) as to shake their heads. Moreover, the expedition was begun by a breach of faith, the effect of which was to astonish and demoralize the soldiers. It had been stipulated at the convention of La Soledad that, should hostilities become inevitable, the French must retreat beyond Chiquihuite, in the yellow fever strip. This was a hazardous step, and to avoid the disease, the commander-in-chief took it upon himself to repudiate the solemn promise of the French commissioners; instead of retrograding he advanced, and of all days in the year he chose Good Friday.

As he advanced, the flowers he expected were showered upon him in the shape of bullets. Instead of a welcome, he met with stubborn resistance at every step, and finally, after being severely repulsed by Zaragoza before the walls of Puebla (May 5, 1862),* he was obliged to retreat toward the sea. The situation had by this time become very clear to him, and he openly blamed the men who had deceived, and were still deceiving, the home Government by utterly false reports; most of all he blamed the French Minister, de Saligny, for which expression of opinion he was relieved from his command. These events, no longer mere matters of opinion, but of fact, should have enlightened Napoleon; but he did not wish to be disillusionized, and the men who had induced him to embark on this disastrous enterprise retained their influence over him and his ministry. He attributed the failure entirely to the incapacity of Lorencez; at the same time he sent out twenty-five thousand additional troops under General Forey.

The first commander had been unnecessarily foolhardy; his successor was unnecessarily prudent. After wasting several months in organization and preparatory expeditions, he appeared before Puebla on March 16th and invested the town, which was finally surrendered on May 17th. A few days later, June 5th, the vanguard of the French army, under Bazaine, entered the City of Mexico, and the organization of the country was begun. The military blunders had been corrected; the series of political and

* This campaign is described in detail by Prince Georges Bibesco in Combats et Retraite des Six Mille.

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Maximilian Watching the Departure of the Last French Troops from the City of Mexico.—Page 684.

administrative blunders was about to commence.

Napoleon's instructions to his agents had been most explicit, and, according to his lights, consistent. He believed—how sincerely is an open question—in universal suffrage; he shrewdly recognized that no new form of government would satisfy public opinion in this nineteenth century, unless this government appeared to be of the people's election; the strength which it derives from its ability to refer to universal suffrage as its origin is undeniable; hence his faith in the *system*. As to the method of applying the system, that, of course, was a variable quantity; skilful manipulation, all the ruses of practical politics, even to poll-packing, he admitted *more spartaca* in so far as the wires remained unseen above ground.

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DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

Maximilian Commanding his Army.—Page 684.

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But his agents, de Saligny and Lorencez, utterly misunderstood, or feigned to misunderstand, his instructions and intentions. They merely grasped the fact that Napoleon desired war with Mexico, and went no further. They did not realize that his ambition was to pose before Europe as a redresser of wrongs; that in this scheme of interference in Mexican affairs he desired to take the position of a generous protector of the unfortunate national party, demoralized and down-trampled because of insufficient strength, means, and organization —all of which he meant to supply. In colloquial English, he wished to bluff the civilized world into the belief that, albeit an emperor himself, he was the champion of fair play for the people at large.

The first serious blunder against this policy was committed by Lorencez, who, deeming it essential that an intervention in favor of any nation should possess at least one national figure-head, allowed, nay induced, Juan N. Almonte to proclaim himself *Supreme Chief pro tem. of the Mexican nation.* This seemed incompatible with the avowed purpose of the expedition. It had been done without the consent, even without the knowledge of the Emperor, and he was not slow to express his disapproval. He had been content hitherto to outline his policy strictly within certain limits, but without developing any details. Henceforth his instructions to General Forey, developed in a "note," dated Fontainebleau, July 3, 1862, and supplemented by letters,* too numerous to mention in detail, were precise and unmistakable. The aforesaid "note" is doubly interesting to us because of the candid expression of his hostility to the United States, of his anxiety to control the Isthmus of Panama, and of his ambition to found a Catholic empire between our frontier and the South American republics. These first instructions may be summed up briefly thus:

"Compromise with all parties until the capital is secured and the nation has expressed its wishes at the polls. Pay Mexican auxiliaries and *use* them; put them in the front rank of battle. Avoid hurting the feelings of the natives; conciliate wherever and whenever possible, but *take the capital and secure Puebla.* After the capture of the City of Mexico, *it is to be desired* that a general convention be held of all prominent Mexicans, who are well disposed toward us; this convention, under the leadership of General Almonte, to determine by vote (in accordance with the laws and customs of Mexico) the form of government desired by the nation at large. Should they vote for a monarchy, it goes without saying that the incumbent must be one agreeable to our interests. Propose Maximilian. Should they desire any other form of government, it must offer some guarantee of stability, and be both disposed and able, with our help, to satisfy in full all claims of France on Mexico. In doubtful matters, consult Mr. de Saligny. (November 1, 1862.)" In all this there is not a word concerning the already existing legal Government of Juarez which, but a short time before, had been officially recognized by the joint commissioners at the convention of La Soledad.

Forey was not the man for the situation; in politics he was overweak and ready to be guided by any self-assertive advisers; as a military commander he was brave, but over-prudent, and wanting in the dashing qualities that distinguished Bazaine. With characteristic lack of judgment he published the intentions which Napoleon wished particularly to remain secret, and neglected to parade the disinterestedness, the magnanimity, the chivalrous love of right against wrong *so typical of the French,* which the Emperor was especially anxious to emphasize and have recognized as fundamental principles of the intervention. Moreover, he absolutely ignored the *national vote,* without whose sanction Maximilian refused to consider the proffered nomination. Instead of coaxing public opinion he forced it by issuing a decree a few days after his triumphal entry into the City of Mexico, the main clauses of which stipulated: 1st. That the imperial minister should nominate thirty-five Mexicans to constitute a superior *junta;* this *junta* to elect three Mexican citizens (and two substitutes) to assume the executive power.

* *Vide* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Méxique.—P. Gaulot.

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2d. That this triumvirate, together with the aforesaid *junta*, should nominate the delegates to an assembly of notables to be composed of two hundred and fifteen Mexican citizens, all over twenty-five years of age and in the full enjoyment of their political rights. That this assembly should at once take into consideration the question of a final form of government for Mexico; should a third ballot fail to unite two-thirds of the votes on any proposition, the assembly should be dissolved and a new one appointed.

It is needless to say that the thirty-five members of the superior *junta* were all chosen from the clerical or anti-liberal party, the majority having served in former reactionary governments, and all of them against the Juarist party; moreover, with a single exception, all were residents of the City of Mexico and therefore only represented the feeling of the capital. This *junta* elected General Almonte, General Salas, and Monsignor Labastida, Archbishop of Mexico, to the triumvirate, the former being president of the new government. The delegates then nominated the members of the Congress, two hundred and fifteen in number, and at the first business meeting the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Aguilar:

1. The nation adopts as its form of government a temperate, hereditary monarchy under the sovereignty of a prince of the Catholic faith. [Adopted, ayes, 229; noes, 2.]

2. The sovereign shall be known as Emperor of Mexico. [Adopted unanimously.]

3. The Imperial Crown of Mexico shall be offered to H. I. H. Prince Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, for himself and his descendants. [Adopted unanimously.]

4. In the case of unforeseen eventualities that might prevent the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian from accepting the throne, the Mexican nation depends on the good-will of H. M. the Emperor Napoleon III., to designate some other Catholic prince to receive the crown. [Adopted, ayes, 222; noes, 9.]

Nothing could have been more impolitic than this last resolution. Napoleon wished to appear as a liberator but in no wise as a guardian or tutor. The impression produced in Europe by the publication of these events was deplorable in the extreme, and the Emperor was not only angry but humiliated, for the Opposition subjected his Government to the most uncomfortable cross-examination. For the first time he appreciated Mr. de Saligny at his true value and recalled him unconditionally. Forey, whose zeal and personal bravery he could not ignore, was made a Marshal of France and relieved from his command in Mexico. Neither of these gentlemen, however, understood this disgrace; they were so thoroughly persuaded of having always done right that they temporized before abdicating, and remained in Mexico many months after their power had been taken from them, so that General Bazaine, although appointed Commander-in-Chief, was unable to assume control of affairs.

Whatever his conduct may have been later (in 1870), it is undeniable that his appointment to the command in Mexico was an excellent one, and that he acquitted himself well of the almost superhuman task assigned to him. He spoke the language of the country and understood the people; moreover, he was able to impress these facts upon Napoleon and gain his attention. Their confidential correspondence (but recently published), supplemented by many private letters of officers of high standing and not written for publication, shows us more clearly than any official statements what was the actual condition of affairs and the Emperor's interpretation thereof.* In his first letter, dated Vichy, July 30, 1863, Napoleon goes back to the instructions first given to Forey, and seems to expect that Bazaine shall be able to undo much of the harm already accomplished. "Above all things," he says, "avoid any reactionary legislation. *Consult the people;* obtain their vote. Establish a monarchy, if that is the form of government desired by the majority. Leave alone bygones, such as the nationalization of Church property. Organize the army

* The earlier books, such as Domenech's Juarez et Maximilien, 3 vols., 1868, E. Masseras: Un Essai d'empire au Mexique, 1879 . . . assume that the French Government was kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

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and the treasury, and pacify the country. I cannot prescribe every step, but must leave much to your discretion. I deplore the decrees promulgated by Forey, and fear that the triumvirate appointed by the *junta* be of too reactionary a character. . . . Do the best you can. What is needed is a *stable* government of one kind or another."

Unfortunately Bazaine did not control affairs in Mexico, and before he was able to assume full authority the provisional government had taken the title of "Imperial Regency, governing in the name of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico." In the meantime a delegation from Congress repaired to Europe to offer the crown to the Archduke. It was about this date that Napoleon's position became interesting at home. His proposal of an arbitration to settle the question between North and South had been declined by both England and Russia; Gettysburg had been fought, and he understood that the Confederacy, upon whose help he had counted, was unable to succeed. The Opposition in France was clamorous. Moreover, Maximilian refused to consider the few adhesions of such large towns as Mexico, Puebla, Vera Cruz, Cordova, etc., as expressions of the national vote, and insisted on a *plébiscite*. In replying to the Mexican delegation he made the military support of France a *sine quâ non* of his acceptance, and this compelled Napoleon to continue the disastrous campaign he had begun. The resources of Mexico, paralyzed by war and still further reduced by the decrees imagined by incompetent financiers sent out from France, produced very little ready money. The expenses of the expedition were large and increasing daily. No national loan could be placed until the country had some recognized form of government, and the sinews of war had to be provided out of the French treasury.

In Mexico the dissensions between the clerical party and all and any others, the insufficiency of funds, the irresponsibility of the national officers, daily prepared fresh troubles for Bazaine to quell. The military conquest of the country was alone progressing, but slowly, and the commander-in-chief now thoroughly understood that the country could be controlled only by military occupation. Wherever he withdrew his soldiers the revolutionary spirit broke out again and the work had to be begun afresh. His task seemed a hopeless one, and the final result a foregone conclusion. He saw clearly that Mexico could be conquered but not subdued, and that no foreign government, above all no monarchy, could stand except with the support of a foreign army. To complicate matters still further, Maximilian again began to waver; the figures of the national vote were not forthcoming, and without these he refused to commit himself. As a matter of fact no vote, such as he demanded, could be obtained in a wild, uncivilized, unregistered country like Mexico. But as something had to be done, the country was "districted" on paper and in each district the signature of a few men of prominence who favored the empire was obtained, sworn to, and published in the official gazette. On each affidavit the figures of the district population were recorded in such a way as to make it appear that out of a total population of 8,621,000 souls (1862), 6,445,564 voted for the Empire. This result was so eminently satisfactory, that Maximilian yielded to the popularity of his candidacy, for, personally, he was disposed to abandon the whole scheme; his ambitious wife, the Princess Charlotte, had, however, set her heart upon its fulfilment, and after much hesitation, Maximilian reluctantly signed away his rights and those of his descendants to the crown of Austria, and accepted the crown of thorns brought to him from the Cactus Country. Napoleon's dream began to look like a fact.

II.—The Empire.

"*I, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, swear to God by the holy Scriptures to insure by every means within my power the peace and prosperity of the nation, to defend its independence and to maintain the integrity of its territory.*"

The Mexican flag was unfurled above the castle tower of Miramar [p. 669], the delegation was moved even unto

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tears; twenty-one guns of the Bellone bellowed their *Ave Cæsar* across the placid Adriatic; the inevitable *Te Deum* was sung, and Maximilian became Emperor of Mexico. Then he retired to his study to seek relaxation in poetry and wrote the touching little farewell:

Muss ich auf ewig vom Vaterland scheiden. . . .

On the table of the great blue room at Miramar the rolls of fraudulent affidavits proclaimed him Emperor *voce populi;* but a Habsburg requires the *Dei gratiâ.* So on his journey westward Maximilian made a pilgrimage to Rome to receive the traditional papal benediction, which even the great Napoleon, whose mission seemed to be to overthrow "Grace of God" sovereigns, was not sceptical enough to forego. It will probably never be known whether the vital question of the temporal power of the Church in Mexico was even alluded to; at all events, the political principles of the issue were certainly neither defined nor discussed during the private interviews of Maximilian with the Pope or Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State * On the morrow Pius IX. publicly proclaimed his condemnation of the only policy open to the Mexican Emperor; during the Communion service and while presenting the host he made a few remarks, among which was this barely veiled threat: "Great are the rights of nations and they must be heeded; but greater and more sacred are the rights of the Church." To a man of ordinary perceptions these words were sufficiently significant, even ominous; but Maximilian heard without heeding; he was even then giving the measure of his political incapacity.

During the long passage across the Atlantic no questions of political importance were discussed, nor does the actual situation seem to have been studied. Like two children, delighted with a new toy, Maximilian and Charlotte laid down the rules of etiquette for their household: created new orders; invented designs for decorations and medals; chose the uniforms for the imperial bodyguard, and seriously pondered all the trivial imitation laces and bow-knots of a Louis XIV Court across the water. It never occurred to them that they were collecting bric-à-brac for a house that was not yet built. At that time if any foresaw none foretold the ending of the episode; yet, in the light of to-day, it required no inspired prophet.

The progress of the imperial cortège from the coast to the capital was symbolic of the vicissitudes of the political career which it opened. Maximilian arrived unexpectedly in Vera Cruz, the inhabitants of which received him coldly, without enthusiasm or even curiosity. His first proclamation awakened neither admiration nor interest. The weather was bad, and the first half of the journey was made in the rain, over washed-out roads, on one of which a broken axle suddenly made the sublime look amazingly like the ridiculous. But before they reached Orizaba the stage had been set (anyone familiar with the Central American Indian knows the recipe), and the play was very gratifying to the imperial travellers. Far away in the mountain wildernesses of Chihuahua, surrounded by a small band of penniless followers, the real ruler of Mexico, Benito Juarez, listened with Indian stoicism to the echo of the noise in the capital. His coffers were empty, his Cabinet had vanished, his army was melting away, and the civilized world scoffed at his presumption. His only companion was Lerdo de Tejada, his faithful Secretary of State; and strong in the knowledge of their right, these two silent watchers waited with dogged patience for the dawn of their day, the day of independence, the day that was to break upon the land three years later.

After the intoxication of the first fortnight of festivities Maximilian looked about him, curious to see what manner of Empire was this Mexico which he had adopted. Save for the shadow of the giant across the Rio Grande all was satisfactory beyond the limits of his domain. To be sure, Lord Russell, *i.e.*, England, had not recognized him, but the continental rulers had unanimously acknowledged the new Emperor of Mexico. (The admission cost them nothing at the time and in some future emergency an alliance across the sea

* In a letter dated March 9, 1865, Cardinal Antonelli says that no negotiations were begun touching upon religious matters in Mexico at the time of Maximilian's visit to Rome.

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might offer some advantages.) At home matters were more complicated and less secure; but with Bazaine as executive officer, in command of a French army on whose co-operation Maximilian could depend for at least three years, he felt little concern—too little concern—about the pacification of the country and the organization of the Imperial Government. As a matter of fact he did not in the least understand his position, nor did he appreciate the condition of Mexico. He was a man of illusions, and his own most ardent, most sincere admirer; he believed himself fully capable not only to reign but to rule unaided, and in this belief he continued to the end. A dreamer, a poet, his mind filled with the traditions of the most form-ridden court in Europe, accustomed to deal only with thoroughly precedented and documented difficulties, Maximilian was perhaps the very worst practical ruler that could have been selected for Mexico. He was not only unable to see things clearly himself, but equally incapable of surrounding himself with clear-sighted advisers. The country needed a hard, shrewd, practical soldier-ruler; a man of simple tastes and close economy. Maximilian was a traditional prince; notwithstanding the emptiness of his coffers, he surrounded himself with chamberlains, marshals of the court, equerries, etc., and with such titles and the corresponding emoluments he quenched the men whose lights and work he most needed. The real, practical details of government bored him, and he left them to others, here again showing the lamentable lack of judgment in the choice of his lieutenants, Eloin and Scherzenlechner. The Empress Charlotte was really the master mind of the two and, although only twenty-four years of age, she might have helped him very effectually; unfortunately the imperial *ménage* was no longer what it had been, and she was allowed to appear before her husband only when officially summoned. To suggest, to advise, served only to irritate the Emperor; and to the anxiety, the constraint, the disappointment of this period may be attributed the first germs of insanity which eventually dethroned the unhappy woman's reason.

At this time Mexico might have been defined as a republic divided against itself, and the stronger half nominally ruled by an Austrian archduke. This prince had been proposed by a French emperor, nominated by the clerical party at the dictation of Napoleon, elected by a native population chiefly composed of Indians who did not vote, consecrated emperor by the grace of God, upheld by a French army under a marshal of France, directed by an Austrian and a Belgian, both new-comers in a strange country; controlled by no constitution and responsible to no representative assembly. To make a stable government with such elements and under such circumstances was no small undertaking; yet such was the prestige of the French army under Bazaine, so effective had been the work of the Regency under Almonte during the year preceding Maximilian's arrival, that a complete and successful reorganization under the new *régime* seemed feasible. At the Emperor's accession few among the imperialists doubted the ultimate success, but among them were those best able to judge, the commander-in-chief and men of his immediate *entourage*. On the other hand, defections were numerous among the Juarist leaders, and, temporarily, at least, many came over to the successful party fully prepared to desert back again whenever that course should offer the greater profit. Even the most faithful despaired of their cause;* volunteers were forwarded to the liberal camp handcuffed in couples, as the following naïve document ingeniously confesses: "Conformably to the circular sent out by your excellency I forward to-day to your head-quarters ten couples of chained volunteers who are disposed to uphold the cause of liberty. For want of handcuffs I cannot send more. Lieutenant Trujillo, who escorts them, has orders to shoot any who should attempt to escape.—Liberty and Reform, Cosala, June 2, 1864." †

It seems evident that had an empire been possible in Mexico, had its foundation depended on what one might call

* *Vide* Letter to Juarez from his Minister Zamacona, quoted in Domenech: Histoire du Méxique, vol. iii.

† Letter from R. Bonilla to Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Sinaloa. Un essai d'empire au Méxique: E. Masseras.

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party success, Bazaine could, at this time, have established Maximilian on the throne firmly enough to withstand such revolutions as the country was accustomed to see. But, with the exception of a very few visionary or interested enthusiasts, the nation unanimously rejected an empire as a poison which it could not assimilate. Eliminating the French army, which was but a temporary factor in the problem before him, Maximilian had the choice of two vast forces with which to consolidate his throne, the clericals and the Indian population. A gradual enfranchisement of the latter, albeit the slower, was the nobler course to pursue, and the result would have been to realize Maximilian's own ideal of a popular despot by making him *de facto* Emperor of the Mexicans, instead of what he was, Emperor of Mexico at the mercy of the clerical party. When we recall how he had insisted on the expression of a popular vote as a *sine qua non* of his acceptance, it seems amazing that he should have so completely ignored the masses—his best friends—after his accession to power. On the other hand, Maximilian was no partisan. His ambition was to satisfy all parties, and he satisfied none. His policy was to compromise when driven to act, but to temporize when possible. The party that had called him to Mexico, already dissatisfied by the conservative attitude of the French and the procrastinating policy of the Regency, had come to doubt the wisdom of their inspiration and held suddenly aloof. At this juncture their emissary to Miramar, Father Miranda, returned to Mexico, and, from his death-bed in Puebla, sent them a solemn note of warning. He had been in the country but a short time, but his shrewd mind easily penetrated the Emperor's dream of democratic imperialism, and the vacillating, groping policy by which he sought to realize it. His sudden death left the party much perplexed; should they stand by the Emperor or overthrow him? They temporized as long as the issue was uncertain, but when the battle was lost they played the part of the crows.

It is not probable that an amiable settlement of the claims of the clerical party could have saved the Emperor, but the hostility of that party contributed materially to his downfall. Napoleon had already begun to realize that his Mexican project was very full of thorns. It had never been popular in France, and the momentary angry interest aroused by the defeat before Puebla had been calmed by the capture of Mexico a year later. The fabulous riches of the country persisted in remaining fabulous, and France, far from receiving any of the moneys already due her, was constantly called upon to furnish more. Moreover, the first few weeks of the Emperor's reign were spent in undoing much of the work begun by Bazaine according to Napoleon's directions, and in issuing one useless decree after another. It was about this time that the private correspondence between the French Emperor and his lieutenant was begun, and these documents, recently published in France,* besides proving much that had hitherto remained unknown, disposed of the oft-made statement that the Government in Paris was purposely kept in ignorance. As early as August, 1864, Napoleon began to gauge Maximilian correctly. "I think," he writes to the commander-in-chief, "that the Emperor should show more decision," and in the same letter, in which he appoints Bazaine a Marshal of France, he "fears that the Government is not running smoothly, and that Maximilian seems to think himself strong enough to walk alone."

Maximilian ascended the throne on June 12, 1864, but did not actually assume the direction of affairs until October 30th of the same year on his return from a journey through the pacified provinces of his domain. Up to this time he was supposed to be making himself familiar with the main issues pending; after which, to use a current expression, he was expected to "get down to business." Here, at the very outset, he committed a serious blunder by neglecting to appoint, or propose the election of a legislative assembly with whom to share the burden of government. A despot of genius only, or a strong military commander, could suc-

* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Mexique.—P. Gaulot.

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cessfully face the situation alone, and Maximilian was neither.

Apart from the armed pacification of the country three great questions awaited settlement: The creation of the native army; the reorganization of the finances, and the so-called religious question. The first had been well begun by Bazaine and was progressing satisfactorily when the Emperor, taking matters into his own hands, decided to begin afresh on a new basis. The already existing bureaus and staff-organizations were thus left to the mercy or ignorance of the committees appointed to inquire into their usefulness, and it is needless to say that the result was great dissatisfaction among the officers, whom, at this juncture, it was especially desirable to conciliate. The tendency to look upon the new government with distrust was not checked by the unnecessary raising of the blockade in all ports of the Empire, an inspiration which occurred to Maximilian on his birthday, and whereby the work of a year was undone. In exchange, picked regiments with fancy names were decreed on paper, and the work of creating them rested there. In a word there was no Mexican army until after the evacuation by the French.

The financial distress of the Mexican Government had for years been a standard for unflattering comparison, but during the moment of enthusiasm that followed Maximilian's acceptance of the throne, the French financiers were able to float a loan of one hundred and twenty-six million francs, of which, perhaps *fifty* found their way into the Mexican treasury. So small a sum could not but be ephemeral. The expenses of the Imperial Government were vastly greater than those of the presidency; the single item of the imperial civil list, amounting to $1,700,000, as against $60,000, which was the presidential salary. Moreover, Maximilian surrounded himself by many unnecessary court officials at high salaries, so that in a very short time the treasury was unable to pay home dues, to say nothing of the two millions of francs which, according to the convention of Miramar, should have been deposited monthly with the paymaster of the French army. The guarantee fund in Paris was also promptly exhausted, and the real financial distress began. Something should have been done at once, but, as usual, Maximilian temporized. After dividing the financial field into six main headings and appointing six committees to inquire into them, he sat down and waited. He tacitly, but effectively, opposed all propositions relating to the founding of a National Bank of Mexico. He also opposed the granting of mining concessions; the scheme for colonizing Sonora and, apparently, the development of all business enterprise in Mexico, certainly of all enterprises recommended by Napoleon; yet he expected the latter to furnish more money and men as required. This the French Emperor was no longer willing or able to do. In the speech to the Chambre he had stated that Mexico would need no financial aid from France after July, 1864, and the aggressive disposition of the opposition made it impossible for the Government to ask for supplementary appropriations. The unpopularity of the expedition, which was very generally looked upon as a "job," and the lack of confidence of the ministry, contributed in no small measure to the final discomfiture of Maximilian, for, after his accession, the movements of the French were controlled far more by public opinion at home than by the requirements of the enterprise. Although well informed itself, the Government was afraid of publishing the facts of the situation, and pleaded ignorance, hence the mistaken but prevailing sentiment that the agents in Mexico were to blame. But as the new Empire produced little or nothing, and some money had to be forthcoming, France gave grudgingly, little by little, gaining thereby neither credit nor gratitude for the temporary relief thus afforded. In this way the financial problem, like the military one, was never solved, but always postponed by some new loan or the repudiation of some former one, and this was so well understood by the Mexicans that *there was not recorded one native subscription* to the last loan of $50,000,000, raised chiefly in France.

To understand the importance acquired by the so-called religious ques-

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tion, it is necessary to go back to the origin of Spanish rule and of Church rule in Mexico. It had been the policy of the great Spanish discoverers to recognize the Church very liberally in the division of the spoils by granting to the representatives of the different orders large concessions of land and important privileges. Accustomed to the burdensome ceremonials and exactions of the Aztec idol-worship, the conquered Mexicans readily, even eagerly, accepted the Romish ritual and its system of tribute. Bequests and endowments were numerous, and helped to swell the holdings of the Church which, shrewdly administered, amounted in 1860 to approximately $500,000,000 in real estate, and $150,000,000 in personal property. Supported by such wealth the power of the Church became formidable in the hands of ambitious, unscrupulous leaders; so threatening a danger, indeed, that in 1856 President Comonfort ordered the sale at public auction of all real estate owned by religious corporations, excepting only places of public worship, all moneys so realized to belong to said corporations. This first step, which merely prevented the ownership of real estate, but not of personal property, by the Church, was naturally very unpopular among the clergy. To escape the new law they overthrew Comonfort and elected Zuloaga, whose first act was to repeal the obnoxious decree and to order the immediate restitution, within a delay of two weeks, of all property acquired under the recent ruling, such property being declared free from all mortgages or incumbrance contracted by the present holders in payment thereof. Two years later (1860) Juarez came into power, and promptly confiscated all Church property, both personal and real estate; the treasury then offered the latter for sale, two-fifths of the (auction) price to be paid in Government bonds, worth at that time from six to eight per cent. of their face value. A period of the wildest speculation naturally followed, during which matters became more and more seriously involved up to the time of the capture of Mexico by the French. General Forey then decreed that all honest transactions should stand; fraudulent transfers were subject to revision . . . later. The final solution was expected from the Imperial Government, for Maximilian alone had the necessary authority to cut the knot. Unfortunately he had, purposely or not, neglected to discuss the matter with the Pope at the time of his visit to Rome, and was now obliged to await the arrival of a nuncio with whom to treat. In reality there were no principles to discuss, only ways and means; it was clearly impossible to order the restitution of property legally acquired and paid for years since; the only course open to Maximilian was to uphold the "nationalization" of Church property, but to offer the clergy some compensation, preferably in the form of a living. The nuncio, however, claimed not only the restitution to the clergy of all property ever held by them, but the exclusion from the Empire of any form of worship but the Roman Catholic; the independent sovereignty of each bishop in his diocese; the absolute control of schools and education, and the immunity of the Church from any interference at the hands of the civil authorities.

To every other proposal of compromise the papal legate objected his lack of instructions, and the negotiations ended where they began with the sole result of creating additional ill-feeling between the parties. The Emperor was obliged to proclaim the maintenance of the decrees of "nationalization" and the revision by a special board of inquiry of all transactions relating to Church property; but he did so in defiance of the clerical party, with whom no *modus vivendi* was arranged, and which at once threw all its energy into the work of overturning the Empire. So it may also be said that this great issue was likewise left unsettled; for the work of revision was necessarily a long and complicated operation, during which the validity of all titles involved was open to question.

On paper the reorganization progressed merrily. One useless decree followed another, at first to the amusement, eventually to the disgust, of the people. The academy of sciences and literature; the city almshouse; and the department for the relief of the poor were decreed on the same day. Decora-

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tions for women, medals for veterans who had *served the same cause fifty or twenty-five years;* badges for civil and military distinction; rules of etiquette, tables of precedence, etc., taxed the Emperor's time and powers of invention to the utmost. In the meantime matters were going from bad to worse outside of the palace, and the Empire was daily losing ground.

The year 1865 was one of disillusion and disappointment for all connected with this unfortunate enterprise, and disappointment begat recrimination. With the surrender of General Lee and the death of the Confederacy a new phase of developments was to be expected. The persistent refusal of the Cabinet in Washington to recognize Maximilian, and the reiterated intimation to Napoleon that it would be desirable to name a date for the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexican territory pointed toward more decisive action now that the Federal armies were at leisure. Napoleon understood at once that his dream of a Mexican Empire was at an end; after all that he had done it was impossible for him to abandon Mexico without establishing some form of government, so he was prepared to protect Maximilian's retreat (if he could be induced to retire) and to attempt the organization of a constitutional government under a native president. He fully realized the possibility of a war with the United States, and his letters to Bazaine show clearly that although he expected the declaration of hostilities at any moment, he nevertheless deemed the contingency one of slight importance and the consequences in no way to be dreaded. In anticipation of the event he ordered Bazaine to concentrate his troops around Mexico, abandoning all executive points so as to allow the enemy to exhaust his strength in long marches, and he explained that this was his reason for choosing the Crimea as the seat of war with Russia. It is curious and interesting to note his mediocre opinion of our forces at the close of the Rebellion.

A little later the situation in Europe had become so complicated and critical that Napoleon realized the dangers to which his foreign expedition exposed him. Now that he had determined to abandon the evidently futile attempt to consolidate Maximilian on his throne the project developed rapidly in his mind; it seemed criminal to exact further useless sacrifices from France, especially as the Mexican Emperor was doing nothing to help himself. So in the opening speech to the Chambre on January 22, 1866, he announced the early return of the French troops and the continuance of the now nearly secular friendship between France and the United States. On the 31st he writes to Bazaine that an envoy is *en route* to notify Maximilian of the date fixed upon for the evacuation. "You have," he says, "from twelve to eighteen months at the outside wherein to prop up Maximilian so that he can stand alone; or to organize some responsible republican government in the place of the Empire. I leave the decision to your judgment."

III.—The Catastrophe.

It may be said that the death-struggle of the Empire began as soon as it became known that a date had been set for the withdrawal of the French troops, and it is characteristic of the man that Maximilian alone refused to believe in the adoption of this course imposed upon Napoleon far more by the pressure of circumstances than by his own will. Unfortunately for all concerned, the French Government shrank from laying its proposed action before Maximilian in the form of an ultimatum. Its special envoy was barely received by the Emperor, who listened absent-mindedly to his carefully worded warnings and dismissed him and the whole question without discussion.

During the following year (February, 1866–67) Bazaine's position became most difficult and disagreeable. Every mail brought him stringent but often contradictory orders from the home Government; such orders as he was able to execute gained him the animosity of the Mexicans, who attributed the new policy to his influence; on the other hand he was instructed to carry out much that was impossible, and his remonstrances or explanations undermined the confi-

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dence of his sovereign, a sceptic as regards the disinterestedness of the men who served him. Moreover, his enemies did not neglect the opportunity of besmirching his character afforded by the unwarrantable payment of over twelve million francs on account of the Jecker claim.* Bazaine was able to clear himself of all suspicion of interest in this transaction ;† unfortunately, the French Finance Committee, the Secretary of the Treasury, and many of the Emperor's household were implicated beyond question or excuse, and the affair created a regrettable scandal magnified and distorted, of course, in the absence of the actual facts and figures.

The advantages gained to the Government in France, by proclaiming the date of the recall of the troops, in other words, the end of the expedition, was at once more than compensated in Mexico ; for, to the liberals, the departure of the French meant the opportunity for a general uprising ; and to the majority of the conservatives and imperialists it was synonymous with the overthrow of the Empire, the repudiation of the national debt, and the inauguration of an era of reprisals. Mexican bonds fell at once in France ; in Mexico the news created a panic which Bazaine in vain strove to avert by pointing out that the Austrian and Belgian legions would remain as a nucleus for the native army. The Mexicans stated the case differently ; the facts to them were simply that 30,000 men, and these the best, were leaving the country, whereas no fresh troops were on their way to help them. Moreover, the sympathy of the United States for the Republican Party was becoming daily more pronounced. Sheridan was in command on the Rio Grande, and by his orders both arms and ammunition were often left in convenient places from which the liberals could supply themselves ; furthermore, he neglected no opportunity of affording *moral* support to the Juarists,‡ sometimes stretching the meaning of the word *moral* to its utmost, so as not to run counter to his orders from the State Department. Santa-Anna was projecting a descent on Mexican soil, hoping to create a diversion in favor of himself, as President, while Ortega was planning a filibustering expedition to start from the Rio Grande. The Empire was the common enemy, and its future could not look more black than it did at this period.

A little later, and in answer to a petition for more men and money, the French Government repudiated the treaty of Miramar ; Maximilian had fulfilled none of his obligations, and, if he were not bound, why should France be? Indeed, far from furnishing money, she proposed to appropriate to her own needs one-half of the revenue from the port customs.§ At this juncture, when it seemed hopeless to attempt any further negotiations, the Empress Charlotte offered to go in person and plead both with Napoleon and the Pope, and as a basis for discussion Maximilian prepared a long autograph review of the situation in which he exonerated himself, and laid the blame of all failures upon his ministers, chiefly, however, upon Bazaine, whom he now disliked personally, and believed to be the author of all his troubles. But, before the arrival of the Empress in Europe, Sadowa had been fought, and whatever chance of success, however slight, had still existed at the time of her departure had now vanished. France could no longer afford the officers and men now absent in America, and, on August 29th, Napoleon writes to Bazaine : "I have told the Empress frankly that I cannot spare a single man or dollar for Mexico. . . . I have written to the Emperor . . . that the time for half-measures is past, and that he must either maintain himself alone, or abdicate." In the postscript we have a touch of the hypocrisy or pose which characterized his statements at the very beginning. "Should you be compelled to convene a national assembly, you must state that I never contemplated imposing upon Mexico any particular form of government ; my object was

* This had been fixed at 27,703,770 francs, and afterward reduced to 22,660,000 for the sake of a speedy settlement.

† *Vide* Letter to the Secretary of War, September 26, 1866, and inclosures.

‡ *Vide* Sheridan's Memoirs.

§ Twenty-four per cent. of this revenue, which amounted to 56,000,000 francs, was reserved for the payment of the English claims, and one-half of the balance would have amounted to 20,000,000 francs.

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merely to help the people in establishing some stable rule and to protect them against a state of anarchy which for fifty years has paralyzed the country. . . . It was the Mexicans themselves that desired a monarchy and elected Maximilian . . . etc."

From Paris the Empress repaired to Miramar, and thence, after resting for a few days, to Rome, where, on the 30th of September, during an interview with the Pope in the Vatican, her reason suddenly succumbed to the strain. The dread news reached Maximilian only a short time after the intimation that the mission to Paris had failed; he was lying ill at the time in Chapultepec, near Mexico, and it would seem as though this last blow broke his spirit, for he resolved suddenly to abdicate and leave the country without even re-entering the capital. On October 21st he writes to Bazaine: "To-morrow I propose to put into your hands the necessary documents by which to end this impossible state of things . . ." The news spread rapidly that the Emperor was running away, and the excitement was intense in Mexico. As usual, in like cases, no one wished to assume any responsibility, and the Cabinet promptly resigned. Bazaine, the general emergency man, was again called to the rescue, and, after much trouble, succeeded in convincing the ministers that it was their duty to stand by the Empire to the end. But until the Emperor took some action there was nothing to do but to wait.

The next few days were full of uncertainty and confusion. Maximilian did not send the expected documents, yet his letters to head-quarters were all of a testamentary nature. With the exception of the plate the valuables in the palace were packed and forwarded to Vera Cruz; the Emperor's personal property was made over to Señor Sanchez Navarro, with instructions to sell and apply the proceeds to satisfying private debts. It seemed as though everything were ready for the curtain to drop, when, without apparent reason, Maximilian changed his mind again and determined to submit the question of his abdication to a vote of the privy council. In this wise the continuation of the Empire was decided by *ten* ayes against *eight* noes, four of the Cabinet Ministers voting affirmatively.

The real reasons for the Emperor's sudden change at the very last minute were not known until later, nor do they redound to his credit. It had always been his ambition to play some important part in European politics, and even after accepting the crown of Mexico he did not wish to relinquish his claims at home. It is true that he had signed away all his rights, but he did this under great pressure, and, evidently, with numerous mental reservations. For when the Emperor of Austria, in his speech to the Reichsrath, mentioned the existence of a "family compact," Maximilian, then at the height of his prosperity in Mexico, protested vehemently, declaring that he had signed the document against his will, and that the agreement was null and void. At the very moment when everything seemed lost in Mexico and the Emperor had relinquished all hope, he received a letter from his evil angel and former minister, Eloin, stating that the Austrians were clamoring for the abdication of the Emperor Franz-Josef, and that in his former government of Venice Maximilian was openly named as successor. No such position could, of course, be offered to a fugitive; but Maximilian might remain in Mexico until after the departure of the French and at once call for a general convention from all parts of the country, which would certainly confirm him as Emperor without the influence of any outside pressure. Then would be the time to resign, return to Austria with more prestige than when he had left, and urge his claims to the crown, or at least to the Regency which must follow the present Emperor's abdication. It was a wild and incoherent dream, yet Maximilian believed in its fulfilment and staked and lost his life upon it.

During the next two months the preparations for the evacuation of Mexico were continued slowly, but systematically. As the French garrison moved out of each town it had occupied, the keys were delivered to the imperialists, who very generally turned them over to the Juarists within twenty-four hours. Before the irresistible tide of liberalism

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the Empire gradually shrank around the capital, where French and Mexicans, Maximilian among the rest, were killing time by quarrelling, sometimes openly among themselves, sometimes diplomatically, each endeavoring by mail and cable to undermine the other's credit in Paris. All relations between the Emperor and the commander-in-chief were broken off, and when, on February 5th, the French troops marched past the palace on their way to the coast,* every window of the great structure was closed and apparently deserted. Behind the blinds of the casement overlooking the road to Puebla, Maximilian watched the retreating columns, and as the rear one disappeared he turned to his secretary, Mr. Mangino. "At last," he exclaimed, "I am free!"

To use Marshal Niel's picturesque expression, "Maximilian had got him a horse, and was off to conquer his empire;" but this he attempted no longer as Emperor at the head of the nation; he was now merely a party leader at the head of the clericals; and as a partisan he adopted partisan methods. His proclamation upon taking command of the troops was marked by exaggeration and even misstatement, and his instructions to General Miramon were unnecessarily ferocious; among them was the order to "court-martial and sentence Juarez, Tejada, Iglesias, Garcia, and Negrete, should he succeed in capturing them, but defer execution until further special notice. The same to apply to all dissidents; to prisoners in arms no quarter is granted." Unfortunately the despatch fell into the hands of Juarez, and a few weeks later became a terrible weapon against the imperial prisoner.

As a military commander, Maximilian showed the same vagueness of purpose, the same lack of decision, the same tendency to temporize which characterized him as a statesman. He ignored Miramon, his best and most faithful general, to listen to Marquez, a free lance, who abandoned him in the hour of danger, and he himself was no soldier. The campaign was short and decisive. A few days after the departure of the French, Maximilian left the capital and marched northward. Five thousand men remained to garrison the city of Mexico; 2,500 to defend Puebla. At Querétaro the Emperor collected less than 10,000 men, and that was all; the liberals had approximately 41,000 men in the field, but their different armies were scattered, and Miramon proposed attacking each corps separately while this was yet possible; Marquez opposed the plan, and the Emperor supported him; nothing was done, and a few days later the town was invested. Before the lines were completed Marquez, with a commission of Lieutenant-Governor of the Empire in his pocket, took all the available cavalry and started for Mexico, where he was about to disorganize the Government just as by his flight he was disorganizing the defence of Querétaro. The rest is a lamentable tale. After a little desultory fighting, scarce worthy the name, the town was delivered to the liberals by the traitor, Lopez, on the morning of April 15th. Maximilian, Miramon, Mejia, Mendez, 600 officers, and about 7,000 men surrendered. Mendez was marched off at once, placed against a convenient wall and shot down without trial. In a long letter to the victorious General Escobedo, the Secretary of War explained that the crimes committed by Maximilian and his two fellow-prisoners were self-evident, and that a trial was supererogatory, but that in the present instance the Government was willing to have recourse to the courts; so the bloody farce was continued to the end.

Maximilian alone still persisted in believing that there would be no further bloodshed, for now that he had been captured the episode was ended; he imagined that they would send him to the coast under escort and allow him to depart after promising never to return. If there must be a victim, however, he asked to be the only one; he also declared that he was no longer Emperor of Mexico, but merely Archduke of Austria, as he had signed an act of abdication a month previously, said act to take effect *as soon as he should be killed or captured.* Such naïveté deserves a stronger name.

He was allowed to name his own defenders, and seemed to really believe

* The fleet sailed from Vera Cruz, March 12, 1867.

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Capture of Maximilian at Querétaro by Mexican Troops.—Page 684.

that there was a chance of acquittal; at any rate he was so thoroughly convinced that the case would be tried impartially and solely on its merits, that the men he chose to defend him all belonged to the republican party. The proceedings began on June 13th, the court sitting on the stage of the Iturbide theatre, the public being admitted to the boxes and seats as at any regular performance. On the 14th, at eleven at night, the verdict was rendered—*guilty*, and the sentence read—*death*.

Now that it was all over Maximilian prepared himself for the end with the calmness and dignity of a gentleman. Whatever may be said of his career as a ruler, his end was beyond criticism. While refusing * to attempt an escape where failure would involve ridicule and dishonor, he made every effort to obtain the acquittal of his fellow-prisoners, Mejia and Miramon. But in vain. The grim singleness of purpose that made Juarez great and admirable in adversity dragged him down to the level of contempt in this first moment of success; he lacked the nobler qualities of generosity, of mercy, nor did he understand

* Dr. Basch, in *Erinnerungen aus Mexico* seems to think that several attempts to escape were planned but discovered by the guards.

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Wagons containing Maximilian and his Fellow-prisoners on the Way to the Place of Execution.

the higher revenge of forgiveness. Invoking one shallow, transparent pretext after another he refused to listen to the appeals for clemency made by the representatives of several civilized governments, and maintained the sentence. He had read only the Old Testament and not the New.

On the 19th, at half-past three in the morning, Maximilian woke from a quiet sleep and dressed with the help of his two servants. After receiving his father confessor and hearing mass with his fellow-prisoners, he took a slight breakfast, and being notified that all was ready, he bade his followers farewell, far less moved than they. Each prisoner entered a separate carriage, and the dismal procession, guarded by numerous troops, passed slowly through the silent streets to the Cerro de las Campañas, a hill near the town, and stopped at the place designated for the execution, not a hundred yards from the spot where Maximilian had been captured. Here the prisoners alighted, and a few minutes later they stood side by side, four thousand men around them. The Emperor spoke first in a clear, quiet voice and said :

"I die in a good cause, the cause of independence and freedom. May my blood end forever the woes of my adopted country. Friends. . . . *Viva Mejico!*" *

Miramon read a few lines, in which he protested against the accusation of treason, and maintained the right of the cause for which he was about to give his life. While he was speaking Mejia looked up at the pale, hard sky overhead and across the ragged cactus-

* There are several versions of Maximilian's last words ; this is the shortest.

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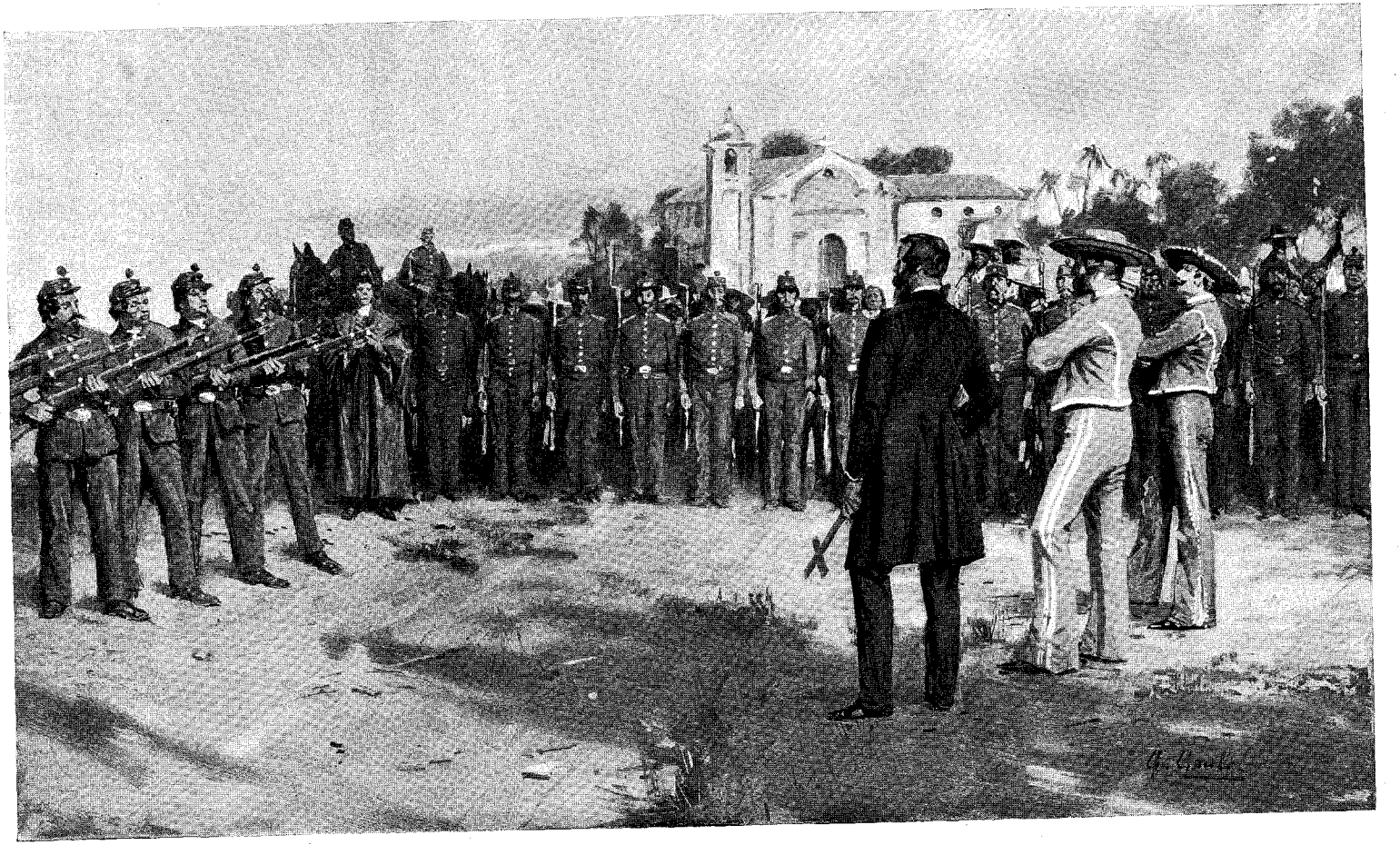

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

Execution of Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia.—Page 686.

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bush so typical of his country. Above, in the oven-like dome, a buzzard, the eagle of Mexico, circled slowly round and round, and he followed it with his eyes until it alighted on a *tuna* far away. Beyond, the Sierra, purple and blue and white, weighed heavily on the horizon; unconsciously he lowered the crucifix which he was holding before him and, suddenly, the word was given. A single volley burst over the plateau, and on the dissolving smoke the ghost of the Empire floated away into the Past.

It was not until six months later that the Austrian Government obtained the body of Maximilian, and the Novara steamed solemnly away toward the Adriatic (December 26, 1867). A little more than three years before the same frigate had brought the young imperial couple as a royal gift to Mexico from an older civilization; and Mexico had flung them back, the one demented, the other dead.

So ended one of Napoleon's day-dreams.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.*

PAINTED BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

"God's Gift College," as it was humbly called by its human founder, Edward Alleyn, lord of the manor of Dulwich, may be known to some American readers as Dulwich College, and a few may even have visited the gallery of pictures there which contains some valuable works by the old masters. Alleyn was a famous and successful actor, a contemporary of Shakespeare, who, like Shakespeare himself, was prudent, saved money, and bought land, which, being in the near neighborhood of London has by this time come to be worth £1,500,000. Notwithstanding his career as an actor, Alleyn seems to have been recognized in his lifetime by the most "respectable" classes, for the Dean of St. Paul's gave him his daughter's hand in marriage. No one can question the excellence of his educational and charitable intentions concerning the future usefulness of "God's Gift College," but they were thwarted in great measure by the indolence or negligence of the corporation that had charge of the endowment. As

* See Frontispiece.

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this endowment increased in importance, being now worth £17,000 a year, it attracted the attention of Parliament, which, by an Act passed in 1858, entirely reformed the foundation. Dulwich College is at the present time housed in extensive and magnificent buildings, and is one of the most efficient educational institutions in the world. Its efficiency is not limited, like that of certain more famous public schools, to the ancient languages and mathematics, but extends to "drawing and designing, civil engineering, physics, chemistry, and other branches of science."

It is to this thoroughness and reality in the Dulwich system of teaching what used to be considered idle accomplishments that Mr. Stanhope Forbes owed his effectual initiation into practical art. He was a Dulwich boy, and learned drawing there under Mr. John Sparkes, whose teaching he looks back upon even now with gratitude for its soundness. Instead of being set to copy more or less showy sketches in water-colors he was seriously trained in drawing from casts and models. Mr. Sparkes perceived, too, that his pupil had a natural talent for the graphic arts, and persuaded young Forbes's father (at that time manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland) to let his son become a painter. On leaving Dulwich he went for a short time to the Lambeth School of Art, and thence to the schools of the Royal Academy in 1876.

The combination of a good elementary art school with a picture gallery is one that is rarely found in establishments for general education, and though I am not able to trace Mr. Forbes's present style of work to the particular influence of any old master represented in the collection at Dulwich, it seems probable that the mere presence or close neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pictures by famous masters must have exercised its own magnetism on an artistic temperament. Besides this, Dulwich is within six miles of the National Gallery.

Mr. Forbes worked for several years as an Academy student, after which he felt a desire to go to Paris and see what was to be learned there. He became a pupil of Bonnat at Clichy, but at that time there was a novel interest among the students of the figure, they were actually beginning to think of representing human beings as they appeared in the open air, and for this the young painter, Bastien-Lepage, was a more daring leader than Bonnat, who indeed kept chiefly, if not exclusively, to indoor effects. This sudden discovery among the figure-students of a world outside the four walls of the *atelier* is one of those curious but by no means unfamiliar cases in the history of the fine arts when one class or clique of artists, having long closed its eyes to what is perfectly familiar to another, ventures at last into the other's territory in a spirit of venturesome enterprise, and in the unaffected conviction that because the region is new to itself it has never been explored by any one. I need only observe that the *plein air*, in which these daring Parisian art students felt at first like caged birds set at liberty, has always been to the landscape-painter what the sea-wind is to the albatross or salt-water to the whale. The only essential difference is that the figure is treated as a foreground object, so that the figure-painter escapes from those enormous difficulties of transient effect which tax the memory of the landscape-painter so severely, and by baffling all his powers of imitation compel him to have recourse to something like a language of signs that cannot be universally intelligible. So far as out-door effect is concerned, the task of the figure-painter is much simpler, though it still offers difficulties not met with in a portrait taken in a room. Mr. Forbes says: "I was wild to attack this great problem of the open-air effect myself," so he started for Brittany, and arrived by chance at the quaint little village of Cancale, near St. Malo. There he chose a picturesque little street, set up his easel out-of-doors, and conscientiously painted from nature a picture full of figures, all from local models, who had posed for the young artist during the progress of his work. This picture was bought by the Corporation of Liverpool, and Mr. Forbes observes that he owes a lasting debt of grati-

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tude to the members of the Art Committee for this encouragement, which enabled him to work on in the same direction. He therefore went on with his out-door work so long as it was possible to paint in the open air, and returned to the *atelier* only in the winter. Mr. Forbes still kept on friendly terms with Bonnat, who, however, shook his head at these *plein-air* tendencies and rather disapproved of the new direction his pupil was taking, though he remained kind and encouraging on the whole. Mr. Forbes spent the next two summers at Quimperlé, near the little village of Pont Aven, a place at that time much haunted by painters, who often walked over to Quimperlé, so that young Mr. Forbes made many artistic acquaintances in this way. One artist then working at Pont Aven he did not happen to meet until some years afterward; this was Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, whom he afterward married, so they had been working in Brittany within a mile or two of each other and in entire unconsciousness of their future destiny. Mr. Forbes liked Brittany so well that he might have worked on there indefinitely had not the difficulty of selling Breton subjects induced him to seek his materials elsewhere. He went to Cornwall in 1884, with the intention of spending a few weeks, and little dreaming that he would ever settle there. The reader is no doubt aware that artists have a curious way of discovering places that are already marked upon the map and perfectly well-known to the local historian or gazetteer. First one artist goes there in an exploring mood, and makes sketches or a picture which he exhibits. This attracts others to the place, and a little artistic colony soon forms itself which may survive even the death of its original members, as they are succeeded by younger men. Barbizon, St. Écouen, Pont Aven, and latterly Vernon, have been discovered in this manner in France. The discovery of Bettws-y-Coed seems now very ancient history in Wales, that of the little Cornish village, Newlyn, is more recent. Still, when Mr. Forbes went there in 1884 he found Mr. Walter Langley, who had just made a sensation with his water-colors, already living there, and he also found a few men whom he had known in Brittany. Not much of their work, however, had found its way to the Academy, and when Mr. Forbes sent his "Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach," in 1885, it was probably the first large picture that had gone up from the village in March. The "Newlyn School," as it is called, has developed its productiveness so considerably since that year that crowds now come from all parts of Cornwall to see the works ready for the Academy, usually thirty or forty pictures, many of them large, and shown in the various studios and glass-houses that have been erected by artists in the village. The Great Western Railway Company has even added a special van to its famous express train, "The Flying Dutchman," for the accommodation of these works of art, which arrive thus honorably in the metropolis, unashamed of their remote provincial birth. "'The Fish Sale,'" says Mr. Forbes, "was painted under the uncomfortable conditions that my uncompromising conscientiousness insisted upon, and I shudder at the recollection of what I endured fighting with the east wind before a large canvas on the cold and sloppy beach between Newlyn and Penzance, but I was rewarded by a good position on the line."

At Newlyn Mr. Forbes met Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, whom he married in 1889, and they settled there, working together. He speaks enthusiastically of the wealth of material for artistic purposes to be found in this little Cornish region. "Not only the fishing-village itself and the life of the fisher-folk, but the country round Newlyn, the moorlands, the little valleys or coombes, the Cornish farms and the agricultural life of the county would occupy many painters." He does not consider such artistic colonies unfavorable to quality in production, but at the same time thinks it is good for a colony when a strange artist arrives with freshness in his methods and ideas.

"My own artistic tendencies," says Mr. Forbes, "have not greatly changed since I first set up my easel in a Breton village. Subject, from the literary point of view, has never greatly inter-

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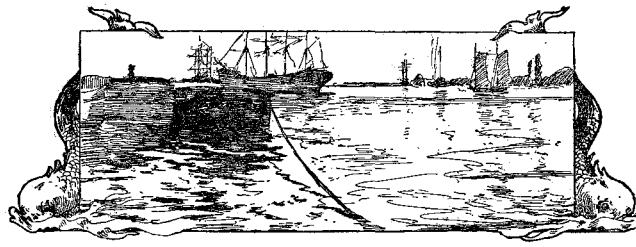
ested me, and I have been chiefly governed in my choice of motives by the fascination of some particular effect. The reflections on the wet sand in my "Fish Auction," the conflicting daylight and gaslight of the "Village Philharmonic," the glow of the forge in the dark smithy, these were my incentives to work. Happening to stroll into the village foundry about some odd job, I chanced upon just such a scene as I tried to render in "Forging the Anchor," and last year pottering about the harbor of an evening in a punt, I was struck with the beauty of the pier and lighthouse with its lamp just lit."

Mr. Forbes has given me some interesting results of his technical experience. Like most painters who in the earlier part of their careers have attempted to work entirely and exclusively from nature, he has found it practically impossible to adhere steadily to such a rule, and is now content to rely frequently on sketches and studies, only making these both numerous and full of materials. In this way he made careful studies in the smoke and grime of the foundry, and amid the din of the blacksmiths at their work. For "The Lighthouse" he painted oil sketches in an open boat. Besides making innumerable studies for all parts of his picture, Mr. Forbes now takes the wise precaution of preparing a cartoon for the whole work. Notwithstanding these practices Mr. Forbes still, to use his own expression, drags out his largest canvases to work from nature whenever it is at all possible. He has always abstained from the use of photographic apparatus.

"The Lighthouse" is that at Newlyn, and the little cottage just visible to the left of the pier was the painter's first residence there; but since those days he has found an interesting old farmhouse near the moorlands, once the residence of the Godolphins, and this he has renovated and made habitable. His picture for the Academy of 1894, has for its subject a team of horses dragging a huge block of granite along one of the lonely Cornish roads.

Mr. Forbes received a first class medal at Paris in 1889 for his "Village Philharmonic," he has also received a large gold medal at Berlin, and in 1893 a medal at Chicago for "Forging the Anchor." He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in January, 1892.

So far as I know Mr. Forbes's work, I should say that it is characterized by great veracity, both as to character, material objects, and effect, without any obtrusiveness of detail, and without the slightest trace of those preposterous affectations that mark the modern decadence.



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THE DOG.

By N. S. Shaler.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. HERRMANN LÉON.

IT is an interesting fact that the first creature which man won to domesticity was made captive and friend for the sake of companionship rather than for any grosser profit. The dog was, the world over, the first living possession of man beyond the limits of his own kindred. He has been so long separated from the primitive species whence he sprang that we cannot trace with any certainty his kinship with the creatures of the wilderness. Like his master he has become so artificialized that it is hard to conjecture what his original state may have been.

Naturalists are much divided in opinion in all that relates to the origin of our ancient and common domesticated animals, and this for the reason that the longer a creature has been subjected to the change-bringing conditions of our fields and households, the further it has departed from the parent stock. This difficulty is naturally the greatest in the case of the dogs, for the reason that they have been longer and more completely under the control of man than any other of the lower animals. Some students of the problem have inclined to the opinion that the dog is a descendant of the wolf: the whelps of this species, it is supposed, were captured by primitive men and brought under domestication. The difficulty of this view is that even with the high measure of care which the conditions of civilization permit us to devote to the effort, it has been found impossible to educate captive wolves to the point where they show any affection for their masters, or are in the least degree useful in the arts of the household or the occupations of the chase. They are in fact indomitably fierce and utterly self-regarding. It seems unreasonable to believe that any savage would have found either pleasure or profit from an effort to tame any of the known species of wolves. Moreover, the fact that dogs show little or no tendency to revert to the form and habits of their brutal kindred, or to interbreed with them, is clearly against the supposition that there is any close relation between the creatures.

Yet other speculative inquirers have sought the origin of the dog through the admixture of the blood of several different species, the wolf and the jackal being perhaps the principal or the only components of the hybrid stock. Here too the evidence of nature is against the supposition. No one has ever succeeded in hybridizing the wolf and the jackal, nor do our dogs show any more tendency to revert to the jackal than to the wolf. They meet their tropical relative with as much animosity as is proper, or at least customary, in the intercourse of allied yet distinct species. In fact, all the indices by which we are able to carry back the history of other domesticated animals to their primitive or even extinct ancestry, fail in the case of the dog. When the stock is allowed to go as nearly wild as they can be induced to become, we do not find that they thereby approach to any known wild form. It therefore seems reasonable to betake ourselves to another basis for the natural history of the dog which has not yet been made a matter of much inquiry, but which promises to afford us more substantial truth than the conjectures which we have just considered.

We should, in the first place, note the fact that the ancestors of our more important domesticated animals, those which have been longest in subjugation, have commonly disappeared from the wild state—the species, except for the cultivated forms, having gone into the irrecoverable past. This is the case with the wild kindred of our bulls, horses, sheep, and camels, there probably being none of the original wild species of these groups now living, except those

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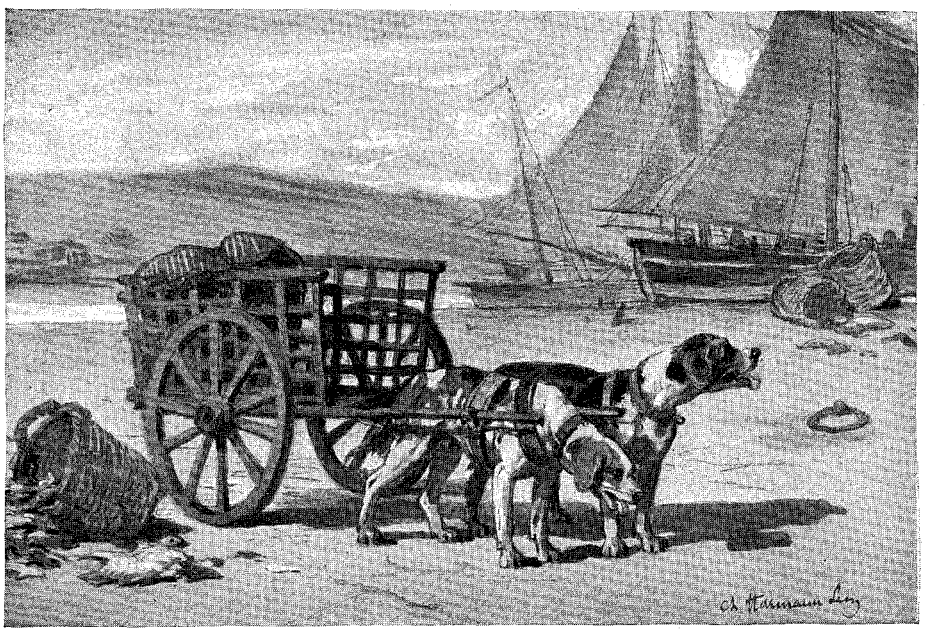

Dutch Dogs Used in Harness.

which have been more or less completely subjugated by man and then have returned to the wilderness. The fact is that with any large mammal, the domestication of the species tends to bring about the destruction of the remaining wild forms. If we go back in fancy to the time when the dog was taken in from the wilderness, we readily perceive how certainly the subjugated individuals would have mingled with their wild kindred, so that either the wild would have become tame or *vice versa*. The same incompatibility which exists between slavery and freedom in our own species in any given territory may be said to hold in the case of captive animals. It is particularly on this account that I am disposed to think that our races of dogs have been derived from one or more original species of truly canine ancestors, the wild forms of which have long since disappeared from the earth.

Although there are no species of wild dogs now in existence to which we can refer the origin of our household friends, there are several known to us only in their fossil state from which they may possibly—indeed, we may say probably—have been derived. These creatures are, of course, represented only by their skeletons, and even these remains have only been found in an imperfect state of preservation. It is evident, however, that these extinct species, or at least certain of them, lived down to the time when man had come upon the earth, and was beginning to speculate on his surroundings for such company and help as he might win therefrom. It is clearly a reasonable supposition that some of these primitive canine species may have been far more domesticable than the existing kindred of the dog—the wolves, foxes, jackals, or hyaenas—differing from their fiercer kindred much as the zebras do from the wild asses, the one form being utterly undomesticable, and the other lending its back almost willingly to the burdens which man chooses to impose. It seems likely that this primitive species—perhaps more than one—whence the dog sprang was not a very vigorous or widespread form, else, as before remarked, a savage would have found it impossible to keep his half-tamed creatures from rejoining their wild kinsmen. Thus, if a man should in this day succeed in taming wolves, in a region where they were plenty, to the point where they began to abide his presence or even to have

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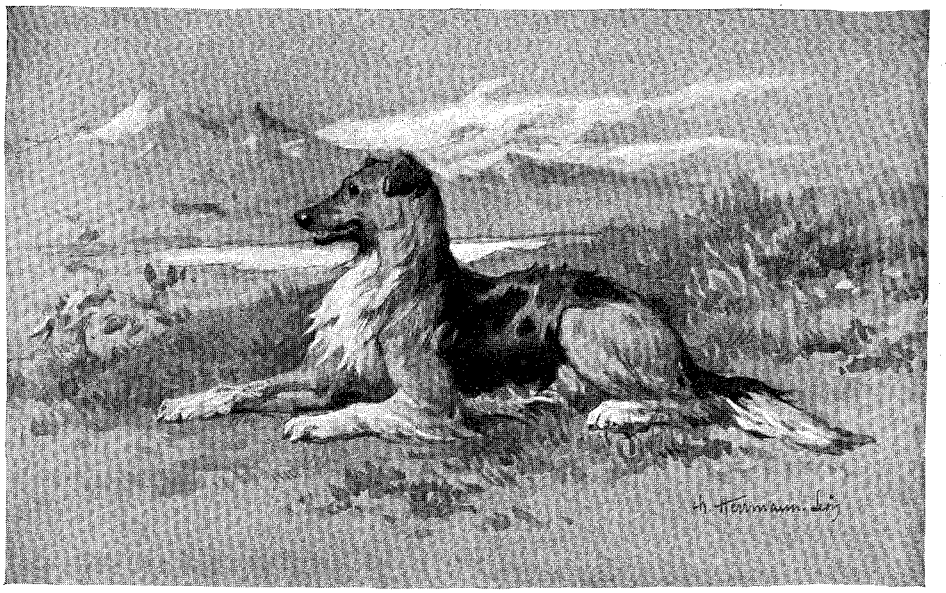

Collie.

some slight affection for him, the call of nature would be sure to lead them back to reunion with their kind.

It seems pretty certain that the first steps in the domestication of the dog must be attributed not to any distinct purpose of acquiring a useful animal, but to that vague instinct which leads children to make captives of any wild animal with which they come in contact. The fancy for pets is not only common to all mankind, civilized and savage alike, but is clearly exhibited in many of the mammals below the level of man. Almost everyone has observed cases where dogs, cats, and horses have become attached to some creature of an alien species with which they have been by chance thrown in contact. The higher the grade of the intelligence, the more sympathetic with other life the animal is likely to become. Thus the elephants, whose natural endowments in the way of intelligence are perhaps superior to those of any other wild creatures, are, when brought into captivity, curiously prone to form attachments to human beings. Savages appear to make but little use of their dogs in hunting. In fact, those peculiar combinations of instinct and training which we find in our hounds, pointers, setters, and other dogs which have been bred to serve the purposes of sportsmen, have been acquired but slowly, and are of no value except where the search for game is carried on under what we may term civilized conditions. The dog of the savage is in all countries much like his master —a creature with few arts and unaccustomed to subdue his rude native impulses to the attainment of any refined ends.

It seems most likely that for ages the principal use of the dogs which dwelt about the camps of the primitive people was found in the reserve food supply which they afforded their thriftless masters. When the hunting was successful the poor brutes had a chance to wax fat, and even in times of scarcity they managed to pick up enough food to keep them alive. When their masters were brought to a state of famine they were doubtless accustomed, as are many savages at the present time, to eat a portion of their pack. In the early conditions of humanity there was no other beast which could be made to serve so well this simple need in the way of provender. The dog is in fact the only animal ever domesticated which can be trusted through his own affections alone to abide with his master in the endless

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DRAWN BY CH. HERRMANN LÉON.

Sheep-Dogs Guarding a Flock at Night.

ENGRAVED BY SCHUSSLER

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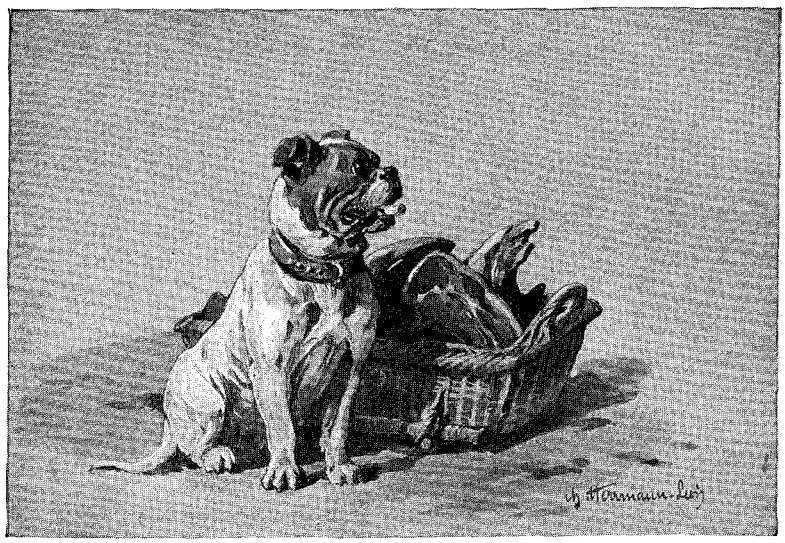

Bull-Dog.

changes of camp and the rapid movements of flight and chase which characterized men before their housed state began. In a certain curious way the use of dogs for food has served greatly to advance the development of these captives. When the savage was driven to feed upon his dogs he was naturally more willing to sacrifice the least intelligent and affectionate of them, delaying to the point of extremity the time when he would kill those which had endeared themselves to him. In this way for ages a careful though unintended process of selection was applied to these creatures, and to it we may fairly attribute, as many considerate naturalists have done, a large part of the intellectual—indeed, we may say moral—elevation to which they have attained.

When the place of the dog as the first and most intimate companion of man was affirmed in the rude way above described—when the savagery to which he was at first made free gradually enlarged to civilization, a number of special uses were found for the peculiar capacities of the creature. These varied in different parts of the world, according to the peculiarities in the conditions of the masters. In high latitudes, where the ground is snow-covered during the winter season, dogs were used, as they are to this day, in dragging sleds. They were, indeed, perhaps the first animals which were harnessed to vehicles. When they were brought to serve this definite end, we may well believe that the stronger and more enduring individuals were spared in times of dearth for the reason that they were almost indispensable to their masters, and even the little forethought which we find among primitive peoples would lead to their preservation. Here again, doubtless, came in the process of unintended selection which has made the Esquimau sled-dog one of the most remarkable varieties of his kind.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early variations induced among dogs is that which has arisen from the pastoral habit. We do not know when this custom of keeping sheep in large flocks was first instituted, but it is evidently of exceeding antiquity, probably far older than the pyramids of Egypt. The custom could hardly have been instituted without help of the shepherd's mate, the sheep-dog. Although the creatures of this breed are probably in form very near to the original wild species whence our canines came, the variety has as regards its instincts been, by a process of education and selection, led very far away from the original stock.

The wild forefathers of this species were clearly natural born sheep-slayers,

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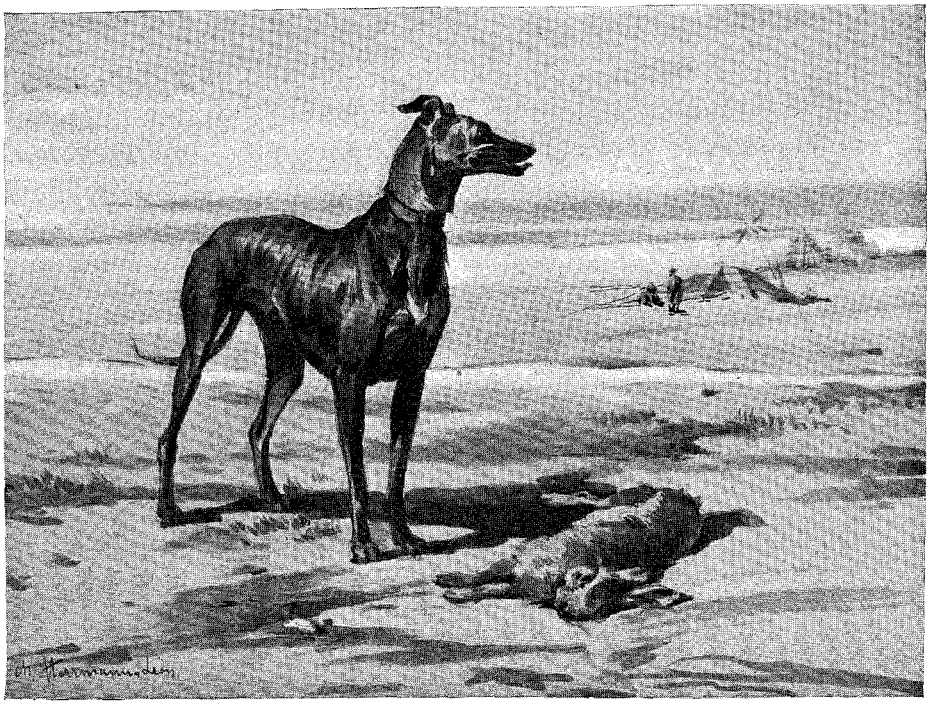
and the motive abides to this day in all the breeds which have the strength to assail our unresisting flocks. The spirit is so ingrained that even the most civilized of our house-dogs, which may for generations never have tasted blood and which show no disposition to attack the other creatures of the barnyard, cannot be trusted alone with sheep. When two or more of them are together the old instincts of the wild pack return, and they will slay with insensate brutality until they are fairly exhausted with their fury. Their behavior on such occasions reminds one of the actions of their masters when possessed with the blind rage of a mob. Yet in the shepherd-dog we find this ancestral motive, once a large part of the life of the creature, so overcome by education and selection that they will not only care for a flock with all the devotion which self-interest can lead the master to give to the task, but they will cheerfully undergo almost any measure of privation in order to protect their charges from harm. The annals of shepherd districts, especially those where winter snows fall deeply, as in Scotland, abound in anecdotes of a well-attested nature which show how profoundly the dogs which tend the flocks are imbued with the love of the animals committed to their care. This affection is more curious for the reason that it is never in any measure returned by the sheep. To them the custodian is ever a dreaded overseer. He seems to bring to them nothing but the memories of danger derived from the experience which their species acquired in far away times.

It is very interesting to note the behavior of a young shepherd-dog when he is first brought in contact with a flock. It is easy to see that he has an amazingly keen interest in the sheep. He regards them with an attention which he gives to no other living things, except perhaps his master. Out of a litter of well-bred pups belonging to this variety, the greater part will at once assume a curatorial attitude toward a flock. They will show a disposition to keep them together, and will only seize on an individual in case he under-



Greyhound after "the Kill."

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Pointer and Setter, Flushing Game.

takes to break away. They will generally use no more force than is necessary to reduce the recalcitrants to order. They arrest him by catching hold of the leg or fleece, and rarely seize hold of the throat, which other dogs, led by their inherited instincts, are apt at once to assail. Very rarely does a shepherd-dog of good ancestry, even at the outset of his career, attack a sheep in a way which shows that the ancient proclivities have been revived in his spirit. Even then a little remonstrance, or at most a slight castigation, is pretty sure to turn him from his evil ways. If we could measure in some visible manner the psychic peculiarities of animals we would be led to regard this great change in the instincts of the dog, which has been brought about by his use in herding, as perhaps the most momentous transformation which man has ever accomplished in any creature, including himself; for none of our own inherited savage traits are so completely sublated at the time of our birth as is this old and sometime dominant slaying motive in the shepherd-dog.

With the advancing differentiation of human occupations and amusements, our breeds of dogs have, by more or less deliberate selection, been developed until by form and instincts they fit a great variety of purposes. Some of these pertain to industrial work, but the greater portion are related to the sports or fancies of men. The turnspit was bred for its short legs and small, compact body, and was serviceable in those treadmills of the hearth which have long since passed out of use, but which were for centuries features in our kitchens.

The massive type of bull-dogs, characterized by heavy frames and an indomitable will, appears to have been brought about by a process of selection having for its unconscious end the development of a breed which should render the herdsman of horned cattle something like the assistance which the shepherd-dog gave to those who had charge of flocks. In the more primitive state of our bulls and cows the creatures were much wilder than at present, and were generally kept, not in enclosed pastures, but on unfenced ranges. In these conditions the care taken needed the help which the ancestors of our modern bull-dog afforded. The tasks which the animal was called on to perform were of a ruder nature than those which were allotted to the shepherd-

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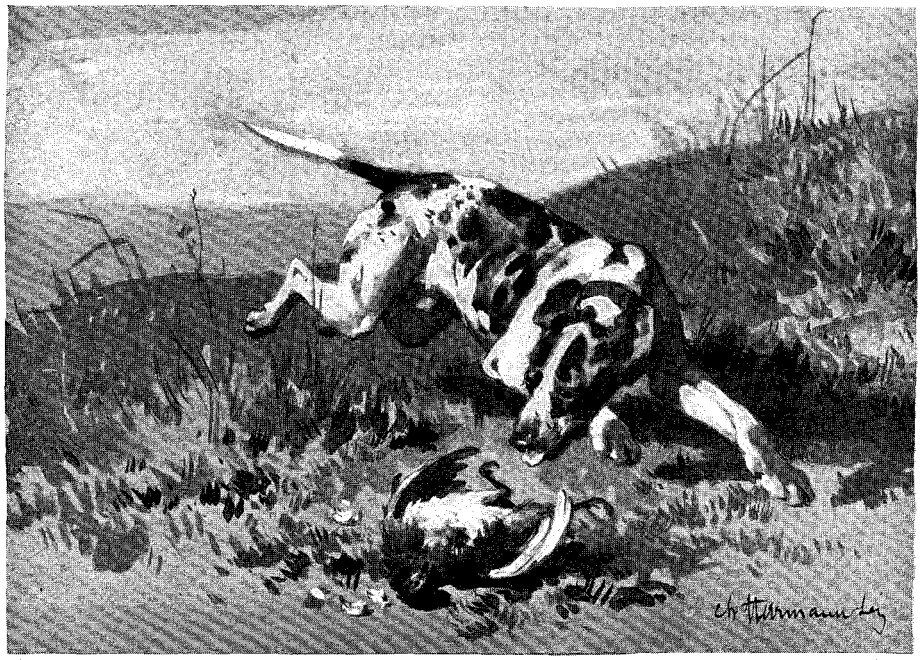

Pointer Retrieving a Fallen Bird.

dog. Their business was to conquer the unruly beast. They were taught to seize the muzzle, and by the pain they thus inflicted they could subdue even the fiercer small bulls of the ancient type of form. From this original use the cattle-dogs were turned to the brutal sport of bull-baiting, a rude diversion which was indulged in by our ancestors for centuries, and has only disappeared in our less cruel modern days. Bred for the bull-ring, these dogs acquired the formidable strength and ferocity under excitement which made their name a terror and their qualities a satirical embodiment of the ruder traits which characterized the British folk.

The training which instituted the breed of bull-dogs was evidently much less continuous and effective than that which developed the shepherding variety. The use for the creature in the care of herds has passed away. In the older parts of the world cattle are kept only in enclosures, and where, as on our frontier, they still range over unbounded fields they are guarded by horsemen who do not need the assistance of dogs to control the movements of the herds. No longer serviceable either in economies or sports, the breed of true bull-dogs is rapidly disappearing. As we may often observe in other fields of development, the peculiarities of this breed are now under the control of fancy, and the blood is being led far away from its old characteristics. The bull-terrier and other varieties, which retain something of the form and of the solemn demeanor which characterized their ancestors, but which are too small to assail horned cattle, mark the vanishing stages of this great stock, which will soon only be known in memory. The history of this peculiar herd-dog shows us how marvellously pliant the body and mind of this species has become under the conditions of civilization. The rude processes of unconscious selection, acting without steadfastness of purpose or rationally developed skill, serves to sway the qualities of the animal this way or that to meet the ever-changing requirements of use or fancy. A similar selection in the case of our horned cattle has within a few centuries converted the cows into mild-mannered and sedentary milk-making machines,

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and has deprived the bulls of the greater part of their ancient savage humor. Owing to this change in the quality of their associates in captivity the dogs have also been led into great variations. The same type of interaction may be traced again and again in the isolated part of the world enclosed within our fences, as well as in the free realm of the wildernesses. All the individuals in the great host of life affect each other as do the soldiers of a well-organized army in the movements of a battle.

The shepherd-dog, the turnspit, and the bull-dog are the three remarkable variations of the canine blood which were brought about by a process of training and selection unconsciously directed to the institution of breeds suited to special economic ends. The other varieties of dogs have been shaped more distinctly for purposes of amusement or for the indulgence of mere fancy. The several varieties of hounds, harriers, beagles, pointers, setters, terriers, etc., have been designed to meet a dozen or more variations in the conditions of the chase. The marvellously complete way in which special peculiarities have been developed in mind and body makes this field of domestic culture the most fascinating subject of inquiry to the naturalist. The ordinary fox-hound has had his inheritances determined so as to fit him for pursuing a small animal which can rarely be kept in view during its flight, and which can only be followed by the odor it leaves in its trail, so these creatures run almost altogether under the guidance of their sense of smell. The stag-hound, on the other hand, pursues a relatively large animal which cannot well be followed by the nose, at least with any speed; they therefore trust almost altogether to vision in their chase. The packs which hunt otters have developed the swimming habit and an array of instincts which fit them especially for this peculiar sport. If space allowed we could note at least a dozen divisions of the group of hounds or chasing dogs, each of which has developed a peculiar assemblage of qualities, more or less precisely adapted to some particular game.

Perhaps the most special adaptation which man has brought about in his domesticated animals is found in our pointers and setters. In these groups the dogs have been taught, in somewhat diverse ways, to indicate the presence of birds to the gunner. Although the modes of action of these two breeds are closely related, they are sufficiently distinct to meet certain differences of circumstances. The peculiarities of their actions, it should be noted, are altogether related to the qualities of our fowling-pieces. These have been in use, at least in the form where shot took the place of the single ball, for less than two centuries, and the peculiar training of our pointers and setters has been brought about in even less time. It seems likely, indeed, that it is the result of about a hundred and fifty years of teaching, combined with the selection which so effectively works upon all our domesticated creatures. It thus appears that this peculiar impress upon the habits of the dog is the result of somewhere near thirty generations of culture.

Although, as Mr. Darwin has suggested, the pointing or setting habit probably rests upon an original custom of pausing for a moment before leaping upon their prey, which was possibly characteristic of the wild dog, it seems to me unlikely that this is the case, for we do not find this habit of creeping on the prey among our more primitive forms of dogs nor the wild allied species as a marked feature. All the canine animals trust rather to furious chase than to the cautious form of assault by stealthy approach and a final spring upon their prey, as is the habit with the cat tribe. Granting this somewhat doubtful claim that the induced habits of these dogs which have been specially adapted to the fowling-piece rests upon an original and native instinct, the amount of specialization which has been attained in thirty generations of care remains a very surprising feature and affords one of the most instructive lessons as to the possibilities of animal culture.

It is an interesting fact that the variation of a spontaneous sort which is now taking place in our pointers and setters is considerable. It is, perhaps, more distinctly indicated here than in any other of the breeds which are characterized by peculiar qualities of mind.

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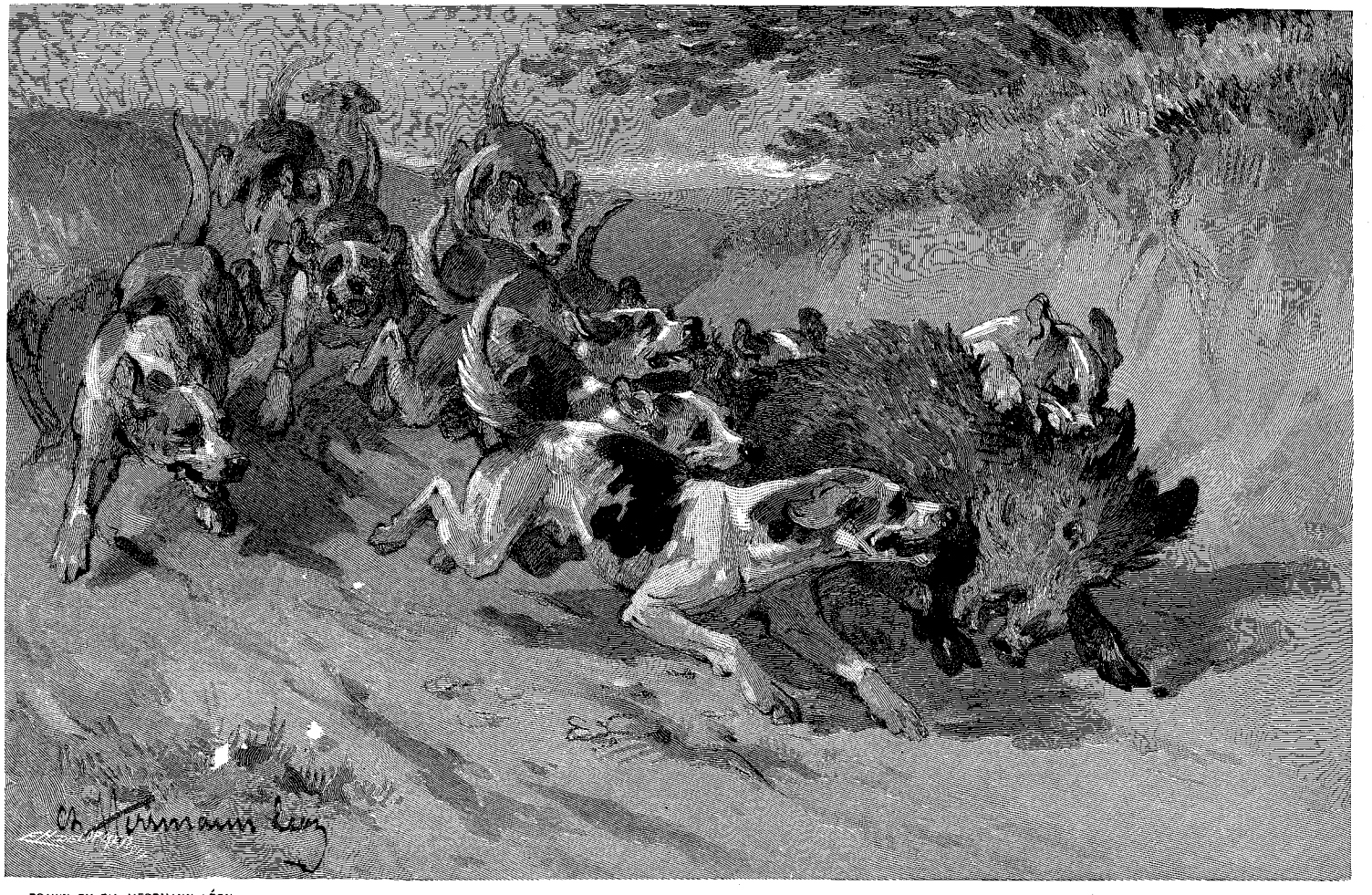

DRAWN BY CH. HERRMANN LÉON.

Hounds Running a Wild Boar.

(Showing the habit of attacking neck of prey.)

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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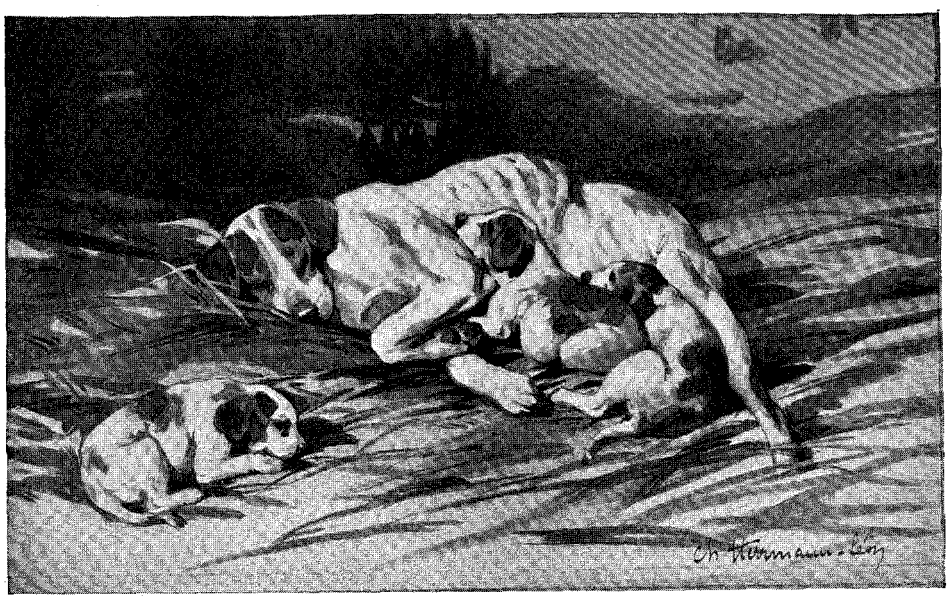
All those familiar with the behavior of these strains of hunters have observed the high measure of individuality which characterizes them. I have recently been informed by a friend, who is a hunter and a very observing naturalist, of one of these variations in the pointer's instinct which may, by careful selection, possibly lead to a very useful change in the habits of the animal. Hunting the Virginia partridge in the tall grass on the sea-coast of Georgia, his dog found by experience that his master could not discern him when he was pointing birds, and that a yelp of impatience would put up the covey before the gun was ready for them. The sagacious dog has therefore adopted the habit of backing away from the point where he first fixed himself, so that he could, by barking, denote the presence of the birds without giving them alarm. Although in this first instance the action is purely rational, and is indeed good evidence of singular discernment and contriving skill, it seems likely that by careful breeding it may be brought into the realm of pure instinct or inherited habit.

The great variation in habits which is taking place in those varieties of dogs which are immediately under the master's eye during all the process of the chase is easily explained by the fact that these creatures are in a position to be immediately and constantly influenced during their most active and therefore teachable state of mind by the will of man. A pack of fox-hounds is to a great extent out of hand while engaged in the pursuit of their prey, but a pointer or setter, even when under extreme excitement, is almost completely mastered by the superior will. When we observe the extent to which human intelligence is affecting the qualities of our hunters, it is not surprising to note that in almost every district where there are peculiar kinds of game, varieties of the dog are developing which are especially adapted to its pursuit. Thus in America, where the raccoon abounds, a peculiar variety of hunting dog is in process of development which has a singular assemblage of qualities which fit it for this peculiar form of the chase. Although as yet "coon dogs" have not been cultivated for a sufficient time to acquire distinct physical characteristics, their habits exhibit a larger range of specialization than those of any other breed of sporting dogs.

In those parts of the Americas where peccaries are hunted, the dogs used in



Foxhound and Pups.

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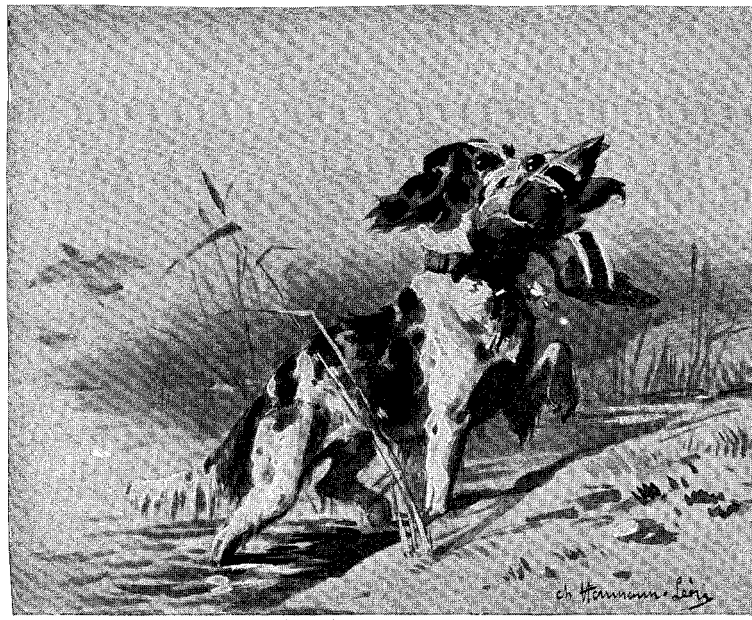

Spaniel Retrieving Wild Duck.

their pursuit have learned to beware of assaulting the pack which they have brought to bay, and instead of indulging in the instinct which leads them into that way of danger and of certain death, they circle round the assemblage, compelling them to show front on every side, and so to remain stationary until the hunters come up. Perhaps a score of similar specializations in the modes of action of our dogs which are employed in the chase could be recited, but as they all lead us to one conclusion, which is to the effect that these creatures are, as far as their mental powers are concerned, like clay in the hands of the potter, we may pass them by for some considerations which appear to have escaped the attention of writers who have discussed the problems of canine intelligence.

So long as our dogs were employed in the labor or the organized recreations of man, the tendency of the association with the superior being was in a high measure educative. They were constantly submitted to a more or less critical but always effective selection which tended ever to develop a higher grade of intelligence. With the advance in the organization of society the dog is ever losing something of his utility, even in the way of sport. He is fast becoming a mere idle favorite, prized for unimportant peculiarities of form. The effort in the main is not now to make creatures which can help in the employments of man, but to breed for show alone, demanding no more intelligence than is necessary to make the creature a well-behaved denizen of a house. The result is the institution of a wonderful variety in the size, shape, and special peculiarities of different breeds with what appears to me to be a concomitant loss in their intelligence. We often hear it remarked by those who are familiar with dogs, that the ordinary mongrels are more intelligent and more susceptible of high training than the carefully inbred varieties, which are more highly prized because they conform to some thoroughly artificial standard of form or coloring. This is what we should expect from all we know concerning the principles of breeding. Where for generations the dog-fancier has selected for reproduction with reference to the trifling and often injurious features of shape he seeks to attain he naturally and almost necessarily neglects to choose the creatures in regard to

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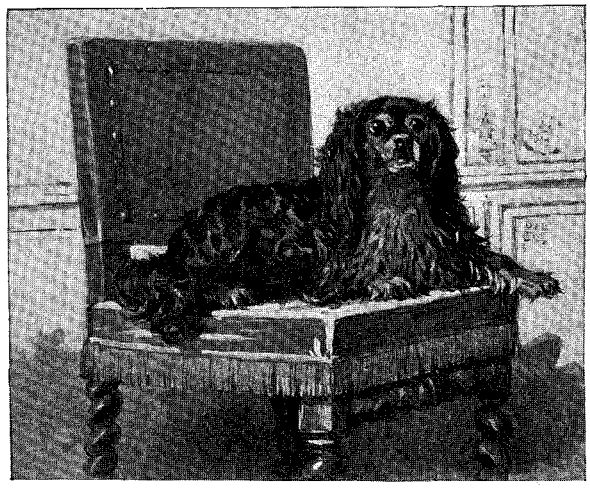
their mental peculiarities. The result is that the breed tends to fall back in

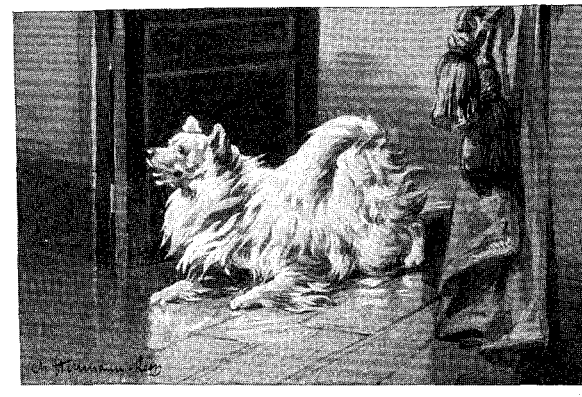


King Charles Spaniel.

these regards to below the level of the ordinary cur, who makes his place in the affections of his owner because he has attractive or useful qualities of mind. It appears to me, in a word, that our treatment of this noble animal, where he is bred for ornament, is, in effect, degrading.

Although the formation of our fancy breeds does not serve to advance the development of those intellectual features which are the most interesting parts of our dogs, the experiments have served to show the amazing physical plasticity of this species under the conditions of long domestication. The range in size between a tiny spaniel, such as those which are bred in Chihuahua, in northern Mexico, and the great Danes or mastiffs of northern Europe, is perhaps the greatest which has ever been attained in the case of any mammal. In some cases the larger individuals belonging to the mastiff breed probably weigh near thirty times as much as their smaller kinsmen. Great as are these variations, they are only in form and bulk. They involve none of those curious changes in the number of bones of the skeleton which we may trace among the domesticated pigeons. We therefore turn from these results of breeders' fancy to consider certain of the mental qualities of dogs which have not come in our way in our review of the history of its relations to man.

First of all, we may note the fact that the friendly relations which dogs have become accustomed to form with men vary exceedingly in their range and activity. Perhaps in no other regard does the dog exhibit such distinctly human characteristics as in the way in which he meets the individuals of the mastering species. The gamut of their social relations with men is almost exactly parallel with our own. With from one to a dozen persons a dog may maintain relations of almost equally complete sympathy and mutual understanding. He may be on terms of acquaintanceship in varied degrees of familiarity with a few score others with whom he comes in frequent contact. Toward the rest of mankind he maintains an attitude of more or less complete distrust, which with experience may attain the indifference which men commonly show toward perfect strangers. If we observe a dog going along a much-frequented street, we



Pommeranian or "Spitz."

may note that his relations to the people are substantially those which the

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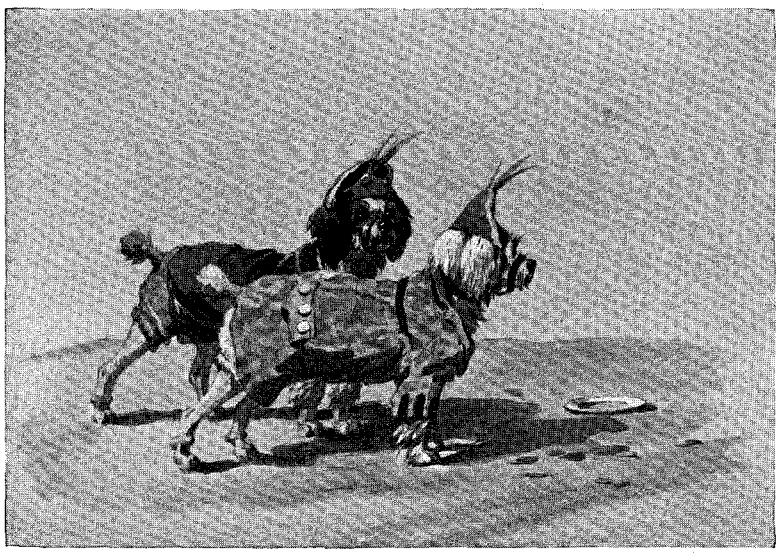

Poodles.

folk have to each other. He shows as they do a certain consideration for the individuals he encounters, gives them their due place, and yet holds to his own. It is particularly noticeable that he avoids all contact with the other passers; in fact, a dog has to be much beside himself with rage or fear or insane from disease before he will break those bounds of personality which civilization has set up to guide the conduct of life.

The social culture of dogs appears to have gone to the point where they recognize the meaning of an introduction—at least as far as the sympathetic relations of that understanding are concerned. Almost any well-bred dog will submit to be presented by his master, or even by persons whom he knows but is not accustomed to obey, to a stranger to whom he has already exhibited some dislike. During the introduction he will submit to those formal exchanges of courtesy which he is accustomed to recognize as the indices of friendship. The impression of this understanding seems to be so permanent that on subsequent meetings the dog, though he may maintain his original dislike of the man who has been forced upon his acquaintance, will continue to treat him with a certain consideration, though it is often easy to see that it is a difficult matter for him to conform to the requirements of society. When we compare the conduct of dogs in these regards with the behavior of other animals, even highly domesticated forms, we perceive how marvellously successful has been man's unconscious effort to mould this creature on his own nature.

Another extremely human characteristic of our canine friends is shown in their susceptibility to ridicule. Faint traces of this quality are to be found in monkeys and perhaps even in the more intelligent horses, but nowhere else save in man, and hardly there, except in the more sensitive natures, do we find contempt, expressed in laughter of the kind which conveys that emotion, so keenly and painfully appreciated. With those dogs which are endowed with a large human quality, such as our various breeds of hounds, it is possible by laughing in their faces not only to quell their rage, but to drive them to a distance. They seem in a way to be put to shame and at the same time hopelessly puzzled as to the nature of their predicament. In this connection we may note the very human feature that after you have cowed a dog by insistent laughter you can never hope to make friends with him. A case of this kind is fresh in my experience. A year or two ago I was imprudent enough to laugh at a very intelligent dog in my neighborhood, he

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having unreasonably assailed me at my house-door, where he had been left for a long time to wait while his owner was within and had thereby been brought into an unhappy state of mind. Sympathizing with his situation I preferred to laugh him out of his humor rather than to beat him with my stick. I regret I did not take the other alternative, for I made the poor brute my implacable enemy by my pretence of contempt for him. I am inclined to think that if I had beaten him the matter could have been arranged afterward in a friendly way.

Another very remarkable and I believe hitherto unnoticed relation between the mind of dogs and that of man is found in the fact that these dumb beasts, unlike all other inferior animals, except, perhaps, some of the more intelligent species of monkeys, will learn lessons from isolated experiences. In this regard they are indeed quite as apt as the lower kinds of men. Thus a dog who has had an unsavory or painful experience with a skunk or a porcupine is apt to keep away from these creatures for a long time thereafter. Where, as is not infrequently the case, a cur takes to eating eggs, a single dose of tartar emetic concealed in an egg which is placed where he can readily find it, is apt to effect an immediate and complete reform. This ready learning from experience is almost the gist of our human quality—at least on the intellectual side of it.

Perhaps the greatest success to which man has attained in his education of the dog is to be found in the measure in which he has overcome the fierce rage which clearly characterized the ancestors of this creature when they first felt the mastering hand. The reader cannot understand the intensity of the rage motive in the carnivora unless he has studied some of these brutes in their wild state, where from the time in the remote ages when they first began to take on the qualities of their species they have survived and won success by the fury of their assault. In almost all our breeds of dogs this primal ferocity has been overlaid by the various motives of rationality, sympathy, and conventional demeanor, until one may live half a lifetime with well-bred dogs without a chance to see the demon which we have buried in their breasts as we have in our own beneath a host of civilizing influences. It is rare indeed in our day that a dog, unless insane, will bite a human being. The most of their assaults are pure bluster, mere pretence of fury, as is shown by the fact that if, carried away by their pretence, they are led to use their teeth, it is a mere sham assault, having no semblance of the effectiveness of true combat.

Something of the pristine fury of the primitive dogs may still be noted in a certain brutal variety of watch-dogs which are still to be found in parts of continental Europe. The best types of this nature which I have ever seen are to be found among the dogs which are kept to guard the quarries of Solenhofen, in Bavaria, whence come all the fine lithographic stones which are so extensively used in printing pictures. These quarries are scattered over several square miles of untilled country, and the separate pits are to be numbered by the score. As much valuable stone is necessarily left over night in the quarries their care is confided to packs of watch-dogs which are turned loose at night and appear as if by instinct to spend the hours of darkness in prowling over the territory. Such is their size and ferocity that it takes a sturdy beggar to face them. I remember inadvertently disturbing one of these brutes from sleep, in the strong cage where he was confined, and I have never beheld such a picture of blind fury as he exhibited. I had not come within twenty feet of him, and was merely moving past his place of confinement, yet he sprang to the grating and strove with his teeth to break his way through the bars. I thought the animal must be mad, but his keeper assured me that such was his ordinary state of mind and that the humor was common to all the breed; even the masters dwelt in fear of them. Ordinarily the only exhibitions of the innate ferocity of our dogs are to be seen in their combats with each other, when for a time the creature returns to its primitive state of mind. Even these occasional exhibitions of fury are not found among all breeds of dogs, and among

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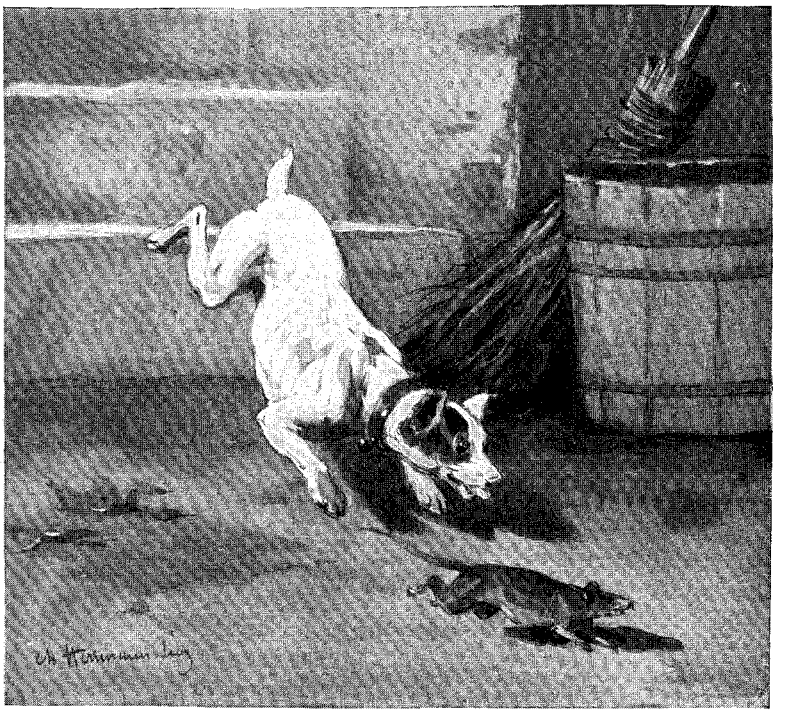
many individuals even of the combative strains of blood the motive of battle appears to have quite passed away.



The Pounce of a Terrier.

In antithesis to the old Ishmaelitic humor of our primitive dogs man has developed a singular sympathetic and kindly motive in these creatures. From the point of view of the dog's education we must not set too much store by his affection for his master. This kind of devotion of one being to another is displayed elsewhere in the animal kingdom, though it is more common among birds than among mammals. We find traces of it in the greater part of our domesticated creatures or in those which we have individually adopted from the wilderness. It is a part of the great sympathetic motive, which, originating far down in the series of animals, increases as they gain in the scale of being, until it reaches the highest level it has yet attained in spiritually minded men. The eminent peculiarity in the case of a dog is that the very centre of his life is formed of the affections, which are evidently the same as those which rule the days of the most cultivated men. To him these elements of friendliness are absolutely necessary to a comfortable existence. If by chance he becomes separated from his master and the other people with whom he is familiar, his bereavement is intense; but in most cases, at the end of a day or two, he is compelled to form new bonds, and he sets about the task in an exceedingly human way. I dwell in a town where dogs abound and where the frequent coming and going of the people puts many of the creatures astray. Perhaps as often as once a week, almost always late in the evening, one of these unhappy lost ones seeks to make friends with me. His advances toward this end always begin by his dogging my footsteps at a little distance. If I do not repulse him he will come nearer until he has made sure of my attention. A friendly word will bring him to my hand, but his behavior is never effusive, as it would be if he had found his rightful owner, but mildly propitiative and with a touch of sadness.

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St. Bernard.

There is, it seems to me, no other feature in the life of the dog which tells so much as to his moral nature as his conduct under these unhappy circumstances.

In the long catalogue of human qualities which characterize our thoroughly domesticated dogs, we must not fail to take account of their sense of property. In this the creature differs from all other of our domesticated animals. It is a common characteristic of mammals, both in their wild and tame state, that they feel a motive of ownership in the food which they have captured or in the den which they have made their lair; but beyond these narrow personal limits we see no evidence of any sense of ownership in land or effects. We readily observe, however, that our household dogs not only know the chattels of their master and distinguish them from those of other people, but they also learn to recognize the bounds of their house lot or even of a considerable farm. When a dog, even of a militant quality, enters on territory which he does not feel to belong to him, he is at once a very different creature as compared to his condition when he is on his own land. He treads warily and will accept without dispute an order to take himself off. A perception of this sort indicates an extraordinary amount of sympathy and discernment. It requires us to assume that the creature has a good sense of topography and that he observes closely the various acts, none of them perhaps very indicative, which go to show the limits of his master's claims.

Although the mental qualities of our highly domesticated dogs are singularly like those of their masters, the likeness going to the point that the household pet is apt to have acquired something of the general character of the people with whom he dwells, there are many suggestive differences arising from failures of development which are in the highest measure interesting to those who study the species. We note, in the first place, that although for ages in contact with the constructive work which occupies his masters, the dog shows no tendency whatever to essay any undertakings of this nature. He is quite alive to considerations of personal comfort and is particularly fond of a warm bed, yet except for a few unverified stories we may say that there is no evidence whatever to show that they ever try to improve their conditions by deliberately providing themselves with warm bedding. In no well-attested case has a dog shown any sense as to the nature of any mechanical contrivance. They will learn which way a door

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opens, and rarely if ever do they undiscerningly close it when it is slightly ajar when they wish to pass through the opening, but I have never been able to observe or obtain evidence to show that they would pull down a latch in the way in which a cat readily learns to do. Much as dogs have had to do with guns, they display no kind of interest in the arms except so far as they are tokens of sport to come. They connect the explosion with the capture of game, and will search for it in the direction toward which the barrel was pointed. I have not, however, been able to find that they know, as they might readily do, and as a crow would surely do, when the weapon was loaded and when empty. They show no interest in it, such as monkeys readily display toward any mechanical contrivance to which their attention has been directed. All these negative features indicate that the mechanical side of the canine mind is entirely undeveloped.

Although there is some evidence that the sense of number attains a measure of development in dogs, the ability to form mathematical conceptions of any kind appears to be very weak in these species. The fact that shepherd-dogs in a way keep an account of considerable flocks so that they will know when one is gone astray, can readily be explained on the supposition that they know their charges individually and not in sum. The absence of arithmetical capacity is, however, less important than the lack of mechanical sense, for the reason that such incapacity is also common in the lowest races of men. Although dogs, as before noted, quickly and clearly acquire a sense of property rights in all which pertains to their owner's holdings, they appear never to extend their sense of their own personal possessions beyond the original limit to which they had attained when the species was domesticated. The creature feels a sense of personal property in his food and in his sleeping-place, but appears not to extend his conception of individual rights beyond these primitively established limits.

All our well-bred household dogs quickly learn certain bodily habits which are necessary to make them acceptable members of a household. These habits are not well affirmed by inherited instinct, but the ease with which the instruction is acquired shows that they have become prone to submit to such regulations. Culture on this line rests upon a primal instinct originating we know not how, which leads a number of wild animals to conceal their excrement. On the other hand, these creatures exhibit no sense of modesty, though that in a more or less complete measure is characteristic of all human tribes whatsoever.

The most curious imitation which we find in dogs is as to the measure of expression to which they have attained. No one who has well considered the facts can doubt that our civilized varieties of this species have something like a hundred times as much which deserves utterance as their savage forefathers possessed. Yet the capacity for giving note to these thoughts or emotions has not gained anything like the proportion to the needs. It seems, however, that some gain in this direction has been made, and that much may be won hereafter in the way of further advance. Never having known the species whence our dogs came in its wild state, we are uncertain as to its modes of expression; but observing the varieties of dogs which are kept by savages, it seems tolerably sure that the primitive canines used their voice only in howling or yelping; that is, as a continuous sound akin to the bellowings or other cries of the various wild mammals. It is characteristic of all these primitive forms of utterance that they are, to a great extent, involuntary, and that when the outcry is begun it continues in a mechanical manner, with no trace of modulation arising from the conditions of the moment. In other words, these actions resemble in a way sneezing or hiccoughing in human kind; actions which are stimulated by certain states of the body, but which are not at all under the control of the will. Howling or bellowing doubtless represents in a measure a state of mind as well as of body, but the action is of a general and uncontrolled kind.

The effect of advancing culture upon a dog has been gradually to decrease this

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ancient undifferentiated mode of expression afforded by howling and yelping, and to replace it by the much more speech-like bark. There is some doubt whether the dogs possessed by savages have the power of uttering the sharp specialized note which is so characteristic of the civilized forms of their species. It is clear, however, that if they have the power of thus expressing themselves they use it but rarely. On the other hand, our high-bred dogs have to a great extent lost the power to express themselves in the ancient way. Many of our breeds appear to have become incapable of ululating. There is no doubt but this change in the mode of expression greatly increases the capacity of our dogs to set forth their states of mind. If we watch a high-bred dog, one with a wide range of sensibilities, which we may find in breeds which have long been closely associated with man, we may readily note five or six varieties of sound in the bark, each of which is clearly related to a certain state of mind. The bark of welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt, and of pure fun are almost always perfectly distinct to the educated ear, and this although the observer may not be acquainted with the creature; if he knows him well he may be able to distinguish various other intonations: those which express impatience and even an element of sorrow. This last note verges toward the howl.

It does not seem to me that we should regard the bark as a new and useful invention; there are, indeed, few such in the organic world; the sound appears to me to have been derived from the primitive habit of howling. If we hearken to this utterance we perceive that it is not an unbroken sound, but is somewhat intermittent. At either end of the prolonged sound we can often notice that it is divided into rather distinct yelps more or less completely separated from the other notes. The cries of a dog when beaten often exhibit the same peculiarity; so, too, the puppy, before he has attained skill in barking, will often prolong each utterance in a way which makes its relation to the ancient mode of expression tolerably clear. At the risk of being deemed fanciful, I venture to suggest that the bark is in effect a division of the howl into clearly separated notes, the change having come about as a similar alteration is effected in our own speech, by the increase in the intelligence which the creature is called upon to express. I conceive that while the primitive and massive emotions found satisfying utterance in the long-drawn notes, the more divided state of mind of the humanized successor has led to a change in its utterances. Although these modifications of speech, if such we may term them, have doubtless been developed on the basis of the dog's human relations, there is, it seems to me, good reason to believe that the diversities in note have come to have a distinct conventional value between the individuals of all the different breeds. Anyone who closely observes these animals must have noticed the fact that the degree of attention they give to the utterances of their kindred varies in a way which indicates that they have great varieties of denotations. Some of the shades of meaning which a dog's bark has to others of his species probably escape our less fine ears.

The creation of something like a language among our civilized dogs has naturally been accompanied by the development of an understanding of human speech. Although we cannot attach much importance to the mass of anecdote on this point, there is enough which is well attested, sufficient indeed which has come within the limits of my own observation, to make it clear that dogs, even without deliberate teaching, frequently acquire a tolerably clear understanding of a number of words and even of short phrases. They will catch these not only when given in distinct command, but when uttered in an ordinary tone without any sign that they relate to their affairs. It is true that these understood words generally relate to some action which the dog is accustomed to perform, yet there are instances so well attested that they deserve credit, which seem to show that the creatures can get some sense of the drift of conversation even when it is carried on by persons with whom they are not familiar and does not clearly relate to their own affairs.

It should be observed that within the

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narrow limits of this essay little or no effort has been made to interpret the state of mind of dogs from the vast but rather untrustworthy mass of anecdote with which our books are filled. So large a part of this evidence is contaminated by prepossessions and a yet larger part is so unverified in any scientific sense, that for purposes of sound inquiry it is worthless. It therefore seems best to limit ourselves, as has been done in this paper, to those general actions of the creatures which are matters of common knowledge and safely beyond question. From these indices we are able to determine a basis for some important conclusions. These are in effect as follows, viz. : Our domestic dog is derived from a species, one or more, akin to the wolf, the jackal, and the fox ; to a group of animals not characterized by great native intelligence, but distinguished for their ferocity and their general untamableness. There is no reason to believe that the primitive dog had any more foundation for his great attainments than his obstinately savage kindred, except that he may have had a greater disposition to form an attachment to a master. We can hardly believe that he had any share of that marvellous sympathy with man and understanding of his motives which characterizes the high-bred varieties of his species. All this vast transformation, which from a psychological point of view has carried the dog relatively as far up above his origin as civilization has lifted man above his lowest estate, has been due to human intercourse and the long and effective concomitant selection of good from bad. It is hardly too much to say that a large part of our human nature has been transferred into the descendants of this ancient wild beast. The sense of property, a great part of human affections, many of the attributes which constitute the gentleman, have been passed over to his possession.

Vast as has been the work of man upon the dog—it deserves, indeed, to be ranked high among all the great accomplishments of his culture—there is reason to believe that if he but go forward with understanding in the ways which have hitherto led him blindly to his success, the final result may be very much more perfect than that which has been attained. It is on this account that I feel it fit to make a strong protest against the system our breeders pursue. Except in the case of dogs used in sport and for herding sheep, the sole effort appears to be to create breeds which shall exhibit peculiarities of form which are mere extravagances and move the real lover of this noble animal to indignation. In these preposterous and unseemly tasks no care is taken to continue the mental development on lines which have been established by long use. Still less is there any effort to essay the development of the intelligence in ways which are clearly open to us, and which afford possibilities of lifting this species to a yet nobler companionship with our own kind.

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"A PORTION OF THE TEMPEST."

By Mary Tappan Wright.

Its passions will rock thee
  As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee
  Like the sun from a wintry sky.
—SHELLEY.

JACKSON had a studio at the seaside village where he spent his summers. It was a little woodshed, shaped like the houses that children draw on their slates, leaking in the roof and cracking in the floor. At the gable end was a small door; as it opened directly on the narrow footpath that led up the hill to his boarding-house Jackson usually kept it closed and locked, for curious people were likely to step in without warning. The door on the east was more secluded; it was very wide and opened outward, the sill being about three feet above the ground. In it Jackson had placed a canvas reclining-chair, where he often sat and smoked, watching the moon rise over the eastern hills. Directly in front of him the rough turf sloped away to the cove, a blue arm of the sea when the water rose, and when it fell streaked with green, showing the long glistening blades of grass that turned with every tide.

A little above the shore on the opposite bank Jackson could catch glimpses here and there of a dusty country road, where all day a line of gaudy red and yellow electric cars plied up and down with a tawdry state that irritated his nerves. At night, however, when the vindictive glare of a prisoned power gleamed intermittent through the trees he would rub his hands in cynical pleasure. "A type!" he would mutter. "A social type!" For Jackson hated his kind, or at least thought he did; in reality their lives were a perpetual drama to him, a series of absorbing plays that he enjoyed without scruple, surreptitiously, salving his conscience by never divulging the plots.

One evening in June he came down the hill, and, after slamming the little door behind him, opened the large one wide and threw himself on a lounge in the corner. He had left town unusually early, two or three weeks before, and until the coach arrived that afternoon, bringing fifteen new faces, he had possessed the boarding-house in almost more peace and solitude than were agreeable to him. He had scanned the new-comers at supper with feverish interest, and it was not until later on, when somebody asked him to make a fourth at whist, that he remembered the man he thought he was and flung off to his den in apparent desperation.

"Fifteen at one swoop!" he said. "Surely the greatest pleasure we derive from the society of our fellow-creatures is the joy of getting away from it! Let me see:—one very young married woman; she said she had a baby. One older married woman, with three little boys. One newspaper woman—I remember that old pirate; she used to carry off all my summer literature year before last, carry it off from under my very nose, and then sit on one-half of it while she read the other half. That makes six. Two little Marie Bashkirtseffs with their sketching-traps—eight. Two elderly women of distinction—I don't believe they'll like it here. The pretty deaf artist. The old whist fiend from Virginia with his grandson—they were here last year—thirteen. And, let me see, the snuffy person with a cold, and the girl with a history. She must have a history, she looks so healthy and quiet; the common run reduce themselves to skin and bone; they are too busy to suffer, and too nervous to be still. I wonder if there is going to be a storm."

He rose and went to the door for a moment, half-closing his eyes to get the effect of the drawbridge farther up the cove. Its brown wooden supports,

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crusted thick with barnacles, were reflected without a break in the glassy surface of the water; a large wagon of fresh cut hay was crossing over the worn loose boards, and in the quiet evening the heavy roll of wheels, and the trampling thud of the horses' hoofs sounded like distant thunder. A storm, however, was brewing in the east. The clouds above the hills were stacked high in black ricks, one upon the other, touched here and there with bright reflections from the sunset. Occasional streaks of lightning shot along their edges, like a curving weapon, threatening a moment and then withdrawn. All at once Jackson retreated to his corner. He heard voices, and did not wish to be compelled to be civil to any passers-by.

"It is coming up all around," said a woman, and a man's voice answered:

"It will not be here for an hour."

They had stopped under a north window which Jackson had constructed high in the wall above the lounge. The window was open, but through the heavy curtain that had been drawn across it their voices came distinctly.

"We can sit on this wood-pile," said the woman. The next instant a crevice in the boards, opposite the place where Jackson was lying, was darkened. She was leaning against the outside of the house. The man seemed to have thrown himself at her feet.

"It is odd to find you here," she said. "I only came this evening myself."

"You do not find me. I followed you. I came across that bridge exactly twenty minutes ago." In the pause that followed, Jackson heard the click of a closing watch-lid.

"Why did you come?"

"You might know. I received that telegram this morning."

The loose board in the side of the shed suddenly creaked as if the woman had braced herself against it. "And you leave?" she asked.

"To-night. I sail from New York to-morrow."

"But you can't make it!" said the woman. "Not from here."

"Oh, yes, I can," answered the man. "I shall take the electric-car at half-past nine, and catch the ten-fifteen train."

"You are not leaving yourself time enough," said the woman. "What if you should miss your steamer?"

"It would make an astonishing amount of talk," said the man; "but I shall not miss it."

"I cannot see why you take such risks."

"Neither can I."

"It will do us no good."

"No, it will not. But still I thought I should like to say good-by."

"We have said good-by."

"Yes, I know; but this good-by, if it eventually turns out to be a good-by, will be final. Shall I go? What do you really wish?"

"I? What can I wish? And if I did wish anything, what chance is there of fulfilment? The beauty of my life consists in its fixity. Nothing can happen, nothing can change."

"Up to a certain point that is true," said the man. "But beyond that, your will alone can alter the face of everything."

"When I get 'beyond that,' I will tell you."

"Then it will be too late."

"It is too late now. It has been too late from the beginning."

"I could wish," said the man, "but for the joy it has been to me, that I had never entered into your life."

"Then be satisfied," she answered. "You never have entered into my life: In all essentials my life has been entirely apart from you. And of late, to speak quite plainly, there have been intervals where the thought of you, if it came at all, has scarcely even troubled me."

"There is more truth in what you say than you are aware."

"There may be. But I am aware of many truths which you do not suspect, and also of some fictions."

"But tell me," said the man, "shall I go? If I go, it is forever. I know myself, and I know you."

"Was that thunder?" said the woman, starting to her feet. A long roll sounded from across the cove, followed by the heavy drop, drop of the beginning of a shower. "We must go to the house," she added.

"If you do, I shall leave."

"You cannot leave. We must see each other!"

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"That was my impression, but you did not seem to share it. Who came down with you?"

"Oh, she did! Of course she did, but it seems to me that for once we might disregard her."

"That is nonsense," said the man. "We must regard her, on your account if not on mine."

"As far as that goes there is no harm in my seeing you when and as I wish!" said the woman; "and as for her comments, if I come in drenched—out of a storm, and at night—for you see how dark it grows——Ah?"

There was another roll of thunder, and the drops came faster. Jackson was about to rise and close the door, when there was a rush from the outside. Two dim shapes appeared against the already driving rain, the man lifted the woman over the threshold into the canvas chair, and climbing in himself leaned against the opposite jamb of the door.

"We haven't any right to come in here," she whispered, nervously. "This studio belongs to Jackson the artist. He might be there now."

"We have no time to waste!" said the man, passionately. "We've got to see this thing through. We can't part without a clear understanding! Man or no man we must have a spot in which to talk."

The woman half rose. Jackson could see her in silhouette against the gray without. She looked like a nun; her head was turned inward, apprehensively; some loose projecting hood covered it. He could not make out her features.

"For God's sake," continued the man, "if there is anyone there don't find it out! You can't see him."

"It is too dark to see."

"Then be satisfied. Now don't go in! You may do any amount of damage. Ten chances to one there are half a dozen wet canvases all over the place. Besides, if you find him I shall have to shoot him."

Jackson, for whom no apologies are possible, grinned in his corner. "If they wish me to be quiet," he said to himself, "nothing is easier."

"How like you," the woman said with a half laugh, "to be desperate and practical in the same breath."

"The desperation is a matter of the moment, the practical the outcome of a life!"

"Oh, dear," said the woman, drearily, "how can you?"

She leaned forward and looked into the rain. The thunder rolled and muttered with sulky continuance, and the man stood watching her in silence. Jackson began to grow impatient; if they wanted to talk why didn't they?

"I suppose you saw Harry?" she said at last.

"Yes, he is dining with the Sullivants to-night."

"How odd! They must have asked him at the last moment."

"They did. I made him take my place; the Sullivants were glad enough."

"Who told you I was here?"

"He did."

"Did you tell him you were coming down?"

"No. You know I did not."

"Is May with the Sullivants?"

There was no answer.

"Harry says her boy is a prodigy. Does he look like May?"

Again there was no answer.

"How long is she going to stay east?" There was a pause. "Why do you not speak?"

"Because," said the man, deliberately, "I did not come here to talk about the Sullivants, nor about May, nor her prodigy. You do not seem to have grasped my meaning: I have received my appointment; I start to-night. Are you coming with me?"

There was a brilliant flash of lightning. The man leaned forward and quietly put his arm across the doorway.

"It was a question not ten minutes past as to whether you should yourself go at all. Now you ask me to come with you."

"It is the same question. Shall we throw in our lots together, or shall we —part?"

"We shall—part. You know that already."

"Yes. I know it. But I wanted to be assured. Besides, the right to decide finally is yours. You would be the only loser."

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"You are not aware of it, perhaps," said the woman, "but your attitude in the matter is—well, unpleasing, to put it mildly."

"It might be, I admit, if you did not understand my meaning; but you understand me, perfectly."

"And yet," she said, with sudden fire, "you have been telling me for months that you did not want me. If I consented to come, even now, your embarrassment would be overwhelming. Why put me to the cost of refusing?"

"But it does not cost you. You refuse automatically. You have weighed and balanced and decided until the pros and cons array themselves against each other by instinct."

"And you? Have you not weighed and balanced also?"

"No, I have not. I have never doubted. This should have ended long ago; it must end now. I have felt it from the beginning, and whenever in all this wretched whirl I have had the strength to see clearly, I have acted upon my convictions. Do me that justice!"

"Oh, justice!" said the woman, wearily. "You have been justice itself, blindfold, cruel."

"I? Cruel to you?"

"Cruel? He asks if he has been cruel!"

"I could not be cruel."

"Ah, well then, call it kind! Whenever I went to meet you—where? Everywhere! Here, there, I have dragged myself to all the houses to which I was bidden, lest at one of them I should miss you. I have gone early. I have watched the door!—I!—And when you came, the whole room swam and blurred before me. In the midst of the talk and glare a silence would fall, for there would be you—only you—with all those terrible people standing about, and the jewels of the women glittering. It seems now as if I must have called to you: my thoughts were so clamorous and my words so faint—as if I must have cried 'Speak to me! Only speak to me. I have come for that. Turn but a moment aside, say but a word.'"

"When did I not speak to you?"

"You call that *you*, speaking to *me!* And the days that I have squandered in waiting for you! When I have not dared to live lest I should feel the unendurable time. When the sun crept through the sky. Oh, those angry suns, that went down grudgingly in the west! 'It is day yet,' I would think, 'wait for the night.' And the yellow afterglow would climb until it seemed as if the night would pass before the day was over. Far into the darkness I have waited, watching the gray shapeless figures passing slowly, down under the trees; listening, until the air tingled, and my nerves sang like the strings of a harp. I have even prayed: 'It is late,' I have pleaded, 'but not too late. Move his heart even now. I ask so little—only to see him a moment. If he will but come and look at me and then turn away—so that he looks kindly, I shall be satisfied. There is no harm in that, my God! And it will be so soon over. I have given up. He is going. I have done what is right—and the time grows short!'—But you *never* came!"

"You had told me not to come."

"There are times for heeding, and times for disregard. Oh, it was right! More than right—obligatory. Yes, there was no other way. I admire your self-control, although unfortunately, you may think I do not imitate it. You had your duties, just then most pressing duties—to lose your clear head at that crisis meant ruin. I understand—I came second, necessarily; but I have not often come second."

"You have not come second," said the man, firmly, "and you know you have not."

"Then, too, there was your theory! You were too happy in carrying it out to note its effects. You meant to break away gradually, so to withdraw that when you ceased to come, your absence might pass without comment. It was an excellent theory, and timely. You could not have put it in practice years ago—before we theorize, our hearts must cool."

"Good heavens! what a beautiful voice," said Jackson to himself. "What a heartbreaking voice! And the sob in it, and the disdain! I should know it among a thousand."

"I have had no theories," the man was saying, "but this I know: in that

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long tempest of feeling I wore on your nerves. In a sense you were tired of me, tired to the depths of your soul. Not that you cared for me less, but the strain and stress were beyond human endurance. To find refuge from the thought of me, no matter how, was a rest; it was life. I was killing you; so I stayed away."

"Oh, yes! you were killing me," said the woman, indifferently.

It had grown darker. A wavering flare of lightning suddenly brought out a bed of nasturtiums in brilliant red and yellow and green at the foot of a rock not far from the doorway. Then everything was gray again, and a great boom of thunder pounded overhead.

"How dared you make me suffer like that?" said the woman out of the silence that followed. "One can love and forget, and if one is unfortunately young enough one may love again. In my affections you are not altogether an isolated case; but in the bitterness of my heart—you stand supreme!"

"Oh, this is miserable," cried the man, striking his closed fist against the doorway. "You hurt yourself as much as you hurt me. When you talk in that strain you are storing up wretchedness for the future. I am going. It is our last moment. Be kind!"

"Oh, go then!" cried the woman. "Go quickly! Never come back, never let me see or hear of you. You say that you wear on my nerves, that I am tired of you! You say that my decisions are made at no cost! You ask me what I want. What I want? I, to whom everything is denied!—Oh!"—her animation suddenly dying out—"I am unreasonable. I know I am unreasonable. How can one crazed with trouble and grief be otherwise?"

"Dear," said the man, in a voice of anguish, "what can I do? I am tied hand and foot."

"You can do nothing," said the woman. "I can do nothing. Even if we could, we would not."

"To make things different would be an irreparable injury."

"There is no question of making anything different."

They ceased speaking. The rain came down on the roof in a sullen hard tattoo. From his corner Jackson could see nothing except when the lightning brought out the dark figures against the outer sky, framed in by the doorway. The man had moved a little forward and was seated on a low box, but he and his companion remained apart, as if a barrier were between them, he leaning forward looking up, she sitting far back in her chair, her head bent toward him, looking down.

"Listen," said the man, decisively. "If you came, you know what it would mean; you know the life that would be before you. Could you live it?"

"Could I live it? Yes."

"Could you be happy?"

"There is no happiness to be bought at that price. If we could blot out our memories we might bring it about; mine, unfortunately, are indelible."

"Setting aside all that, knowing me, knowing yourself——"

"How can we set it aside?" interrupted the woman—"and yet, suppose we could, wherein would our chances differ from those of the rest of the world? Mismatched people—if you will have it so—have been happy together before this: one modifies the other. I should change for you; you would change——"

"Ah, no!" said the man, "there lies the difficulty. I know myself too well."

"The simple desire for the happiness of another changes us unconsciously."

"On the contrary. We are conscious of the whole process. We see the unhappiness we cause and keep on our own way more than ever. It is our only salvation. Between our individuality and the other's there is but one choice to be made—and we make that choice."

In the dim light Jackson saw the woman let her head fall against the back of the chair, and drop her hands in her lap.

"It is a vain discussion!" she said. "But as I am going to have nothing but illusions left, I had rather cherish them."

"An unkind fate has made that possible," said the man, grimly. "The real will not be present to discount the ideal."

"You forget," she said, gently, "that I should love you."

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"And your love would have no mercy. Oh, it would be just. I should have my due!"

"That is false," she said, eagerly. "But even if it were true—granted that with me love is clear sighted—it is still love. If I am too critical I could change."

"You would not," said the man, and then, as if in far-off thought, he repeated, "and you could not! I have been prepared for it from the beginning."

"You are unfair," said the woman. "Why should you feel that? The other question—the question of my going or of my staying—lies in the world of action, the world that we owe to other people. But this thing lies between you and me. I do not look forward to misjudgment from you. Why should you expect it of me?"

"You would not misjudge," said the man; "you would simply see. Outside the little space that surrounds us we live each of us in a distinct and antagonistic world of ideas. It is not my fault nor is it yours, but the day would come when you would weigh me, and I should not turn the scale. It would not lessen your love—it would only take my life."

"What right have you to say this?" cried the woman; "what possible justification?"

"Am I not judged already," said the man, slowly, "against your will? in spite of yourself? Do you think I have not felt it when your eyes have seen clear, and I have stood before you shivering, stripped of the illusions with which you had clothed me. You need not tell me that you love me. I know it—to my cost. Your love has a price! You will not love comfortably as other women do. No, you exact of a man his best, and a man's best can become to him an intolerable tyranny. This is the truth, the brutal truth, that you will not recognize: once I had won you, irrevocably won you, I should drop to my natural level! Where would be your happiness in that future? And knowing this where would be mine?"

From the darkness in which the woman was sitting came a faint sound, like a groan, that ended in a sighing cry, so soft that Jackson could hardly hear it. "Is life any easier to you," she said at last, and her voice seemed stifled, "when you think this of me?"

"Life is never any easier to me nor any harder," said the man. "It has got to be endured, and I endure it."

The thunder had subsided to a muffled growl in the distance, the lightning had almost ceased, and the downpour had dwindled to a gentle intermittent patter. Outside, the water from the eaves was falling a drop at a time into the little pools that had gathered between the broken bits of granite around the foundations.

"What am I to think?" said the woman. "Tell me, without reasoning, without introspection, not between our outer ties nor between the selves we may or may not become, but between you and me, the you and the me that have met, and—have loved. Tell me, if I gave up fighting my convictions, my—conscience call it, and came with you, could I make you happy?"

The man sprang to his feet with a long deep breath. In the quivering light Jackson could see him standing in the open door, his face upturned to the sky.

"Could I?" she repeated.

"Ah! Be still!" he cried out, harshly. "You make me think of too many possibilities."

The woman bent forward and taking his hand drew him back to his seat. The patter of rain had gone by, only the water from the eaves dropped at longer and longer intervals.

"Can you be happy without me?" she whispered.

"No."

"Nor I without you!"

The water ceased dropping, the tremulous glare of the lightning died wholly away; the room was dark and still.

"Silence is, for us, a terrible luxury," said the man at last. "Do you realize that it may be years——?"

"Oh, hush!" said the woman. "I spend my days in realizing. Let us have an interval of peace. Here, alone in the rain, let it seem as if the world had stopped, as if we were buried, and it was all over."

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"It will be over soon. And you will have peace without interval."

"Peace!"

"And why not? It is only human nature. We cannot grieve long over the inevitable. When it once enters our soul that a matter is final we are so made that we acquiesce."

"Are we such poor creatures then?" asked the woman.

"*We* are poor creatures," said the man. "And yet rather than have you suffer I would have you try to be one of us! You said that I made you second to my work, that in cold blood I put you away from my thoughts in order to have my head clear. Never mind—what difference does it make whether it is true or false, whether you meant it all or not? I know that you suffered once; but since then, of late, have you not found greater calm? You told me that I scarcely entered into your life. Is there not truth in that, and—hope? You are happier than you were."

"Delightfully happy."

"Happier than you think. There are compensations in your life that you cannot ignore, distractions that you cannot set aside. They will occupy your thoughts in spite of yourself. In time, if I am only out of sight, I shall almost fade from your mind."

"Well?"

"Well, and when you think of me your judgment will be clearer. You will see——"

"Your faults? I can see them without thinking."

The man laughed half in protest, the merest breath of amusement. "The faults that are seen without thinking," he said, "seldom lower the culprit. When you think of me in the future, you will be cooler, more discriminating."

"And you, how will you be? Cooler? More discriminating?"

"I am different."

"Ah!"

"I am not like you. I do not analyze. When I have given in to a thing it is for ever: a kind of faithful dog business. Hark! there's another storm coming up in the west."

"There are no compensations on your part then, which you ignore?" said the woman, tranquilly.

"In that also," said the man, "I am different from you. In a sense you are my compensation, in losing you I lose my all."

Jackson raised himself cautiously on his elbow. There was a low roar in the west, a creaking in the trees near at hand, and a cracking far away. Something hurled from a distance struck the roof like a stone. Across the darkness outside the door he could see the flash of an electric car as it passed up on the other side of the cove.

"I must be going," said the man. "There are scarcely five minutes left. The next car comes down in ten minutes, and it takes five to get across the bridge. Besides this will be a tremendous storm. Just hear the wind."

Small twigs and bunches of leaves were already flying. The little shed rocked, and outside the night had grown pale. From time to time the ground would seem to start up to meet the eyes, and the lace-like branches of the locust-trees, blown straight in the gale, would show a vivid green against the clear violet sky.

"You are not like me!" the woman went on, neither moving her body nor changing the pitch of her voice. "Life's compensations are not for you, you are beyond them! Neither are you analytic, doubting, clear-sighted. You will never weigh, and measure out justice, you never have! On the contrary, with dumb lips and faithful eyes, you look up and worship at the niche in which you once placed your goddess, too unalterably true to be even conscious that you have removed her!"

"Ah!" breathed the man, as if cut to the heart, "don't sneer. We have but a moment."

"We have had our moment, our last; and how have we spent it? You are going. I shall never see you, never even hear from you again, and like the thrust of a poisoned dagger you leave rankling in my heart the thought that you expect me to change, that, already even, I find peace in your absence, and that in time I shall look you over and throw you aside like an outworn glove. There was nothing left to me but faith! Faith that in your heart and mine, no matter what befell, there was a quiet still

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place sacred to an unalterable love. A love—Oh! why do I try to tell it? What little peace I had gained was that peace. You have destroyed it!"

"And I?" said the man, "what have I to carry with me into the miserable waste that lies before me? What have you given me? The assurance that in the bitterness of your heart I stand supreme!"

"I never meant it. It was only a cry, wrung from the anguish of the moment. You know I never meant it."

"You tell me that of late the thought of me has scarcely troubled you!"

"How can it trouble me? You are my thought!"

"And that because my heart has grown cold I theorize; that I am capable of deliberately planning to kill the love that you have given me. To kill it! As if I had not held the gift immortal! What wonder that I say you will change, when your thoughts of me in absence are such as these? —But you must go up to the house. It is hardly safe even now. Good God!"

His voice was drowned in a sudden deafening explosion. Before their eyes a great ball of fire rushed downward and was gone.

"It struck in the water!" cried the woman, but as she spoke there was another rending peal, and a tree not twenty yards away was riven to the root: they could see great splinters falling, in the blinding light.

"Get to the house!" shouted the man. "It is unsafe here. There are tall trees all about us." He sprang from the door and throwing his arms around her lifted her from the high sill and turned to run.

"You must not come with me," she said, struggling a little. "You must not. You know it!"

In the frequent flashes of lightning Jackson saw her throw him from her; then the wild wind slammed the door and they were shut from view. Jackson sprang forward, and fumbling in the darkness caught the hasp and fastened it securely. He was terrified at the howling of the storm, and at the continuous crackle of the lightning. On opening the smaller door at the end of the shed the rain lashed him like whips. He had hardly time to close it behind him before he was drenched, and as he turned toward the house a momentary flare of light showed him the nun-like figure, alone, and but a little in advance of him, slowly mounting the hill.

The next instant, Jackson was swallowed up in a crash of sound. Involuntarily, he threw himself in the grass face downward. Splinters flew in every direction: another tree had been struck. Recovering from his fright he stumbled to his feet, and made a blind rush in the dark. There was another broad glare of lightning. In it Jackson saw the woman ahead of him standing motionless under the tallest of the trees that skirted the lawn. She was looking upward as if in expectation. Something in her attitude filled him with horror.

"She will be struck—she wishes it!" he muttered; and with a yell of warning, he sprang toward her.

Then all was blackness. When he reached the tree, she was gone.

Jackson hurried to the house. There was no one in the hall. All was quiet, and storm and passion seemed shut out as he closed the door. In the parlor were two little groups at the tables, sitting in the yellow light from the paper shades on the lamps. The old gentleman from Virginia and his grandson were playing dummy whist with the pretty young lady who was deaf. Farther down the room, the newspaper woman had drawn the lamp to her side, and was appropriating the light while one of the maiden ladies of distinction was trying to write a letter in the shadow. They all looked up when Jackson came to the doorway, as if they wanted to speak; but Jackson was dripping, and as he had a reputation for sarcasm, they waited for him to begin.

"I hope no one else has been caught in this?" he said, uneasily.

"No one seems to have been out but yourself," said the old gentleman. "My nieces were fatigued, and retired early. The other ladies, I fancy, are unpacking."

"She came in the back way," said Jackson to himself, as he tramped out to the kitchen to leave his wet coat to be dried near the stove.

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The cook, the chambermaid, and the two waitresses were cowering in corners with their faces to the wall.

"You can come out," said Jackson; "the storm is over. Was anybody caught in it?"

"No, sir," said the chambermaid. "Everybody 's in but you. I was going to lock up early, so I found out."

Jackson hesitated a moment, then turned on his heel and went upstairs in a rage with himself. "What do I want to know for?" he muttered. "Oh, confound it! I can't help knowing. I never heard a voice like that in my life! The first word she says in the morning will betray her. Perhaps it's one of the nieces. It's someone who is here with a friend, anyhow. Good heavens! I don't want to find her out! Why, if I did, I'd have to leave. I can't be spending the summer with a tragedy like that eating at the same table with me!"

But the next morning he was up early, and came to his breakfast at the first tap of the bell. The two little Marie Bashkirtseffs were there before him, rosy, merry, and chattering. They had been out sketching since five o'clock! "We went to bed at half-past seven in order to be up in time!" they told him, overjoyed at the unexpected friendliness of his manner. The summer before he had been in the house six weeks, and had never once spoken to them. His careful attention now was almost embarrassing. Jackson was an ideal of theirs, and the younger of the two blushed as she wondered whether by any chance he had heard of her collecting some of his palette scrapings from a rock, as a sacred relic. They did not know that in reality he was listening for a voice with a sob in it—theirs had only laughter.

"It could not be either of them," he thought, "and yet, it might be! They have the two little rooms in the L of the house, and after half-past seven neither would know where the other might have gone. Besides, she was tall! and yet in that uncertain light, how could I tell? Oh!"—— he began aloud, and stopped, startled to find how near he had come to saying "Confound it!"

The stout girl with a history came in, and Jackson felt relieved; she at least was out of the question, as she had appeared to be alone the night before.

"How is your mother?" said one of the Maries.

"Her cold is worse," answered the girl, and her voice had a crisp and snappy accent of offence at being addressed by a stranger.

"I thought you were alone," said Jackson, impetuously.

The girl with a history put up a lorgnette and stared at him, superciliously. "I never go anywhere without my mother," she said. "We were separated at table last evening, through a mistake of the servants." She moved up a little to make more room for the lady with a cold, who came in announcing, in a husky whisper, that she meant to leave at once.

"I lost my voice coming over in the stage yesterday," she wheezed, "and I'm going back by the next train. I haven't spoken above a whisper since I arrived, and I know the place is unhealthy. Don't you think so, Ellen?" She leaned back in her chair and spoke to the older married lady, who, with two of her little boys, had come in behind her.

"No, I don't!" said Ellen, in cheerful, breezy tones.

"And such dreadful storms!" whispered the old lady; "I don't think I could consent to remain in a place where storms like these are liable to occur. There must be something in the soil that attracts the lightning—iron, or something. I'm sure this place isn't safe."

"Storms?" said Ellen, and Jackson noted her jolly, clear, decided way of speaking. "Sit down, boys. Was it much of a storm?"

"*Ellen!*" said the girl with a history, "you don't mean to say you slept through that!"

"I did," she said; "I slept serenely. I suppose I must have heard something, but I assure you I don't remember it. Oh, it is disgraceful I know; but if you had travelled two nights and a day on the cars with those three boys you would find you could sleep through the battle of Waterloo."

"It is the other woman of distinction," thought Jackson. "Here she is."

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She was tall, charmingly dressed and graceful; no longer young, but extremely handsome. Jackson noted with a little shudder that she made her way around the table to a vacant seat directly opposite him. "It must be she," he thought. "I wonder where her friend is—the one I saw in the parlor last night. —Oh, here is that old pirate!"

The elderly newspaper woman came in. She chose to breakfast in a Derby hat, and wore a man's shirt-front and collar. Striding across the room with the lunge of a ploughboy, she seated herself in a vacant chair next the last comer.

"Friend up yet?" she inquired, in a voice as bass as Jackson's own.

The woman of distinction looked up and smiled; it was a heartbroken smile. Jackson felt as if he would suffocate.

"She seems most fatiguée to-day," was the answer—with a strong French accent!

"Pity she isn't stronger; then she could work up some of the things she told me yesterday, herself," said the newspaper woman. "We had an interesting talk. I got several very valuable items from her."

"Iss de young friend quite well, an' de babee?"

"Oh, yes," said the newspaper woman. "She is out hunting her key. She lost it somehow or other last night in the grass, and I had to get the chambermaid's pass-key and unfasten her door for her, after I went up to bed."

"Good gracious," thought Jackson in a sort of horror; "it is that little married woman with the baby!" He pushed back his chair and hastily left the room.

When he reached the outer door he turned involuntarily to a spot of bright color at the end of the porch. It was a little red Tam o' Shanter perched to one side on the dark hair of the young married woman. She was searching in the grass of the terrace for something. At the first glance Jackson thought she had a long white linen bag under her arm, but it proved to be the baby; his little black head coming up in front, turned from side to side with eyes full of intelligence, and his tiny hidden feet kicked lustily under the white draperies behind.

"Look under the porch, Oswald," she was saying to the youngest of "Ellen's" boys. "It might have been blown under."

"Can I help you?" said Jackson, coming forward.

She stopped her search, and looked up at him, one child under her arm, the other dragging at her hand, her face irregular, charming, full of amusement, and candid as a child's.

"Oh! do you know what happened to me last night?" she called in high, clear tones. "I was locked in! Just before that dreadful storm came up, I gave the key to the baby to play with, and he threw it out of the window, and there I was! I couldn't make any one hear on account of the thunder, and I didn't get the door unlocked until my aunt came up from the parlor. Oh, Oswald, you dear! You've found it"—as Oswald made a little plunge down the terrace, dragging her with him, and picked the key from behind a tuft of weeds.

"Come, let's go in to breakfast! I didn't dare tell my aunt it was the baby," she called to Jackson over her shoulder, "she hates him so."

"Such a happy voice!" said Jackson to himself. "No, it can't be she!"

He looked all about him.

Every trace of the tempest was obliterated in the joy of the morning. From each blade of grass the moisture hung in diamonds, and the water of the cove, now at high tide, laughed in the sunshine. At the far corner of the lawn, where the trees stood massed in a solid wall of green, towered a tall Lombardy poplar, turning the white faces of its leaves to the breeze.

Jackson hastily descended the steps, and began to cross toward it. All at once with a sharp swing he altered his course and returned to the house. Before noon of that day he had gone to the mountains.

Against the wide door of the studio and over the broad north window the landlady piled her winter wood, shutting out the views. But the little door at the south was always open.

One evening, late in the season, when the friendly party at the house was

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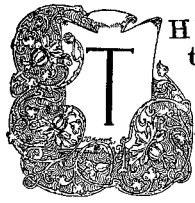
breaking up, and the idle summer had flown, a woman ran swiftly down the path in the twilight, and crossing the threshold stood for a moment in the darkness, wringing her hands. Then silently she hastened up the hill again, passing among the gray autumnal shadows of the trees, with the deep hood of her nun-like garment drawn far over her head.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL THING.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.



THEY are all beautiful things, these efforts to help, howsoever simple they are, whomsoever they are to aid—men, women, or children—whether men or women who are sinners and maimed of nature; children who are wronged by the ill fates which have made them vicious instead of innocent; or men and women who are broken by poverty, weakness, or malady; and children whose first years rob them of youth and health and food for body and mind. And there are millions of each of these—millions! When one realizes this one stands aghast before it. Is there one of the whole world of us who, realizing it, does not cry with desperation in one's soul, "What can be done? What can *I* do?" But it must be realized first, and the sad truth is that perhaps, also, there exist a million good and most kind souls whose lives pass gently and unfruitfully, because the truth of the stranger without their gates is not brought home to them by some chance incident which gives color and solid form to the before unmaterialized suffering they have heard of and pitied with tender vagueness. The stranger within one's gates comes under one's eye, his wounds are seen, his cries are heard. Having oil and wine, it seems only common nature that one should bind up his wounds and soothe him. But *without* the gates there are so many whose cries are not heard, and of whom one cannot know whether it is oil and wine they need, or only encouragement and staff and scrip to help them on their onward way. "If I had known! If I had only known!" one says so often.

It was one of these chance incidents which *make* a man know which gave to the founder of the Invalid Children's Aid Association the idea of that little charity which has become the beautiful thing I wish to write about.

He was an English gentleman, of quiet tastes and small independent means. He was not a rich man, but his time was at his own disposal, and he had the inclination to employ his leisure in some way which would be useful to those who needed help. What his work should be he had not quite been able to decide when the incident decided for him.

Everyone knows how the poorest streets of every city seem to swarm with children. Where there is the least food, these small things, whose growing years make them the hungriest of human things, seem to produce themselves in the greatest numbers. And this, in the great English towns and cities, is more noticeable, one thinks, than it can be anywhere else. The streets of a poor quarter in London suggest a rabbit warren. "How do they live?" one says in passing through them. "How *can* they live?"

There are people who know how they

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live, and it is not a thing to contemplate with composure. The only thought one can console one's self with is the recollection of what the child mind is—of what treasures it finds in strangely simple things—of its hopeful endurance and sanguine fashion. But when one remembers at the same time its sensitiveness, its innocent longings, and its disproportionate despairs, one loses the consolation again.

It is easy to imagine how among these ill-fed, ill-clothed, almost utterly uncared-for ones, there is lack of stamina, and that there is also disease and casualty. Of all these there is much, and the marvel is that there is no more. But it is probably only those who have studied the "Submerged Tenth" of childhood who know that there is one chronic ailment which among these children seems like a sort of epidemic.

And it is not scarlet fever, not typhoid, not diphtheria, though it might so easily be any of them, or all three combined in some hideous form. It is spinal and hip disease.

This is so prevalent that one finds one's self searching for some reason for it. It seems as if there must be one. It may be that generations of insufficient nutrition result in feebleness of structure and weakness of bone; it may be that the nursing of countless babies by tiny brothers and sisters, who stagger beneath their burdens as they drag them from door-step to door-step, naturally results in jerks, stumbles, and falls which injure one small body or the other, or perhaps both. This last seems perhaps a cause more probable than any other. Healthy babies, with adult nurses, have been crippled for life by falls which were the consequence of a mere misstep or careless movement; then how much more possible that a frail mite, dragged hither and thither by an overloaded child sister or brother, should be exposed to the jolt, or blow, or fall which deforms it for the rest of its life, developing into a chronic disease which entails suffering and helplessness at the same time.

But whatever the cause, the fact of the prevalence of hip and spinal disease impresses itself at once on those who interest themselves in the children of the London poor.

"What is the matter with this little fellow?" one asks, and hears again and again in different places the same answer:

"Hip disease, ma'am," or "spinal disease, ma'am. He's been in the 'orspital, but they discharged him, 'cos he can't be cured."

This is woful, but it is inevitable. There are hospitals for all sorts of diseases, but they must keep their beds and comforts for those who may be benefited by them, and sent again into the world sound. It is tragic for the poor little child, man or woman, who, after a few weeks or months of care and warmth, and the comfort of cleanliness and regular meals, is sent back still helpless, and with pain to bear, to the poor, comfortless, perhaps unclean garret or cellar, in some back court or alley—but it must be so. With all one's pity one sees the reason and necessity that make it unavoidable. I do not know whether Mr. Allen Graham's attention had been called to this depressing truth before his incident came to decide him, or whether the workings of the Beautiful Thing, which was the result of the incident, brought it home to him. But it was known among his friends and acquaintances that he was always ready to do any deed of helpful kindness which presented itself to him. So he was asked one day by a friend to go in search of a case of child illness in some poor place, into which it would be well to inquire. The place—he found, after some difficulties—was a cellar. It was ill-smelling, and bare, and hideous. There were some wretched children playing near the door, but there seemed to be no adults about.

This being the case, he questioned the children.

"Have you a sister who is ill?" he asked at last, having discovered that there was no older person from whom he could obtain information.

"Yes," said one of them, unconcernedly.

The visitor had looked into the cellar, thinking that he should see some excuse for a bed, however tumble-down it might be. He saw nothing of the sort, however. There was no more to be seen than a broken chair or two, and a

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rough sort of table on which a dog seemed lying, covered with a filthy piece of sacking. At least, he could only imagine it was a dog, as he saw what he thought the hair of some animal coming from beneath the sacking.

"Where is your sister?" he asked the children. "I hear she is very ill, and I thought perhaps I could do something to help her."

"She's in there," was the answer, with a careless gesture toward the inside of the cellar.

"But where?"

"There."

She pointed to the table. The dog under the gruesome sacking was a child.

I do not know the actual details of this incident. I wish I did. It was told me quite briefly by Mr. Graham himself—the man who visited the cellar, and who founded afterward, in consequence of that visit, the touching little charity known as The Invalid Children's Aid Association.

All the detail that I know is that a man with a kind heart, going to try to give aid to an almost dying child, found in a dirty cellar, where ill-kempt children were clamoring and playing, a small heap of uncleanness which he thought must be a dog, as it lay on the rough boards under its filthy cover of sacking. And it was a desolate child. This is all. But it seems enough.

The visitor could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He went to the table and drew the sacking away from the place where the animal-like hair was to be seen. And what he saw so struck him to the heart that it fixed the tenor of his life.

We, who have only seen little flushed or pale faces lying softly on fresh white linen, with all comforts near them that passionate, heart-broken care can give, in an atmosphere laden with tenderness, surrounded by every pretty lure to beguile an easier hour — we can scarcely imagine what he saw in all its sadness. A little face marred with pain a little body worn with it, and burned with wearying fever, matted hair, unwashed, fevered skin, uncleanness, torture, helplessness, left quite alone. The most tragic and unbeautiful thing one can imagine in a century of highest civilization, in the richest city in the world; and yet its sorrowful hideousness brought forth a thing most beautiful.

There is one thought which has done more to discourage those who wish to help than any other. It is an old saying one finds one's self so often using when one stands on the shore looking out on the vast sea of human want.

"Whatsoever I do—if I do all it is in me to do—if I give my very life itself, it will only be a drop in the ocean."

It is quite true—but until each one of us is willing to give that drop, willing that it should count as no more than a drop, the problem will never be solved. This one man was willing to give his drop. He was not, as I have said, a rich man, but his energy, his tenderness, his practical ability made the drop a larger, purer, and more helpful one than most of us could aid with.

He gathered all the information possible concerning the methods of relief for the children of the poor. He found numberless hospitals, wards, homes, orphanages, asylums, and training-schools, but all of them were bound by the stern necessity of caring for those whose cases were hopeful, at least, and there always arose the obstacle of this necessity in the case of incurables. Then he was led to realize how many incurables there were, and how many lingering cases which would seem incurable. Spinal and hip diseases are by no means invariably fatal, but they almost invariably result in helplessness, and it is often helplessness accompanied by acute suffering.

So the little incurables given up as hopeless by hospitals generously willing to help them if it had been possible, are returned to the miserable cellars, or attics, or overcrowded rooms that represent all they can call home. Instead of light and nourishing food, chosen with regard to their maladies, they must eat what the chances of good or bad luck bring to them—dry bread, unsound vegetables, or nothing at all, if luck is bad; greasy slabs of fried fish, strange things from the cook-shops, with sips of gin or beer, if luck is good.

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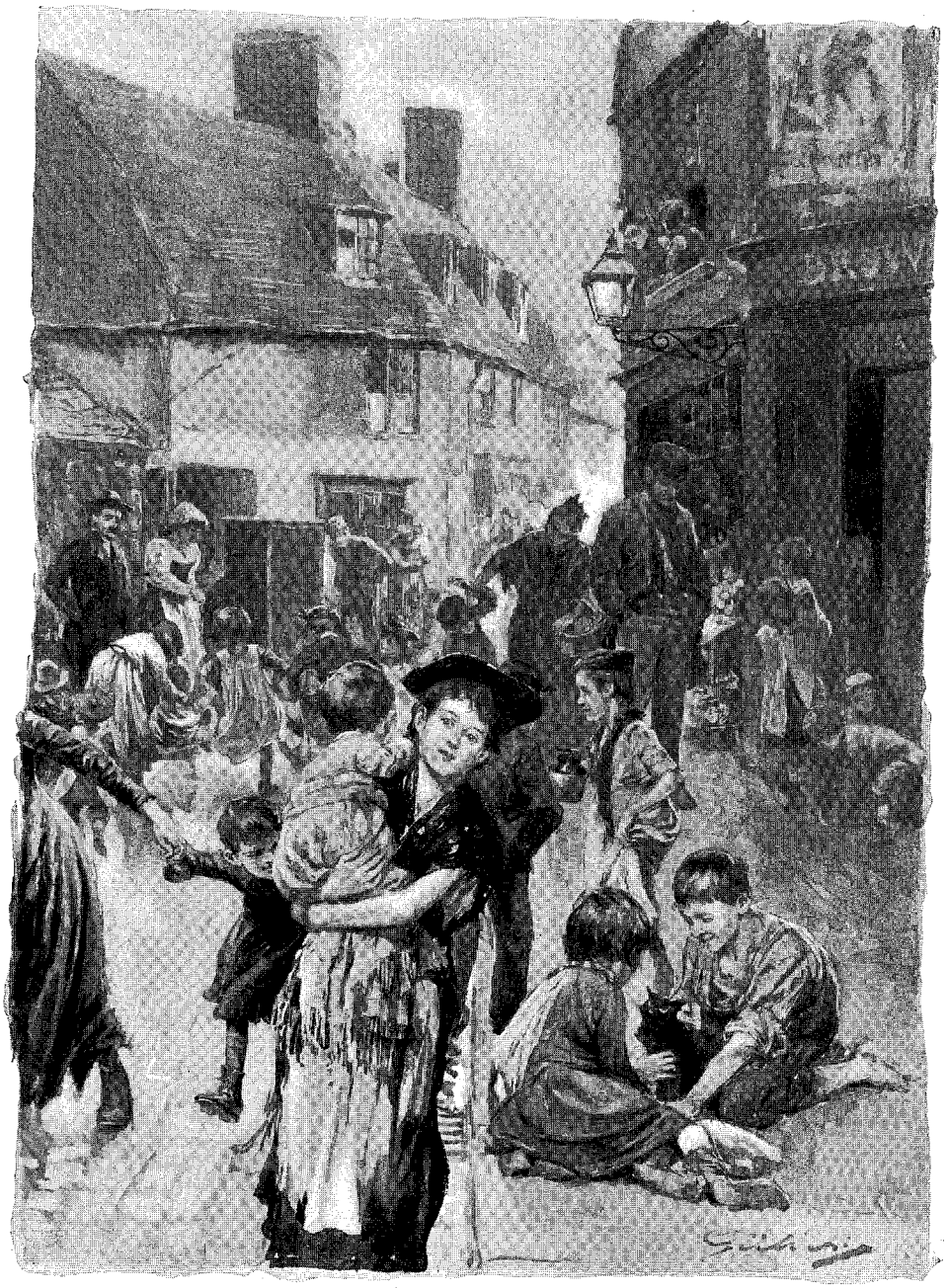

DRAWN BY JOHN GÜLICH.

The poorest streets of every city seem to swarm with children.—Page 722.

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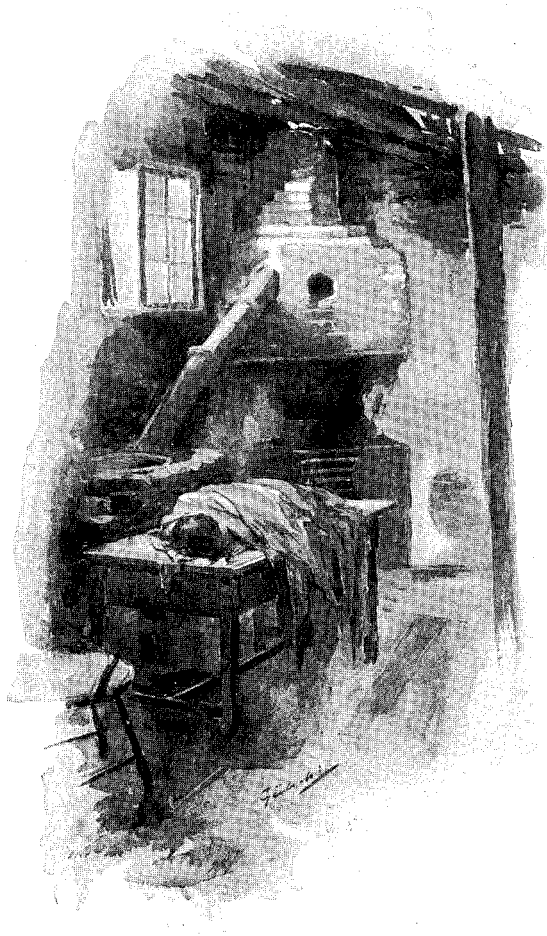
They must sleep on vermin-infested rags or bare boards, shiver with cold, or stifle with foul air. If they cannot move and wait upon themselves, and their parents are decent enough to earn



Under the gruesome sacking was a child.—Page 723.

their living by honest labor, they must spend their hours alone because father or mother, or both, must go out to work. If the parents are thoroughly disreputable, the helpless one is left to be alone through the day's dreary hours of privation and suffering, because they are out idling or drinking, or worse. In any case, the little miserable one must be helpless, uncared-for, and desolate.

There has never been quite effaced from my mind a cruel, dreary little picture, painted there by an anecdote briefly told in one of the pamphlets which the Charity publishes yearly as reports of its work.

It is the picture of a narrow, dirty staircase in a house in a London slum. At the top of it sits a forlorn little figure—a little deformed figure with its tired head supported by a surgical apparatus of iron and leather straps. Such a pale, tired little head! It belonged to a little boy of about seven, and when the hospital had adjusted his surgical appliance it had done all it could for him.

It was a sunny day in the slum, and the children were playing and shouting below as all children do. And at the top of the staircase the "spinal case" leaned wearily against the wall and listened to them. It was a lady who found him there. She was one of the visitors of the Invalid Children's Aid. One cannot help wondering what the poor mite thought when he saw a lady coming up to him. She spoke to him gently and began a little talk with him.

"Where is your mother?" she asked.

"Gone to work, ma'am."

"When did she go?"

"She went at eight this morning. She won't be back till ten."

"Are you quite alone all day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do you do all the time?"

"Nothing."

"Have you nothing to play with?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you never get out?"

"Can't, ma'am."

"But have you nothing to do?"

"No, ma'am."

The tired little body aching through all those hours which he dragged through alone with no one to speak to, nothing to play with, nothing to do, nothing to eat but a bit of bread or

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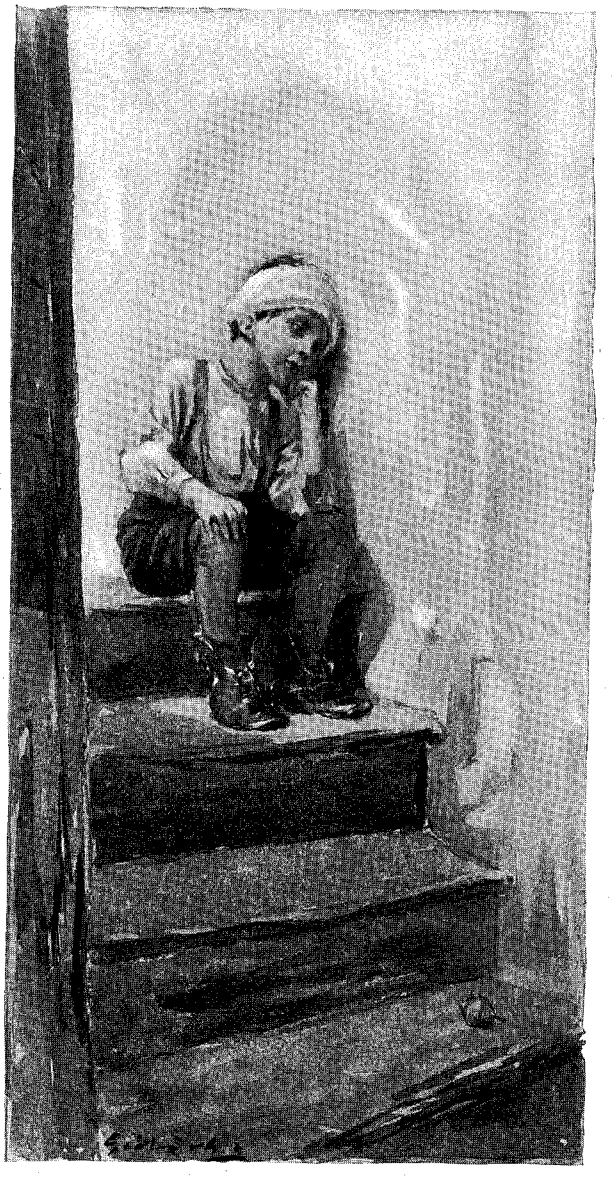
coarse food—and the sounds of the children shouting at their play, if the day was a good one, mocking him! And there he sat at seven years old, being so mocked and leaning his head against the dirty wall!

It was the prevalence of such cases as these which impressed Mr. Graham when he began to gather practical information. He took one small room for his headquarters in a building full of offices, in Buckingham Street, off the Strand. For a year he worked almost alone, bearing all expense and responsibility himself. It was hard work, and must have been full of heartache and discouragement. With limited resources there were so many cases it was impossible to help.

Among the poor, the little Aid became quickly known. It tried to care for those who had no other refuge. One visiting nurse was its whole force at first. But her heart was so touched by what she saw when she went her rounds, that she did the work of four. She bound poor little limbs, dressed wounds, poulticed and cared for the terrible strumous abscesses which were so frequent. The mothers who were respectable relied on her for help and instruction; those who were not had a vague respect for her cleverness and power. The children looked forward to her visits as to a strange new element of pleasure in their dreary young lives.

In the building which the Aid's little office occupied there were the offices of some other charities. One of them, called, I think, "The Young Servants' Friendly Aid," had for its object the attaching of each of its lady members to some young servant girl taking to domestic service for the first time in the big city, inexperienced and without friends. Each member was the friend and adviser of such a girl, saw her occasionally, wrote to her sometimes, befriended her if necessary in other ways.

Through his knowledge of the workings of this kind and womanly plan, Mr. Graham conceived a new idea for



And at the top of the staircase the "spinal case" leaned wearily against the wall.—Page 726.

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the further development of his own work.

This was his argument:

"In London there are thousands of women who make thousands of calls each day—some of them calls of mere ceremony. If I could connect even one thousand of them with a thousand children whose lives are dreary, and each one would constitute herself the 'friend' of the child connected with her, and make it an occasional friendly call, if only to talk to it and cheer it, or do it some little service when she could, how each child would feel its life brighter for the existence of that friend! And how much help might come of it!"

Much help did come of it. Once having conceived the idea, he worked with unfailing interest and energy until he was able to engage attention with it; and hearts being touched, he was able to feel that his plan began to be carried into execution.

The "friends" found themselves moved by what they saw, as the nurse had been. They became fond of their children, and did more than merely visit them. It is so easy to give them pleasure and novelty. Everything is new to them but pain and poverty. One need not be rich to bring delight into a bare, wretched room where a child has lain for months—perhaps years—flat upon its back, scarcely or entirely unable to move, and with nothing to do but stare at the dingy walls and ceiling, and listen to the discords about it. There is not a crowded street in London where one cannot buy from some hawker, for a few pennies, something which will make it smile and seem a treasure to it. A "lady" with a soft voice, pure enunciation, and quiet, fresh attire is a dramatic element in herself; but with a plaything in her hand, an orange, a sponge-cake, or a penny bunch of flowers bought at a street corner, she is a fairy to be thought of as a consolation for hours, and her visits are things to be looked forward to as possible, joyful surprises.

When one walks through the streets of Paris, London, and Berlin, looking hungrily into every shop window for something which will seem new to a clever invalid boy who has had every wish gratified since he was born, one becomes beset in time by a sense of despair. By the time he is too old for childish tops and soldiers, an adored *enfant du siècle* (one who is an American, at least) has owned everything from models of vertical and horizontal engines and Remington typewriters, to photographic apparatus and Edison's talking-doll, purchased that he may extract the internal phonograph. What is there he has not possessed and become familiar with?

But the Lowther Arcade, with its stalls piled with sixpenny toys, where half a crown will purchase splendor, presents a boundless area when one stands within it, buying pleasures for children whose short lives have held nothing of pleasure, who do not know what birthday presents and Christmas gifts mean. A sixpenny tea-set represents countless festivities, a splendid cart and horse may be bought for a shilling, a painted tin railroad train for eightpence, gorgeous picture-books, containing Mother Goose, and Cinderella, and other classic wonders, sometimes go as low as a penny, and the grandest ones may be bought for threepence or fourpence. There are Noah's arks, chairs and tables, donkeys with panniers and nodding heads; there are skittles and marbles and balls; there are even brilliantly artistic wooden dinners on tiny platters, with very green vegetables, very bright fruit, and very juicy wooden rounds of beef. And for three and elevenpence half-penny one can buy a resplendent doll, on whose blue or scarlet bodice is pinned a paper with the announcement, "My clothes can be taken off." One can spend a rapturous hour among them, making new discoveries every minute, and go away with one's brougham piled with packages of delight.

Women with a nursery full of beloved small creatures and their ever-renewed picture-books and toys, will be touched as one of the "Friends" was, by a discovery she made on her first visit to a poor little "spinal case." She was one of the more fortunate ones, it is true. Her mother was a decent woman who tried to keep her clean, but they were very poor, the

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One day he gave himself up to chasing round this confined place—with an iron fork as a weapon—the little fellow with the stump of a leg.—Page 734.

living-room was small and bare, and Rosie lay by a window in a surgical appliance. She had existed in it for three of her six years of life, and she looked as if she were lying alive in her tiny coffin. She had a little pale blond face, with the old look of endurance so often seen in the faces of spinal cases. A little doll and a doll's tea-set brought such a quaint smile to her small face that the sight of it was a thing to touch one's heart, but it was through a picture-book that the strange illustrative fact revealed itself.

"Here is Little Boy Blue," said the visitor, showing her a picture of that world-renowned person. "Look at him blowing his horn."

Rosie looked with serious interest. She was a pathetically serious little person.

"He's very pretty," she said. "What is his name, ma'am?"

"It is Little Boy Blue," the visitor answered, with cheerful confidence. "You know Little Boy Blue."

"No, ma'am," said Rosie, quite simply. "Who is he?"

It seemed almost incredible. The visitor doubted her ears.

"Haven't you heard about him?" she said. "Don't you know,

'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn'?"

"No," said Rosie. "I never heard about him, ma'am."

She had lived six years, three of them in a surgical box, and she had never heard of Little Boy Blue.

What would not a threepenny picture-book telling of Cinderella, contain for a child like that? What a new world of strange joys could be brought into her bare room by the story of a fairy godmother whose hand changed pumpkins into golden coaches, rats into long-tailed horses, mice into coachmen, and cindery rags into beautiful dresses! One might imagine such a child making the brilliantly colored pictures of these splendors a resource and comfort for weeks, turning to them again and again, and living through them a new life.

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It was a curious thing to contemplate in so young a thing the perfect mental unaccustomedness to anything like fancy. Life had been so unadorned and hard a fact to her. Her visitor felt that her small, serious mind would have to learn to adjust itself to the lightness of situation in the irresponsible comedy of Little Boy Blue, and the unpractical drama of Pussy in the Well, thrown there apparently without sufficient motive by Little Johnny Green, and rescued without utilitarian purpose by Little Tommy Stout.

at once. There was nothing fanciful in the story of a boy who was ill, and who had been ill for months. She understood being ill, and there seemed to be for her the pleasure of a fairy story in hearing that this boy could have everything he liked and was taken from one beautiful country to another. Her visitor felt that this story appealed to her, and so she went on with it. It interested her greatly to be told of the bright French city where there were shops full of wonderful toys which one could see through their windows,

St. Monica's Home, Brondesbury, London.—Page 735.

Her pale little smile, as she listened, had a curious suggestiveness. Its pleasure was that of a traveller led into a new country and somewhat bewildered at each step.

When her visitor told her of a real thing she seemed to grasp its meaning

where in the broad, gay avenue shaded by trees there were marionette shows and little booths, and children rode up and down in pretty carriages drawn by goats. This was fairyland to her, but she could realize it, because in this city the boy who was ill lay upon his bed as

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"This is Georgie's flower," she said again. "I will put it on the little table close to him."—Page 737.

she lay on hers, not playing in the Champs-Elysées or riding about in the goat carriages. Paris with only brightness in it might have seemed incredible, but Paris with pain in it could be believed in.

The young suffering, also made real to her the strange country where the invalid was to be taken when the weather became colder—the country where there was no winter, where oranges and lemons grow on trees in the open air, where there were white houses with roses and all sorts of flowers growing in their gardens, and where there was a shining, sunlit, blue sea. Knowing only London winters, with fogs which shut her in drearily day after day, it is probable that this land might have seemed too bright a thing to be real, but that she could comprehend the reality of malady seeking relief, if it belonged to the wonderful world where relief could be sought for.

How she listened to all that was told her of this companion in pain, whom she had never seen and never would see, because he was passing into another land, though this last she was not told. And how she seemed to feel the fairy world draw near when she was told that flowers and oranges would come to her little room—flowers and oranges grown in the open air, near the blue, shining sea, while in London people stifled in yellow fog.

"She will remember this visit and talk of it for a year," the nurse said to the visitor when they went away together. "They remember things so long."

It is interesting to discover that these small feminine creatures receive with the intensest pleasure anything like a doll, and that above all things they desire a doll dressed as a baby. At Christmas there were sent from Paris certain boxes of things useful to the Aid. Among them were toys for the children and two dolls, who looked wonderfully like babies in their long, lace-trimmed petticoats and pretty

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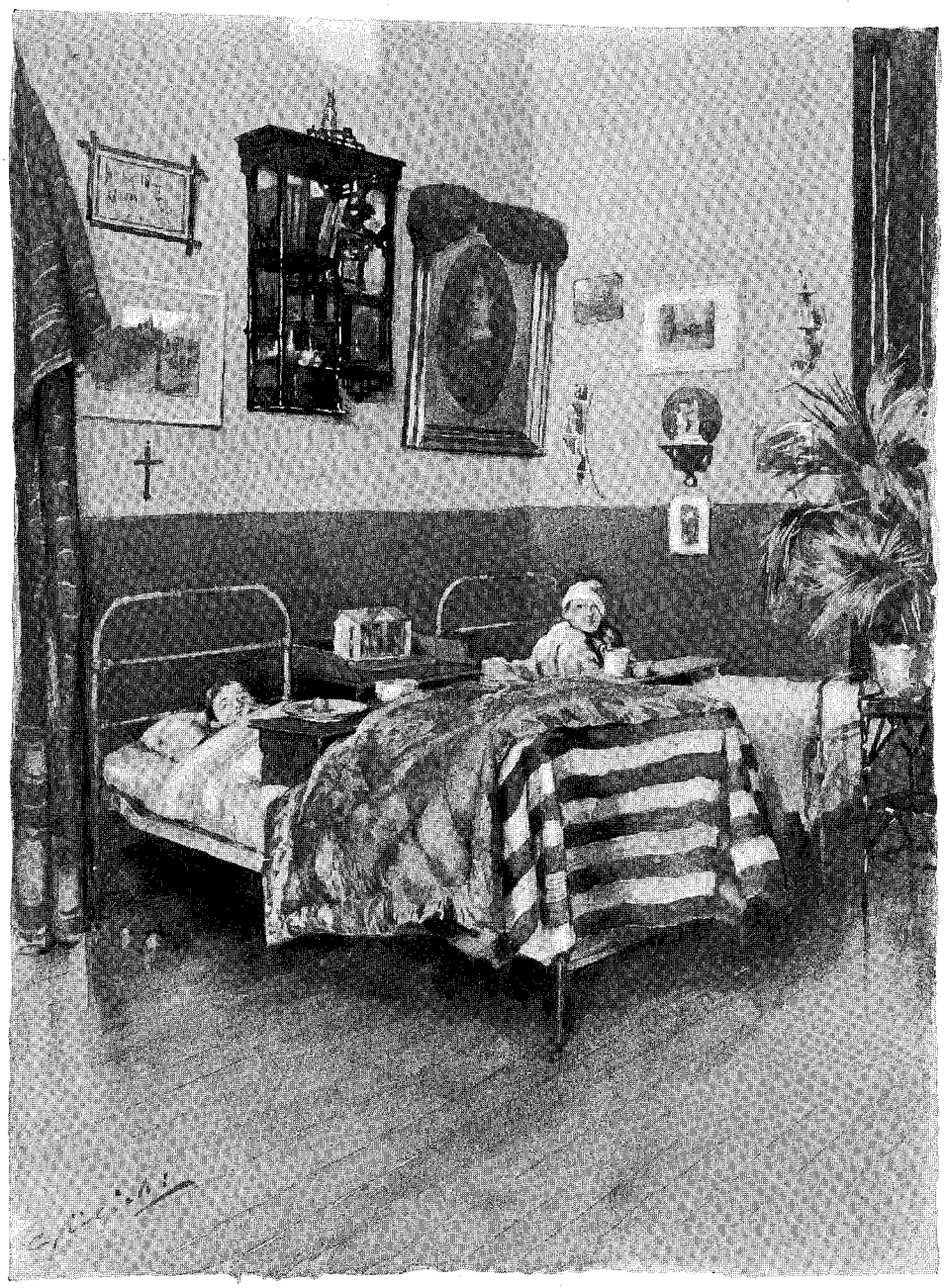

The Memorial Corner, St. Monica's Home, London.—Page 738.

cloaks and caps. One was taken to the small room where Rosie lay in her box. She looked at it in wonder and clasped it in her arms. Perhaps it seemed too good to be true, for it was a very pretty baby.

"Tell the lady and the boy," she said to the nurse who had brought it to her, "tell them I will keep her just as clean as I can—and *I will try to be a mother to her.*"

One can imagine what this mother-

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hood might mean to her lonely childhood.

The offices of the Aid at 18 Buckingham Street consist of three very plain rooms. One is a good-sized one, where the ordinary business is transacted. The next room, a smaller and still plainer one, is the private office of Mr. Graham himself, where cases are studied in detail and decided upon. Mr. Graham contents himself with a table to work upon among his papers and books, and a chair to sit in. There is a Spartan simplicity in his appurtenances which speaks of the practical seriousness of his labors and intentions. At one side of the room there are several spinal carriages—the long perambulators in which a "spinal case" may take the fresh air while still retaining the necessary recumbent position.

"These we find very useful," Mr. Graham explains. "We have a number of them, and they are greatly in demand. They are light and can be folded up into such shape as makes it possible for them to be carried up and down narrow staircases, and they are so much more comfortable than anything the poor children have in their homes, that they often sleep in them at night. They make it possible for a child, who would otherwise breathe nothing but foul air, to be taken out of doors and up and down the street. If the parents are in work we charge them twopence a week, but if they have no resources we lend them for nothing. We find that the decent ones like the idea of paying a trifle, and the carriage seems more valuable if they are paying something for it."

In the still smaller room beyond these are shelves with labelled boxes upon them. These contain such articles of clothing, lint, bandages, etc., as the "Friends" have given to the Aid, and represent the Lending Department. The visiting nurse has constantly cases which require bandaging or dressing, limbs which must be held straight and quiet, wounds which are slow in healing or which, having healed slowly, have a habit of breaking out afresh. A little old, clean night-gown, or a clean old sheet cast aside in a comfortable home, are inexpressible boons in places where cleanliness is an unattainable luxury. Does anyone ever realize that there are circumstances under which it may be impossible to keep clean, where people may not have clothes to change while those they wear are washed, or money to buy the soap and the coal to heat the water to wash with.

A decent laborer in Kent once said to two little fellows, who had made friends with him during their summer holiday, and to whom he confided his troubles:

"The hardest thing for us is to get soap and soda enough to keep clean. There's nine of us, and I have eleven shillings a week. We have our rent to pay, and we have to keep seven children fed and tidy. My wife's a good, hard-working girl, but it goes hard with her just to pinch out enough to buy the soap and soda she needs to do her washing."

This was in the green hop district of Kent, where the air was fresh and pure, and there was none of the smoke and filth of town. The Children's Aid works in London, where, in a large house in the West End, only a corps of servants can do battle with the consequences of fog and falling soot. It may be judged, then, what a boon the Lending Department is to the slums.

When one hears the whole story of the tender, helpful little charity—of its beginning—of the poor little animal-looking thing mistaken for a dog as it lay upon the wooden table beneath its piece of dirty sacking—of the modest way in which the one small room was taken, the kindly energy with which the work was begun—how the mothers of suffering children heard of the place in Buckingham Street, and came one after another with piteous pleas for help and piteous gratitude when the help was given—one feels with all one's heart that this thing is a beautiful one.

Great London is full of charities. The time has gone by, surely, when the rich can be accused of being careless of the poor. At least one thinks so when one reflects on the great institutions whose wards are so perfectly kept, whose nurses are so perfectly trained, whose patients are so kindly treated. And there are so many of them, for so

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many diseases and calamities—for so many different kinds of people, for old and young, for widows and orphans, for the infirm and invalided of so many different professions. In visiting them one feels that the busy, hard-working world is not so unkind after all, and that there must be many warm hearts in it. Yet it is saddening to realize that there is always room for one more such charity.

There was plenty of room for the Beautiful Thing which began so simply and modestly through the kind thought of one kind heart. It had plenty of room to grow, and it grew and spread itself like a beautiful vine clothing hideous things with its leaves and tendrils, or a beautiful tree shading them.

"Some of the parents are quite worthless," Mr. Graham confesses, "we are obliged to admit that sometimes. Some of them are idle, and drink, and thieve, and neglect their children and their homes. But we don't refuse to care for the children of the undeserving. We think they need help, poor little things, even more than those whose people do their best by them. A suffering child in a filthy cellar, whose father is a thief and whose mother is a drunkard, needs comfort more than the one who has only poverty to contend with. We try to do something for all who need us. What we wish is that each child who needs one shall feel that it has a friend."

And the help does not end here, if it can be carried farther. Where it is possible to use influence which will enable a child to enter a hospital or a home where it will be surrounded by good influences, or given a chance to learn such work as its weakness is equal to, this is always done. And there are many such cases.

A little fellow to whom an accident had left only the stump of one leg, lived in a small room with six or seven sisters or brothers, a mother, and a drunken father. How horrible the atmosphere, both physical and moral, of this rabbit-hutch must have been, it is almost impossible to conceive. When the father was drunk he was violent, and a dipsomaniac run mad in a small den full of children presents to the mind possibilities which are conceivable.

One day he gave himself up to chasing round this confined place—with an iron fork as a weapon—the little fellow with the stump of a leg. The mother, after desperate effort, rescued the small maimed creature and bore him away to comparative safety. The next day she presented herself at the Children's Aid, a piteous object, cut and bruised and battered with the beating with which she had paid for the life of her child. She had heard they were so kind at this place, she explained; she had been told about the things they did for children. Could they do anything for hers? Could they put him into a home somewhere that he might be safe from his father? He could not defend himself by running away, with his one poor little stump of a leg. He could not run fast enough.

It chanced that at this time there was an opportunity to send him to a temporary refuge, and he was sent. But the monetary resources of the Aid are extremely limited. Sometimes Mr. Graham finds he must withdraw a child from a place where it gains morally and physically every hour, merely because he cannot afford to continue to pay its small expenses. It is necessary to make, at nearly all the homes, a charge of a few shillings a week. A home for whose comforts one pays for a child five or six shillings a week is among the most expensive. For this trifle the patient has a comfortable cot in an airy, exquisitely clean room, abundance of well-chosen, well-prepared food, the constant attendance of gentle, perfectly trained nurses, an atmosphere of purest cleanliness, ever-watchful medical supervision, and a number of childish pleasures and invalid amusements. One can scarcely realize what the change must be from filth, hunger, and squalor, to such a paradise as this.

The child was put in such a place, but as it was at a time of one of the numerous money struggles of the Aid, he could not be left there. When his physical condition had improved it was unavoidable that he should be sent

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home. When this was done a Friend was detailed to watch over him as far as possible. The Friend reported from time to time. It was apparent that all that had been gained, mentally and physically, at the place where he had been cared for, would quickly be lost in the wretched home to which he had been returned. What was to be done? In a certain home for crippled boys he could be cared for, given the simple comforts a child requires, and be trained to such work as a cripple may support himself with. But to so place him a yearly sum of money would be necessary. It was only a small one—fifteen or twenty pounds and his first outfit—and if he had been only one case of a score the Aid might have undertaken it. But he was one case of hundreds, and the Aid was so poor.

How many times Mr. Graham, as he sat in his plain, little, back room surrounded by charitable flotsam and jetsam and spinal carriages, said to himself, "What can be done?" it would be hard to tell. How often he finds himself saying the same words day after day concerning other cases as urgent, it would be impossible to say. In this case chance brought the answer, as he says it frequently does when he is dismayed totally. One of the Friends—a mother who had lost a son—came to him to try to find comfort in giving help to other children, not safe from all the world's hurts as her own was.

"What can I do?" she said. "Have you some special case needing help?"

"Yes," he answered, "here is one which lies very heavy on my mind at this moment. It is not only the life or death of a body—it seems to mean the life or death of a soul." Then he told her the whole story and read the Friend's report.

"He is only a little fellow," he said. "He is bright and full of spirit, and intelligent enough to be fearfully harmed by the atmosphere around him. If he is allowed to struggle through his maimed childish life in such a place, if he is not physically killed he will be destroyed in every other sense."

"He shall not be," said the visitor. "My own boy shall be his 'Friend.'"

And so the little fellow was cared for and became an inmate of the Home for Crippled Boys, with a prospect of a decent life before him.

There is at Brondesbury Park, Kilburn, London, a lovely little place called St. Monica's Home, which often receives waifs and strays sent by the Children's Aid, and which in a certain boys' ward has a pretty corner whose memorial bed has been placed at the Aid's disposal. This perfect little Home was founded by two tender and generous women who were Friends. They were unmarried, and having experience in nursing and the care of children, chose to devote themselves to this most gentle work. The picturesque house is far enough in the suburbs to breathe clean air, there are pleasant tree-shaded grounds about it, and the wards look like cheery, well-cared-for nurseries with their fresh little beds, flowers, and toys, and bright open fires behind the high wire fenders. One can spend a wonderful afternoon there. When one enters the ward of St. Christopher or of the Good Shepherd with one's arms full of packages with flowers nodding over them, and sees the little heads begin to turn on their pillows, or lift themselves to look and smile at the "laidy," even the keenest sorrow seems to lift its dark wings for flight for a little while. They are such poor little souls, and yet—being kindly cared for—they seem actually to find life a thing to be enjoyed. In spite of wooden boxes and iron frame-works, in spite of paralyzed limbs and marred little faces, a "laidy" who is a Friend, they know, can set up among them the prettiest nursery clamor in the world.

"Good-afternoon, ma'am," they all chant in childish chorus as she enters the room; "Good-afternoon, ma'am," they chant again with a tone of affectionate regret when she goes away.

It is so pretty to see how they at once adopt the gentle, well-bred manners of the place.

"It is strange, perhaps," said one of the lady founders, "but we never have trouble with them. They may be brought to us from the lowest place, from hearing constantly the vilest language, but it seems as if they forgot it all as soon as they come."

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There are so many dear little faces, and some so stamped with pain and death.

"They are so patient," one of the ladies says, "one cannot help but wonder at it sometimes."

But some of them have never known anything but pain. They have had time even, in their short lives, to learn patience. The most brilliantly beaming little face I ever beheld I saw at St. Monica's, lying with its small head held in place by a surgical collar. The first time I saw him he lay in a corner cot and so *beamed* at me that he drew me over to his side.

He was a pretty, neat-featured creature about six years of age, his cheeks were brilliantly pink—perhaps with a little fever—and his laughing, dancing-eyed look could only have been justified by absolute bliss.

Each child has on its bed a light invalid table, on which its possessions can be placed. On his there was an extremely battered little pink tin pig, evidently a remnant of some larger stock-yard, whether his own or that of some other child in the ward did not appear. He had never seen me before, but evidently I represented to him a delightful novelty. He lay and looked up at me with those eyes with which a child makes it almost impossible for one to resist the impulse to take him to one's arms.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"'Arry," he answered, as if the reply were a delightful joke in itself.

He was a delicious little Cockney, without an "h" in his possession. When I knelt by his cot to tell him a story of the adventures of the pink pig, he chuckled and giggled with rapture.

"Laidy," he would shout, when he thought I was going to stop, "Laidy, tell it agine, tell it agine!"

After that he felt me a special possession of his own. It is a beautiful and significant thing that, howsoever hard and uncared for their lives have been, they adjust themselves quite simply to kindness and petting and the privileges which belong by right to a child. In such a short time they find it perfectly natural that "a laidy" should bring them flowers and toys, and tell them stories, and that a Royal Duchess and her pretty Princess daughter should bring playthings to their bedsides.

In the same ward with "'Arry," I saw the face the most piteous. It should have been a very pretty face, but its four-year-old owner was so far diseased that abscess after abscess had drawn, and scarred, and disfigured him until he was piteous to look upon. Even his long-lashed harebell blue eyes were distorted, and looked vacant through the very ceaselessness of his suffering.

When I went round the ward giving toys to all the children, he lay still staring listlessly, and seeming to take no interest. But later, as I was playing with "'Arry," I saw him rub a poor, little bandaged hand pitifully across his eyes.

He did not seem to be interested when I took him a toy, and I thought, when I spoke caressingly to him, he did not appear to comprehend.

"He does not seem to understand," I said to a pretty young nurse, standing by. "Is he an English child?"

She smiled pityingly, and bent over, petting and soothing him.

"Yes, he is English," she answered me in a low voice, "but he has been so ill all his life that it has made him backward. Sometimes he does not seem even to understand the nurses."

It seemed so cruel that the body of such a tiny thing had been so given up to pain that his mind could not grow.

Of all things, it always seems that these little creatures of the slums like best the flowers one takes them. They have ceased to be hungry and cold, and their starved child souls see in them the beauty they have never known. When the flowers are laid upon the table, and one begins to make them into little bunches, the happy nursery clamor begins.

"Laidy—Laidy, please give me one; please give me a pink one, Laidy," they call out, stretching little hands on every side.

On the day I first saw Georgie I had a great many flowers. Among them were violets, and specially beautiful pink hyacinths. Everyone wanted a pink one, until one framed and bandaged little girl saw the violets. There

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was, it appears, a sort of legend that she had once been in the country.

"Those is vilets!" she called out. "Will you give me some vilets, Laidy?"

But though she seemed to set the fashion of taste for "vilets" in her corner, the pink hyacinths were the favorites. I had given them nearly all away when I heard some curious little inarticulate sounds from Georgie's cot. I turned to look at him with a strange feeling. He had been so lifelessly uninterested in the toys that it was almost uncanny to see that he was observing. His little, piteous, distorted face was turned toward me, his eyes had a light in them, and a small bandaged hand was held out imploringly and the vague, indistinct sounds were clearly meant to convey that something in his poor little being wanted these beautiful pink things too. I carried over to him several of the prettiest ones, I touched his cheek with their coolness, and spoke to him about them. When I left them held on his breast by his bandaged hand, I had a curious fancy that perhaps, as he lay breathing in their perfume, he might almost be breathing in something like a soul. The next time I went to the Home I carried a pink azalea growing in a pretty pot and full of radiant rosy bloom. I wondered if he had ever seen anything like it.

When the door of St. Christopher's ward opened and the "laidy" entered with this lovely delicately burning bush in her arms, he lay and watched her. Perhaps his undeveloped intelligence was stirred by the fair brightness sufficiently to wonder what the visitor was going to do. She came direct to his cot and knelt down, holding the flower-pot in her arms so that the pink bloom was quite close to him.

"This is for Georgie," she said. "It is Georgie's own flower."

He made one of the inarticulate sounds and looked at her with vague, pleased questioning.

"Do you want to touch it?" she said. She thought he might want to be sure that it was real. He put out his hand and made the queer little sound again.

"Do you want one to hold?" she said. And she broke off a blossom and gave it to him. Who can say what his vague mind felt or thought?

"This is Georgie's flower," she said again. "I will put it on the little table close to him. He can look at it and talk to it all day. When he is asleep it will still be there watching him. And when he wakens it will look at him and say, 'Good-morning.'"

And he looked at her and actually, slowly, faintly smiled. Those two little fellows in the same ward one would always remember. One, this sad thing, seemingly the cruelest injustice of Nature; the other, cruelly treated too, but given with the injustice at the same time a strange gift of bright spirit, making him almost a joyous thing.

Sometimes one goes into a ward where the children are full of their usual simple enjoyments, where Noah's arks are being arranged and dolls dressed and undressed, where the summer air and sunshine come through the open windows. And round one cot a screen is drawn. I stopped near one in a ward one day, hearing a faint brief, whimpering sound. A nurse was sitting at the cot's side watching what lay in it. The careful tenderness of her face was not merely professional, but loving.

"Is he very ill?" I said, softly. She bent her head and answered, in a whisper as low,

"It will soon be over," she said.

I stood still a moment. It seemed as though there was a hush over everything—even though the children played just as before on the other side of the screen. The little fellow lay with closed eyes, there was a tired look on his childish forehead, and at rare intervals he moved and made the faint whimpering sound. I don't quite know what tender and caressing thing my heart seemed to be saying to him, but the meaning of it was somehow this:

"Never mind, little man—poor little man—happy little man—it will soon be over."

And as I stood still for a few moments, it seemed as if the hush I felt upon the ward was such a hush as might fall upon a crowd, waiting for the coming of a King.

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All through that afternoon the children would dress and undress their dolls and look at their picture-books, only hearing now and then the faint whimper, and knowing Johnny was "not so well to-day." They would be put into their small beds in the usual way, and would fall asleep quietly. And in the morning the screen would be moved away and the sun would look in on a neat, freshly made little cot that was empty.

This lovely and most lovable Home, of which one could relate endless stories to touch the heart, is one to which the Children's Aid is always more than happy to send its little ones when it is possible. Most of the wards are filled with children so young that it is not necessary that the boys and girls should be separated. But there is a boys' ward which is called St. Alban's. It is occupied by boys who are generally under fifteen years old. It is a very touching ward and full of stories. One can have most loving friends there. In the wards of the Good Shepherd and St. Christopher one is happy with small things not much more than babies, but in St. Alban's the life of forming thought has begun.

At one end of this ward there is a Memorial corner. It contains two cots, one endowed in the name of a boy whose life on earth ended on the threshold, but the fittings and surroundings of both beds are alike. The intention of the giver was to make a bright corner which all the boys would find pleasure in, and which would surround the occupants with pleasures to beguile them through such dreary hours as come to all young suffering things.

The two little beds are blue and brass. They are covered with light, bright Como blankets and gay flowered *duvets;* between the two cots stands an invalid table which can be adjusted to any height, and whose leaf passes over the bed at will; over it there hangs a Japanese cabinet which holds ornaments and a set of books. The ornaments and the pictures upon the walls were chosen with a view to their suggesting the novelty which might attract a child's eye and lead him on a sort of voyage of discovery. He might care to look—if he had an imagination—at the figure of a foreign baby in its curious swaddling clothes, at a tiny East Indian in turban and native costume, at the trifles standing upon the step-like ledges of a little painted half-moon bracket, at the picture of some fairy scene in Venice—a city whose streets are the blue sea—or at a photograph of a peasant leading a Riviera donkey with a straw hat quaintly shading its head from the burning sun. Each of these things, simple as they are, might give him new things to think of as he lay looking at them—perhaps discovering them one after another. At the foot of each bed is a bamboo stand holding a blue pot containing a palm; at the head of one hangs the portrait of a boy with brown eyes, and on the frame beneath it is written the good-night he heard at the close of each day through eight months of illness. It is a good-night which might be said with fitting tenderness to any child who lives—or dies.

"Good-night—sleep well—wake up refreshed. God bless you, dear."

The brown eyes seem to look down as if they themselves said the words with boyish kindliness to the less happy boy who may need their cheering for many a night.

A music-box with many tunes which may be adjusted and changed is one of the accompaniments to this corner. It was found in Germany in dreary days of travel, and gave such pleasure to the boy, who beguiled many a fading hour with it, that it seemed to be the most fitting thing that other boys should find it a pleasure. This cot has been placed at the disposal of the Children's Aid, and when this was done Mr. Graham suggested a plan whose thoughtful considerateness might well emanate from the kind heart which planned the workings of the little charity which is so beautiful a thing.

"Would it not be a good idea," he said, "that this corner, which is a sort of little drawing-room of the ward, should be reserved as a special comfort for the child who needs comfort most? The child who is most suffering might always be given that pretty place. If the child I send is not very ill he can

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be given another cot, and the greatest invalid can be put in the Lionel corner."

And the thought seemed so kind and wise that it was so arranged. So the Children's Aid has always at its disposal a bed at St. Monica's Home, but it is the boy whose hours are made longest and dreariest by fatigue and pain, who lies in the bright little bed of blue and brass, looks at the books and trifles on the cabinet, amuses himself with the musical box, and is watched over by the young brown eyes which seem to say, "Good-night—sleep well—wake up refreshed. God bless you, dear."

The Princess Mary Victoria of Teck (now Duchess of York) consented to become the patroness of the Aid. She was then known to the people as the Princess May, and was, I believe, the only young and unmarried princess who had so far occupied this position in connection with a charity.

It seems a specially charming and fitting thing that these little creatures, who are so sadly placed, should have for their friend a young girl—a young princess who is much beloved. This seems to give the situation a touch of the fairy story. One can easily imagine how pretty a story it would seem to a worn, squalid little being, in a bare and squalid room, that a young princess was his or her friend—one whose very name has somehow a suggestion of the golden-haired princess in the fairy story—the one whom all the princes loved and tried to solve impossible riddles for.

"She is called the Princess May and everybody loves her. She is always doing kind things, and she is the Friend of all your little ones who are cold or hungry or in pain."

What a picture this might call up in a little starved soul. One might imagine his lying awake in the dark in his wretched room, and making the gloom bright with his fancied image of her—adorning her fairness with strange, rich royal robes, and surrounding her with story-book splendors—if he has heard stories, or has been given the imagination which itself may make them in the darkest hovel in the world. To such a child mind we may be sure that one of the many charms of this Beautiful Thing would be the final touch given to it by this "Princess May," who wandered forth from her fairyland regions to hold out to them in pitying tenderness her fair young hand.

LIFE.

By Edith Wharton.

Life, like a marble block, is given to all,
A blank, inchoate mass of years and days,
Whence one with ardent chisel swift essays
Some shape of strength or symmetry to call;
One shatters it in bits to mend a wall;
One in a craftier hand the chisel lays,
And one, to wake the mirth in Lesbia's gaze,
Carves it apace in toys fantastical.

But least is he who, with enchanted eyes
Filled with high visions of fair shapes to be,
Muses which god he shall immortalize
In the proud Parian's perpetuity,
Till twilight warns him from the punctual skies
That the night cometh wherein none shall see.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXXV.

ANOTHER ODD NUMBER.

FANNIE expressed to Barbara one day her annoyance at that kind of men — without implying that she meant any certain one—who will never take no for an answer.

"A lover, Barb, if he's not of the humble sort, is the most self-conceited thing alive. He can no more take in the idea that your objection to him is *he* than a board can draw a nail into itself. You've got to hammer it in."

"With a brickbat," quoth Barbara, whose notions of carpentry were feminine, and who did not care to discuss the matter. But John March, it seemed, would not take no from fate itself.

"I don't believe yet," he mused as he rode about his small farm, "that Jeff-Jack will get her. She's playing with him. Why not? She's played with a dozen. And yet, naturally, somebody'll get her, and he'll not be worthy of her. There's hope yet! She loves me far more than she realizes right now. That's a woman's way; they'll go along loving for years and find it out by accident—You, Hector! What the devil are you and Israel over in that melon-patch for instead of the cornfield?

"I've been too young for her. No, not too young for her, but too young to show what I can do and be. She waited to see, for years. The intention may not have been conscious, but I believe it was there! And then she got tired of waiting. Why, it began to look as though I would never do anything or be anybody! Great Cæsar! You can't expect a girl to marry an egg in hopes o' what it'll hatch. O let me make haste and show what I am! what I can—'Evermind, Israel, I see you. Just wait till we get this crop gathered; if I don't kick you two idle, blundering, wasting, pilfering black renters off this farm—as shore's a gun's iron!

"No, she and Jeff-Jack'll never marry. Even if they do he'll not live long. These political editors, if somebody doesn't kill 'em, they break down, all at once. Our difference in age will count for less and less every year. She's the kind that stays young; four years from now I'll look the older of the two—I'll work myself old!"

A vision came to the dreamer's fancy: Widewood's forests filled with thrifty settlers, mines opened, factories humming by the brook-sides, the locomotive's whistle piercing the stony ears of the Sleeping Giant; Suez full of iron-ore, coal, and quarried stone, and Fannie a widow, or possibly still unwed, charmed by his successes, touched by his constancy, and realizing at last the true nature of what she had all along felt as only a friendship.

"That's it! if I give men good reason to court me, I'll get the woman I court!"—But he did not, for many weeks, give men any irresistible good reason to court him.

"Ah me! here's November gone. Talk of minutes slipping through the fingers — the months are as bad as the minutes! Lord! what a difference there is between planning a thing and doing it—or even beginning to do it!"

Yet he did begin. There is a season comes, sooner or later, to all of us, when

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we must love and love must nest. It may fix its choice irrationally on some sweet ineligible Fannie; but having chosen, there it must nest, spite of all. Now, men may begin life not thus moved; but I never knew a man thus moved who still did not begin life. Love being kindled, purpose is generated, and the wheels in us begin to go round. They had gone round, even, in John's father; but not only were time, place, and circumstance against him, but his love had nested in so narrow a knothole that the purposes and activities of his gentle soul died in their prison.

"Yes, that's one thing I've got to look out for," mused John one day, riding about the northwestern limits of his lands where a foaming brook kept saying, "Water-power!—good fishing!—good fishing!—water-power!" He dismounted and leaned against his horse by the brook's Widewood side, we may say, although just beyond here lay the odd sixty acres by which Widewood exceeded an even hundred thousand. The stream came down out of a steeply broken region of jagged rocks, where frequent evergreens and russet oaks studded the purple gray maze of trees that like to go naked in winter. But here it shallowed widely and slipped over a long surface of unbroken bed-rock. On its far side a spring gushed from a rocky cleft, leapt down some natural steps, ran a few yards, and slid into the brook. Behind it a red sun shone through the leafless tree-tops. The still air hinted of frost.

Suddenly his horse listened. In a moment he heard voices, and by an obscure road up and across the brook two riders came briskly to the water's edge, splashed into the smooth shallow and let their horses drink. They were a man and a maid, and the maid was Barbara Garnet. She was speaking.

"We can't get so very far out of the way if we can keep this"—she saw John March rise into his saddle, caught a breath and then cried:

"Why, it's Mr. March. Mr. March, we've missed our road." Her laugh was anxious. "In fact, we're lost. Oh! Mr. March, Mr. Fair." The young men shook hands. Fair noted a light rifle and a bunch of squirrels at March's saddle-bow.

"You've been busier than we."

"Mighty poor sign of industry. I didn't come out for game, but a man's sure to be sorry if he goes into the woods without a gun. I mean, of course, Miss Garnet, if he's alone!"

Barbara answered with a smile and a wicked drawl, "You've been enjoying both ad-van-tag-es. I used to wish I was a squirrel, they're so en-er-get-ic." She added that she would be satisfied now to remain as she was if she could only get home safe. She reckoned they could find the road if Mr. March would tell them how.

John smiled seriously. "Better let me show you." He moved down the middle of the stream. "This used to be the right road, long time ago. You know, Mr. Fair"—his voice rang in the trees, "our mountain roads just take the bed of the nearest creek whenever they can. Our people are not a very business people. But that's because they've got the rare virtue of contentment. Now——"

"I don't think they're too contented, Mr. March," said Barbara, defensively. "Why, Mr. Fair, how much this creek and road are like ours at Rosemont!"

"It's the same creek," called March.

By and by they left it and rode abreast through woods. There was much badinage, in which Barbara took the aggressive, with frequent hints at Fannie that gave John delicious pain and convinced him that Miss Garnet was, after all, a fine girl. Fair became so quiet that John asked him a question or two.

"O no!" laughed Fair, he could stay but a day or two. He said he had come this time from "quite a good deal" of a stay in Texas and Mexico, and his father had written him that he was needed at home. "Which is absurd, you know," he added to Barbara.

"Per-fect-ly," she said. But he would not skirmish.

"Yes," he replied. "But all the same I have to go. I'm sorry."

"We're sorry at Rosemont."

"I shall be sorry at Widewood," echoed March.

"I regret it the more," responded Fair, "from having seen Widewood so much and yet so little. Miss Garnet

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believes in a great future for Widewood. It was in trying to see something of it that we lost——"

But Barbara protested. "Mr. Fair, we rode hap-haz-ard! We simply chanced that way! What should I know, or care, about lands? You're confusing me with pop-a! Which is doub-ly ab-surd!"

"Most assuredly!" laughed the young men.

"You know, Mr. March, pop-a's so proud of the Widewood tract that I believe, positively, he's jealous of anyone's seeing it without him for a guide. You'd think it held the key of all our fates."

"Which is triply absurd!"

"Superlatively!" drawled Barbara, and laughing was easy. They came out upon the pike as March was saying to Fair:

"I'd like to show you my lands; they're the key of my fate, anyhow."

"They're only the lock," said Barbara, musingly. "The key is—elsewhere."

John laughed. He thought her witty, and continued with her though the rest of the way to Rosemont was short and plain. Presently she turned upon the two horsemen a pair of unaggressive but invincible eyes, saying, languorously,

"Mr. March, I want you to show Widewood to Mr. Fair—to-morrow. Pop-a's been talking about showing it to him, but I want him to see it with just you alone."

To Fair there always seemed a reserve of merriment behind Miss Garnet's gravity, and a reserve of gravity behind her brightest gayety. This was one thing that had drawn him back to Rosemont. Her ripples never hid her depths, yet she was never too deep to ripple. I give his impressions for what they may be worth. He did not formulate them; he merely consented to stay a day longer. A half-moon was growing silvery when John said good-by at the gate of the campus.

"Now, in the morning, Mr. Fair, I'll meet you somewhere between here and the pike. I wish I could say you'd meet my mother, but she's in poor health—been so ever since the war."

That night Garnet lingered in his wife's room to ask—

"Do you think Barb really missed the road, or was that——"

"Yes, they took the old creek road by mistake."

"Has Fair—said anything to her?"

"No; she didn't expect or wish it——"

"Well, I don't see why."

—"And he's hardly the sort to do unexpected things."

"They've agreed to ride right after breakfast. What d'you reckon that's for?"

"Not what you wish. But still, for some reason, she wants you to leave him entirely to himself."

College being in session breakfast was early.

"Barb, you'll have to take care of Mr. Fair to-day, I reckon. You might take my horse, sir. I'll be too busy indoors to use him."

The girl and her cavalier took but a short gallop. They had nearly got back to the grove gate when he ventured upon a personal speech; but it was only to charge her with the art of blundering cleverly.

She assured him that her blunders were all nature and her art accident. "Whenever I want to be witty I get into a hurry, and haste is the an-ti-dote of wit."

"Miss Garnet," he thought, as her eyes rested calmly in his, "your gaze is too utterly truthful."

"Ah!" said Barbara, "here's Mr. March now."

Fair wished he might find out why Miss Garnet should be out-manœuvring her father.

XXXVI.

MR. FAIR VENTURES SOME INTERROGATIONS.

THE air was full of joy that morning and John boyishly open and hearty.

"Fact is, Mr. Fair, I don't care for young ladies' company. Half of them are frauds and the rest are a delusion and a snare—ha-ha-ha! Miss Garnet is new goods, as the boys say, and I'm not fashionable. Even our mothers ain't very well acquainted yet; though my mother's always regretted it; their

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tastes differ. My mother's literary, you know."

"They say Miss Garnet's a great romp—among other girls—and an unmerciful mimic."

"Don't you rather like that?"

"Who, me? Lord, yes! The finest girl I know is that way—dances Spanish dances—alone with other girls of course. The church folks raised Cain about it once. O I—you think I mean Miss Halliday—well I do. Miss Garnet can tease me about her all she likes—ha, ha! it doesn't faze me! Miss Fannie's nothing to me but a dear friend—never was! Why, she's older than I am—h-though h-you'd never suspect it."

"Well, yes, I think I should have known it."

"O go 'long! Somebody told you! But I swear Mr. Fair, I wonder, sir, you're not more struck with Miss Halliday. Now, I go in for mind and heart. I don't give a continental for externals; and yet—did you ever see such glorious eyes as Fan—Miss Halliday's? Now, honest Ingin! *did* you, *ever?*"

Mr. Fair admitted that Miss Halliday's eyes danced.

"You say they do? You're right! Hah! *they* dance Spanish dances. I've seen black eyes that went through you like a sword; I've seen blue eyes that drilled through you like an auger; and I've seen gray ones that bit through you like a cold-chisel; and I've seen—now, there's Miss Garnet's, that just see through you without going through you at all—O I don't like any of 'em! but Fannie Halliday's eyes—Miss Fannie, I should say—they seem to say, 'Come out o' that. I'm not looking at all, but I know you're there!' O sir!—Mr. Fair, don't you hate, sir, to see such a creature as that get married to anybody? I say, to *anybody!* I tell you what it's like, Mr. Fair. It's like chloroforming a butterfly, sir! That's what it's like!"

He meditated and presently resumed —"But, Law' no! She's nothing to me. I've got too much to think of with these lands on my hands. D'you know, sir, I really speak more freely to you than if you belonged here and knew me better? And I confess to you that a girl like F—Miss Halliday would be enough to keep me from ever marrying!"

"Why, how is that?"

"Why? O well, because!—knowing her, I couldn't ever be content with less, and, of course, I couldn't get her or make her happy if I got her. Torture for one's better than torture for two. Mind, that's a long ways from saying I ever did want her, or ever will. I'm happy as I am—confirmed bachelor—ha-ha-ha! What I do want, Mr. Fair, sir, is to colonize these lands, and to tell you the truth, sir—h—I don't know how to do it!"

"Are your titles good?"

"Perfect."

"Are the lands free from mortgage?"

"Free! ha-ha! they'd be free from mortgage, sir, but for one thing."

"What's that?"

"Why, they're mortgaged till you can't rest! The mortgages ain't so mortal much, but they've been on so long, we'd almost be afraid to take them off. They're dried on, sir!—grown in! Why, sir, we've paid more interest than the mortgages foot up, sir!"

"What were they made for, improvements?"

"Impr—O yes, sir; most of 'em were given to improve the interior of our smoke-house—sort o' decorate it with meat."

"Ah, you wasted your substance in riotous living!"

"No, sir, we were simply empty in the same old anatomical vicinity and had to fill it. The mortgages wa'n't all made for that; two or three were made to raise money to pay the interest on old ones—interest and taxes. Mr. Fair, if ever a saint on earth lived up to his belief my father did. He believed in citizenship confined to taxpayers, and he'd pay his taxes owing for the pegs in his shoes—he made his own shoes, sir."

"Who hold these mortgages?"

"On paper, Major Garnet, but really Jeff-Jack Ravenel. That's private, sir."

"Yes, very properly, I see."

"Do you? Wha' do you see? Wish I could see something. Seems like I can't."

"O, I only see as you do, no doubt, that any successful scheme to improve your lands will have to be in part a public scheme, and be backed by Mr. Ravenel's newspaper, and he can do

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that better if he's privately interested and supposed not to be so, can't he?"

March stared, and then mused. "Well, I'll be—doggoned!"

"Of course, Mr. March, that needn't be unfair to you. Is it to accommodate you, or him, that Major Garnet lends his name?"

"O me!—At least—O! they're always accommodating each other."

"My father told me of these lands before I came here. He thinks that the fortunes of Suez, and consequently of Rosemont, in degree, not to speak"—the speaker smiled—"of individual fates, *is* locked up in them."

"I know! I know! The fact grows on me, sir, every day and hour! But, sir, the lands are my lawful inheritance, and although I admit that the public——"

"You quite misunderstand me! Miss Garnet said—in play, I know—that the key to this lock isn't far off, or words to that effect. Was she not right? And doesn't Mr. Ravenel hold it? In fact—pardon my freedom—is it not best that he should?"

"Good heavens, sir! why, Miss Garnet didn't mean—you say, does Jeff-Jack hold that key? He was holding it the last time I saw him! O yes. Even according to your meaning he thinks he holds it, and he thinks he ought to. I don't think he ought to, and incline to believe he won't! *Lift* your miserable head!" he cried to his horse, spurred fiercely, and jerked the curb till the animal reared and plunged. When he laughed again, in apology, Fair asked,

"Do you propose to organize a company yourself to—eh—boom your lands?"

"Well, I don't—Yes, I reckon I shall. I reckon I'll have to. Wha' do you think?"

"Might not Mr. Ravenel let you pay off your mortgages in stock?"

"I—he might. But could I do that and still control the thing? For, Mr. Fair, I've got to control! There's a private reason why I mustn't let Jeff-Jack manage me. I've got to show myself the better man. He knows why. O! we're good friends. I can't explain it to you, and you'd never guess it in the world! But there's a heavy prize up between us, and I believe that if I can show myself more than a match for him in these lists—this land business—I'll stand a chance for that prize. There, sir, I tell you that much. It's only proper that I should. I've got to be the master."

"Is your policy, then, to gain time—to put the thing off while you——"

"Good Lord, no! I haven't a day to spare! I'll show you these lands, Mr. Fair, and then if you'll accept the transfer of these mortgages, I'll begin the work of opening these lands, somehow, before the sun goes down. But if I let Ravenel or Garnet in, I—" John pondered.

"Haven't you let them in already, Mr. March? I don't see clearly why it isn't your best place for them."

March was silent.

XXXVII.

JORDAN.

BARBARA lay on a rug in her room, reading before the fragrant ashes of a perished fire. She heard her father's angry step, and his stern rap on her door. Before she could more than lift her brow he entered.

"Barb!—O what sort of posture—" She started, and sat coiled on the rug.

"Barb, how is it you're not with your mother?"

"Mom-a sent me out, pop-a. She thought if I'd leave her, she might drop asleep."

He smiled contemptuously. "How long ago was that?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"It was an hour ago! Barb, you've got hold of another novel. Haven't you learned yet that you can't tell time by that sort of watch?"

"Is mom-a awake?" asked the girl, starting from the mantel-piece.

"Yes—stop!" He extended his large hand, and she knew, as she saw its tremor, that he was in the same kind of transport in which he had flogged Cornelius. In the same instant she was frightened and glad.

"I've headed him off," she thought.

"Barb, your mother's very ill—stop!

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Johanna's with her. Barb"—his tone sank, but hardened—"why did that black hussy try to avoid telling me you were home and Fair had gone off with that whelp, John March? What? Why don't you speak so I can hear? What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid we'll disturb mom-a. Johanna should have told you plainly."

"Oh! indeed! I tell you, if it hadn't been for your mother's presence I'd have thrown her out the window." An unintentional murmur from Barbara exasperated him to the point of ecstasy. He paled and smiled.

"Barb, did you want to keep me from knowing that Fair was going to Widewood?" They looked steadily into each other's eyes. "Which of us is it you don't trust, that Yankee, or your own father? Don't—" he lifted his palm, but let it sink again. "Don't move your lips that way again; I won't endure it. Barbara Garnet, this is Fannie Halliday's work! So help me, God, I'd rather I'd taken your little white coffin in my arms eighteen years ago and laid it in the ground than that you should have learned from that poisonous creature the effrontery to suspect me of dishonest—Silence! You ungrateful brat, if you were a son, I'd shake the breath out of you. Have you *ever* trusted me? Say!"—he stepped close up—"Stop gazing at me like a fool and answer my question! Have you?"

"Don't speak so loud."

"Don't tell me that, you little minx; you who have never half noticed how sick your mother is. Barb"—the speaker's words came through his closed teeth—"Mr. John March can distrust me and leave me out of his precious company as much as he damn pleases—if you like his favorite forms of speech—and so may your tomtit Yankee. But you—sha'n't! You sha'n't repay a father's careful plans with suspicions of underhanded rascality, you unregenerate—see here! Do those two pups know you didn't want me to go? Answer me!"

She could not. Her lips moved as he had forbidden, and she was still looking steadily into his blazing eyes, when, as if lightning had struck, she flinched almost off her feet, her brain rang and roared, her sight failed, and she knew she had been slapped in the face.

He turned his back, but the next instant had wheeled again, his face drawn with pain and alarm. "I didn't mean to do that! Oh, good Lord! it wan't I! Forgive me, Barb. Oh, Barb, my child, as God's my witness I didn't do it of my own free will. He let the devil use me. All my troubles are coming together; your suspicions maddened me."

Her eyes were again in his. She shook her head and passed to her mirror, saying, slowly, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." She glanced at the glass, but the redness of its fellow matched the smitten cheek, and she hurried to the door.

"Barb"—the tone was a deep whine—she stopped without looking back. "Don't say anything to your mother to startle her. The slightest shock may kill her."

Barbara entered the mother's chamber. Johanna was standing by a window. The daughter beamed on the maid and turned to the bed; but consternation quenched the smile when she beheld her mother's face.

"Why, mom-a, sweet."

A thin hand closed weakly on her own, and two sunken blue eyes, bright with distress, looked into hers. "Where is he?" came a feeble whisper.

"Pop-a? Oh, he's coming. If he doesn't come in a moment I'll go bring him." The daughter's glance rested for refuge on the white forehead. "Shall I go call him?"

The pallid lips made no reply, the sunken eyes still lay in wait. Barbara racked her mind for disguise of words, but found none. There was no escape. Even to avoid any longer the waiting eyes would confess too much. She met them and they gazed up into hers in still anguish. Barbara's answered, with a sweet, full serenity. Then without a word or motion came the silent question,

"Did he strike you?"

And Barbara answered, audibly, "No."

She rose, adding, "Let me go and bring him." Conscience rose also and went with her. Just outside the closed door she covered her face in her hands

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and sank to the floor, moaning under her breath,

"What have I done? What shall I do? O God! why couldn't—why *didn't* I lie to *him?*" She ran down-stairs on tiptoe.

Her father, with Pettigrew at his side, was offering enthusiasm to a Geometry class. "Young gentlemen, a swift, perfect demonstration of a pure abstract truth is as beautiful and delightful to me — to any uncorrupted mind—as perfect music to a perfect ear."

But hearing that his daughter was seeking him, he withdrew.

The two had half mounted the stairs, when a hurried step sounded in the upper hall, and Johanna leaned wildly over the rail, her eyes streaming.

"Miss Barb! Miss Barb! run here! run! come quick, fo' de love of God! Oh, de chariots of Israel! de chariots of Israel! De gates o' glory lif'n up dey head'!"

Barbara flew up the stairs and into her mother's room. Mr. Pettigrew stood silent among the crystalline beauties of mathematical truth, and a dozen students leaped to their feet as the daughter's long wail came ringing through the house mingled with the cry of Johanna.

"Too late! Too late! De daughteh o' Zion done gone in unbeseen!"

Through two days more Fair lingered, quartered at the Hotel Swanee, and conferred twice more with John March. In the procession that moved up the cedar avenue of the old Suez burying-ground, he stepped beside General Halliday, near its end. Among the headstones of the Montgomeries the long line stopped and sang,

"For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over."

In the midst of the refrain, each time, there trembled up in tearful ecstasy, above the common wave of song, the voices of Leviticus Wisdom and his wife. But only once, after the last stanza, Johanna's yet clearer tone answered them from close beside black-veiled Barbara, singing in vibrant triumph,

"An' jess befo', de shiny sho'
We may almos' discoveh."

XXXVIII.

THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

Coming from the grave Fair walked with March.

"Yes, I go to-night; I shall see my father within three days. He may think better of your ideas than I do. Don't you suppose really—" etc. "You think you'll push it anyhow?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, I've got to."

After all others were gone one man still loitered furtively in the cemetery. He came, now, from an alley of arbor-vitæs with that fantastic elasticity of step which skilled drunkards learn. He had in hand a bunch of limp flowers of an unusual kind, which he had that day ridden all the way to Pulaski City to buy. He stood at the new grave's foot, sank to one knee, wiped true tears from his eyes, pressed apart the evergreens and chrysanthemums piled there, and laid in the midst his own bruised and wilted offering of lilies.

As he reached the graveyard gate in departing his mood lightened.

"An' now gen'le*men*," he said to himself, "is come to pa-ass the ve'y nick an' keno o' time faw a fresh staht. Frien' Gyarnit, we may be happy yit."

He came up behind Fair and March. Fair was speaking of Fannie.

"But where was she? I didn't see her."

"Oh, she stayed at Rosemont to look after the house."

"The General tells me his daughter is to be married to Mr. Ravenel in March."

John gave an inward start, but was silent for a moment. Then he said, absently,

"So that's out, is it?" But a few steps farther on he touched Fair's arm.

"Let's go—slower." His smile was ashen. "I—h- I don't know why in the devil I have these sickish feelings come on me at f-funerals." They stopped. "Humph! Wha' d' you reckon can be the cause of it—indigestion?"

Mr. Fair thought it very likely, and March said it was passing off already. "Humph! it's ridiculous. Come on, I'm all right now."

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The man behind them passed, looked back, stopped and returned. "Gen'-le*men*, sirs, to you. Mr. Mahch, escuse me by pyo accident earwhilin' yo' colloquial terms. I know e'zacly what cause yo' sick transit. Yass, seh. Thass the imagination. I've had it, myseff."

March stopped haughtily, Fair moved out of hearing and Cornelius spoke low, with a sweet smile. "Yass, seh. You see the imagination o' yo' head is evil. You imaginin' somepm what ain't happm yit an' jiss like as not won't happm at all. But thass not why I seeks to interrup' you at this junction.

"Mr. Mahch, I'm impudize to espress to you in behalfs o' a vas' colo'ed constituency—but speakin' th'oo a small ban' o' they magnates with me as they sawt o' janizary chairman—that Gen'l Halliday seem to be ti-ud o' us an' done pa-ass his bes' dotage, an' likewise the groun's an' debasements on an' faw which we be proud to he'p you depopulate yo' lan's, yass, seh, with all conceivable ligislation thereunto."

"What business is it of yours or your Blackland darkies what I do with my woods?"

"Why, thass jess it! Whass nobody's business is ev'ybody's business, you know."

March smiled and moved toward Fair. "I've no time to talk with you now, Leggett."

"Oh! no, seh, I knowed you wouldn't have. But bein' the talk' o' the town that you an' this young gen'leman"—dipping low to Fair—"is projeckin' said depopulization I has cawdially engross ow meaju' in writin' faw yo' conjint an' confidential consideration. Yass, seh, aw in default whereof then to compote it in like manneh to the nex' mos' interested."

"And, pray, who is the next most interested in my private property?"

"Why, Majo' Gyarnit, I reck'n—an' Mr. Ravenel, seein' he's the Djuke o' Suez—p-he!"

March let his hand accept a soiled document, saying, "Well, he's not Duke of me. Just leave me this. I'll either mail it to you or see you again. Good-by."

The title of the document as indorsed on it was: "The Suez and Three Counties Transportation, Immigration, Education, Navigation, and Construction Co."

XXXIX.

DAPHNE AND DINWIDDIE: A PASTEL IN PROSE.

"Professor" Pettigrew had always been coldly indifferent to many things commonly counted chief matters of life. One of these was religion; another was woman. His punctuality at church at the head of Rosemont's cadets was so obviously perfunctory as to be without a stain of hypocrisy. Yet he never vaunted his scepticism, but only let it exhale from him in interrogative insinuations that the premises and maxims of religion were refuted by the outcome of the war. To woman his heart was as hard, cold, and polished as celluloid. Only when pressed did he admit that he regarded her as an insipid necessity. One has to have a female parent, in order to get into this world—no gentleman admitted without a lady; and when one goes out of it again, it is good to leave children so as to keep the great unwashed from getting one's property. Property!—humph! he—or his father, at least—he became silent.

He often saw Mrs. March in church, yet kept his heart. But one night a stereoptican lecture was given in Suez. In Mrs. March's opinion such things, unlike the deadly theatre, were harmful only when carried to excess. To keep John from carrying this one to excess, that is, from going to it with anybody else, she went with him, and they "happened"—I suppose an agnostic would say—to sit next to Dinwiddie Pettigrew. John being in a silent mood Daphne and Dinwiddie found time for much conversation. The hour fixed for the lecture was half-past seven. Promptly about half-past eight the audience began to arrive. At a quarter of nine it was growing numerous.

"Oh! no," said General Halliday to the lecturer, "don't you fret about them going home; they'll stay like the yellow fever"—and punctually somewhere about nine "The Great Love Stories of History" began to be told, and luminously pictured on a white cotton full moon.

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With lights turned low and everybody enjoined to converse only in softest whispers, the conditions for spontaneous combustion were complete in many bosoms, and at the close of the entertainment Daphne Dalrymple, her own asbestos affections warmed, but not ignited, walked away with the celluloid heart of Dinwiddie Pettigrew in a light blaze.

XL.

A WIDOW'S ULTIMATUM.

At the time of which we would here speak the lover had made one call at Widewood, but had not met sufficient encouragement to embolden him to ask that the lovee would give, oh, give him back a heart so damaged by fire, as to be worthless except to the thief; though his manner was rank with hints that she might keep it now and take the rest.

Mrs. March was altogether too sacred in her own eyes to be in haste at such a juncture. Her truly shrinking spirit was a stranger to all manner of auctioning, but she believed in fair play, and could not in conscience quite forget her exhilarating skirmish with Mr. Ravenel on the day of Susie's wedding.

It had not brought on a war of roses. Something kept him away from Widewood. Was it, she wondered, the noble fear that he might subject her to those social rumors that are so often all the more annoying because only premature! Ah, if he could but know how lightly she regarded such prattle! But she would not tell him, even in impersonal verse. On the contrary she contributed to the *Presbyterian Monthly*—a non-sectarian publication—those lines—which caught one glance of so many of her friends and escaped any subsequent notice—entitled,

"LOVE-PROOF.

"She pities much, yet laughs at Love
For love of laughter! Fadeless youth"—

But the simple fact is that Mr. Ravenel's flatteries, when rare chance brought him and the poetess together, were without purpose, and justified in his liberal mind by the right of every Southern gentleman to treat as irresistible any and every woman in her turn. —"Got to do something pleasant, Miss Fannie; can't buy her poetry."

On the evening when March received from Leggett the draft of An Act Entitled, etc., the mother and son sat silent through their supper, though John was longing to speak. At last, as they were going into the front room he managed to say:

"Well, mother, Fair's gone—goes to-night."

He dropped an arm about her shoulders.

"Oh!—when I can scarcely bear my own weight!" She sank into her favorite chair and turned away from his regrets, sighing,

"Oh, no, youth and health never do think."

The son sat down and leaned thoughtfully on the centre-table.

"That's so, they don't think. They're too busy feeling."

"Ah, John, you don't feel! I wish you could."

"Humph! I wish I couldn't." He smoothed off a frown and let his palm fall so flat upon the bare mahogany that a woman of less fortitude than Mrs. March would certainly have squeaked. "Mother, dear, I believe I'll try to see how little I can feel and how much I can think."

"Providence permitting, my reckless boy."

"Oh, bless your dear soul, mother, Providence'll be only too glad! I've a notion to try thinking. Fact is, I've begun already. Now, you love solitude——"

"Ah, John!"

"Well, at any rate, you can think best when you're alone."

"O John!"

"Well, father could. I can't. I need to rub against men. You don't."

"Oh!—h—h—John!" But when Mrs. March saw the intent was only figurative she drew her lips close and dropped her eyes.

Her son reflected a minute and spoke again. "Why, mother, just that Yankee's being here peeping around and asking his scared-to-death questions has pulled my wits together till I wonder

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where they've been. Oh, it's so! It's not because he's a Yankee. It's simply because he's in with the times. He knows what's got to come and what's got to go, and how to help them do it, so's to make them count! He belongs —pshaw—he belongs to a live world. Now, here in this sleepy old Dixie"——

"Has it come to that, John?"

"Yes, it has, and it's cost a heap sight more than it's come to, because I didn't let it come long ago. But I wouldn't look plain truth in the face for fear of going back on Rosemont and Suez, and all the time I've been going back on Widewood!" The speaker smote the family Bible with Leggett's document. His mother wept.

"Oh! golly," mumbled John.

"Oh! my son!"

"Why, what's the trouble, mother?"

Mrs. March could not tell him. It was not merely his blasphemies. There seemed to be more hope of sympathy from the damaged ceiling, and she moaned up to it.

"My son a Radical!"

He sprang to his feet. "Mother, take that insult back! For your own sake, take it back! I hadn't a thought of politics. If my words implied it they played me false!"

Mrs. March was anguished wonder. "Why, what else could they mean?"

"Anything! I don't know! I was only trying to blurt out what I've been thinking out, concerning our private interests. For I've thought out and found out—these last few days—more things that can be done, and must be done, and done right off with these lands of ours——"

"O John! Is that your swift revenge?"

"Why, mother, dear! Revenge for what? Who on?"

"For nothing, John; on widowed, helpless me!"

"Great Scott! mother, as I've begged you fifty times I beg you now again, just tell me what to do or undo."

"Please don't mock me, John. You're the dictator now, by the terms of the will. They give you the legal rights, and the legal rights are all that count —with men. I'm in your power."

John laughed. "I wish you'd tell the dictator what to do."

"Too late, my son, you've taken the counsel of your country's enemies." She rose to leave the room. The son slapped his thigh.

"'Pon my soul, mother, you must excuse me. Here's a letter."

"Has Jeff-Jack accepted another poem?" he asked, as she read. "I wish he'd pay for it."

She did not say, though the missive must have ended very kindly, for in spite of herself she smiled.

"Ah, John! your vanity is so large it can include even your mother. I wish I had some of it; I might believe what my friends tell me. But maybe it's vanity in me not to think they know best." She let John press her hand upon his forehead.

"I wish I could know," she continued. "I yearn for wise counsel. O son! why do we, both of us, so distrust and shun our one only common friend? He could tell us what to do, son; and, oh, how we need someone to tell us!"

John dropped the hand. "I don't need Jeff-Jack. He's got to need me."

"Oh, presumptuous boy! John, you might say Mr. Ravenel. He's old enough to be your father."

"No, he's not! At any rate, that's one thing he'll never be!"

The widow flared up. "I can say that, sir, without your prompting."

"Why, mother! Why, I no more intended——"

"John, spare me! Oh, no, you were brutal merely by accident! I thank you! I *must* thank you for pointing your unfeeling hints at the most invincib—I mean inveterate—bachelor in the three counties."

"Inveterate lover, you'd better say. He marries Fannie Halliday next March. The General's telling every Tom, Dick, and Harry to-day."

"John, I don't believe it! It can't be! I know better!"

"I wish you did, but they told me themselves, away last July, standing hand in hand. Mother, he's got no more right to marry her——"

"Than you have! And he knows it! For, John, John! There never was a more pitiful or needless mismatch! Why, he could have—but it's none of my business, only—" she choked.

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"No, of course not," said the son, emotionally, "and it's none of mine either, only—humph!" He rose and strode about. "Why she could just as easily——Oh, me!" He jostled a chair. Mrs. March flinched and burst into tears.

"Oh, good heavens! mother, what have I done now? I know I'm coarse and irreverent and wilful and surly and healthy, and have got the big-head and the Lord knows what! But I swear I'll stop everything bad and be everything good if you'll just quit off sniv—weeping!"

Strange to say, this reasonable and practicable proposition did not calm either of them.

"I'll even go with you to Jeff-Jack and ask his advice—oh! Jane-Anne-Maria! *now* what's broke?"

"Only a mother's heart!" She looked up from her handkerchief. "Go seek his advice if you still covet it; I never trusted him; I only feared I might doubt him unjustly. But now I know his intelligence, no less than his integrity, is beneath the contempt of a Christian woman. I leave you to your books. My bed——"

"O mother, I wasn't reading! Come, stay; I'll be as entertaining as a circus."

"I can't; I'm all unstrung. Let me go while I can still drag——"

John rose. A horse's tread sounded. "Now, who can that be?"

He listened again, then rolled up his fists and growled between his teeth.

"Cawnsound that foo'—mother go on up stairs, I'll tell him you've retired."

"I shall do nothing so dishonorable. Why should you bury me alive? Is it because one friend still comes with no scheme for the devastation of our sylvan home?"

Before John could reply sunshine lighted the inquirer's face and she stepped forward elastically to give her hand to Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew.

When he was gone, Daphne was still, for a moment, as sweet as May, and even John's gravity was of a pleasant sort. "Mother, you're just too sweet and modest to see what that man's up to. I'm not. I'd like to tell him to stay away from here. Why, mother, he's—he's courting!"

The mother smiled lovingly. "My son, I'll attend to that. Ah me! suitors! They come in vain—unless I should be goaded by the sight of these dear Widewood acres invaded by the alien." She sweetened like a bride.

The son stood aghast. She lifted a fond hand to his shoulder. "John, do you know what heart hunger is? You're too young. I am ready to sacrifice anything for you, as I always was for your father. Only, I must reign alone in at least one home, one heart! Fear not; there is but one thing that will certainly drive me again into marriage."

"What's that, mother?"

"A daughter-in-law. If my son marries, I have no choice—I must!" She floated up-stairs.

XLI.

A NEW SHINGLE IN SUEZ.

NEXT day—"John, didn't you rise very early this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

He had not gone to bed. Yet there was a new repose in his face and energy in his voice. He ate breakfast enough for two.

"Millie, hasn't Israel brought my horse yet?"

He came to where his mother sat, kissed her forehead, and passed; but her languorous eyes read, written all over him, the fact that she had drawn her cords one degree too tight and that in the night something had snapped; she had a new force to deal with.

"John"—there was alarm in her voice—he had the door half open—"are you so cruel and foolish as to take last evening's words literally?"

"That's all gay, mother; 'tain't the parson I'm going after, it's the surveyor."

He shut the door on the last word and went away whistling, Not that he was merry; as his horse started he set his teeth, smote in the spurs and cleared the paling fence at a bound.

The surveyors were Champion and Shotwell. John worked with them. To his own surprise he was the life of the party. Some nights they camped.

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They sang jolly songs together; but often Shotwell would say:

"O Champion, I'll hush if you will; we're scaring the wolves. Now, if you had such a voice as John's—Go on, March, sing 'Queen o' my Soul.'"

John would sing; Shotwell would lie back on the pine-needles with his eyes shut, and each time the singer reached the refrain, 'Mary, Mary, queen of my soul,' the impassioned listener would fetch a whoop and cry, "That's her!" although everybody knew for years the only "her" who queened it over Shotwell's soul was John's own Fannie Halliday.

"Now, March, sing, 'Thou wert the first, thou aht the layst,' an' th'ow yo' whole soul into it like you did last night!"

"John," said Champion once, after March had sung this lament, "You're a plumb fraud. If you wan't you couldn't sing that thing an' then turn round and sing, 'They laughed, ha-ha! and they quaffed, ha-ha!'"

"Let's have it!" cried Shotwell. Paass tin cups once mo', gen'le*men!*"—clink—clink—

"March," said Champion, "if you'll excuse the personality, what's changed you so?"

John laughed and said he didn't think he was changed, but if he was he reckoned it was evolution. Which did not satisfy Shotwell, who had "quaffed, ha-ha!" till he was argumentative.

"Don't you 'scuse personal'ty 't all, March. I know wha's change' you. 'Tain't no 'sperience. You ain't been converted. You're gettin' *ripe!* 's all is about it. Wha' changes green persimmons? 's nature; 'tain't 'sperience."

"Well, I'd like to know if sunshine an' frost ain't experiences," retorted Champion.

"Some experiences," laughed John, "are mighty hot sunshine, and some are mighty hard frosts." To which the two old soldiers assented with more than one sentimental sigh as the three rolled themselves in their blankets and closed their eyes.

When the survey was done they made a large colored map of everything, and John kept it in a long tin tube—what rare times he was not looking at it.

"How short-sighted most men are! They'll have lands to dispose of and yet not have maps made! How the devil do they expect ever"—etc. Sometimes he smiled to himself as he rolled the gorgeous thing up, but only as we smile at the oddities of one whom we admire.

He opened an office. It contained a mantelpiece, a desk, four chairs, a Winchester rifle and a box of cigars. The hearth and mantelpiece were crowded with specimens of earths, ores, and building stones, and of woods precious to the dyer, the manufacturer, the joiner and the cabinet maker. Inside the desk lay the map whenever he was, and a revolver whenever he was not—"Out. Will be back in a few minutes."

On the desk's top were more specimens, three or four fat old books from Widewood, and on one corner, by the hour, his own feet, in tight boots, when he read Washington's Letters, Story on the Constitution, or the Geology of Dixie. What interested Suez most of all was his sign. It professed no occupation. "John March." That was all it proclaimed, for a time, in gilt, on a field of blue smalts. But one afternoon when he was—"Out of town. Will be back Friday"—some Rosemont boys scratched in the smalts the tin word, Gentleman.

"Let it alone, John," said the next day's *Courier*. "It's a good ad. and you can live up to it." It stayed.

XLII.

WISDOM AND FAITH KISS EACH OTHER.

It came to pass in those days that an effort to start a religious revival issued from Suez "University." It seems the "Black-and-Tannery," as the Rosemont boys called it, was having such increase in numbers that the president had thought well to give the national thanksgiving day special emphasis on its devotional side. Prayer for gifts of grace to crown these temporal good fortunes extended over into a second and third evening, black young women and tan young men asked to be prayed for, the president "wired" glad news to the board in New York, the board "wired"

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back, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"—just ten words, economy is the road to commendation—meetings were continued, and the gray-headed black janitor, richest man in the institution, leading in prayer, promised that if the Lord would "come down" then and there, "right thoo de roof," he himself would pay for the shingles!

Since corner-stone day the shabby-coated president had not known such joy. In the chapel, Sunday morning, he read the story of the two lepers who found the Syrian camp deserted in the siege of Samaria; and preached from the text, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; . . . So they came and called unto the porter of the city." That afternoon he went to Parson Tombs. The pastor was cordial, brotherly, full of tender gladness to hear of the "manifestations." They talked a great while, were pleased with each other and came to several kind and unexpected agreements. They even knelt and prayed together. As to the president's specific errand—his proposal for a week of union revival meetings in Parson Tombs's church, with or without the town congregation, the "university students" offering to occupy only the gallery—the pastor said that as far as *he* was concerned, he was much disposed to favor it.

"Why, befo' the wa' ow slaves used to worship with us; I've seen ow gallery half full of 'm! And we'd be only too glad to see it so again—for we love 'em yet, seh—if they wouldn't insist so on mixin' religion an' politics. I'll consult some o' my people an' let you know."

When he consulted his church officers that evening only two replied approvingly. One of them was the oldest, whitest haired man in the church. "Faw my part," he said, "I don't think the churches air a-behavin' theyse'ves like Christians to the niggehs anywheres. I jest know ef my Lawd an' Master was here in Dixie now he'd not bless a single one of all these separations between churches aw in churches, unless it's the separation o' the sexes, which I'm pow'ful sorry to see that broke up. I'm faw invitin' them people, dry-so, an' I don't give a cent whether they set up-stairs aw down"—which was true.

The other approving voice was young Doctor Grace. "Brethren, I believe in separating worshippers by race. But when, as now, this is so fully and amicably provided for, I would have all come together, joined, yet separated, to cry with one shout, 'Lord, revive us!' And he'll do it, brethren! I feel it right here!" He put his hand on the exact spot.

Garnet spoke. "Brother Grace, you say the separation is fully provided for—where 'll the white teachers of our colored brethren sit? If they sit down-stairs, we run the risk of offending some of our own folks; if they sit in the gallery that's a direct insult to the whole community. It'll not be stood. When colored mourners come up to the front—h-they'll come in troops—where'll you put 'em?"

"I'd put them wherever there's room for them," was the heroic reply.

"Oh, there'd be room for them everywhere," laughed Garnet, "for as far as *our* young folks are concerned the whole thing would be a complete frazzle. Why, you take a graceless young fellow, say like John March. How are you going to get him to come up here and kneel down amongst a lot of black and saddle-colored bucks and wenches?—I word it his way, you understand. No, sir, as sure as we try this thing we'll create dissension—in a church where everything now is as sweet and peaceful as the grave."

"Of course we mustn't have dissensions," said Parson Tombs.

Mr. Usher, who spoke last and very slowly, said but a word or two. He agreed with Brother Garnet. And yet he believed this was a message from on high to be up and a-doin.' "This church, brethren, has jest *got* to be replastered, an' *I* don't see how we goin' to do it 'ithout we have a outpourin' o' the spirit that'll give us mo' church membehs."

So the good parson dropped the matter, and saw how rightly he had followed the divine guidance when only a day or two later the "university" insulted and exasperated all Suez by enrolling three young white women from Sandstone. The *Courier*, regretting to state that this infringed no statute, dep-

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recated all violence, and while it extolled the forbearance of the people, yet declared that an education which educated backward, and an institution which sought to elevate an inferior race by degrading a superior, would compel the people to make laws they would rather not enact. The Black-and-Tannery's effort for a union revival meeting lay at the door of "our church," said Garnet smilingly to Sister Proudfit, "as dead as Ananias." The kind pastor was troubled.

Yet he was gladdened again when Barbara, on horseback, brought word from "pop-a" that he had found half a dozen of his students praying together for the conversion of their fellows, and that the merest hint of revival meetings in Suez had been met by them with such zeal that he saw they were divinely moved. "Get thee up, brother," the Major's note ended, "for there is a sound of abundance of rain."

"Is it good news?" asked Barbara. The white-haired man handed her the note, joyfully, and stood at her saddle-bow watching her face as she gravely read it.

"Bless the Lord," he said, "and bless you, too, my daughter, faw yo' glad tidin's. I'll see Mary and Martha Salter and Doctor Grace right off, and get ready to ketch the blessed shower. May the very first droppin's fall on you, my beautiful child. I've heard what a wise an' blessed help you've been to yo' father since yo'—here lately. Ain't you a-goin' to give yo' heart to Jesus, daughter?"

She met his longing look with the same face as before; not blankly, yet denying, asking, confessing nothing. Truth there, but no fact.

"Well, good-by," said the old man, "I believe you're nearer the kingdom now than you know." His awkward kindness brought her nearer still.

Thus the revival began at Rosemont. The two congregations joined counsel, and decided to hold the meetings in Parson Tombs's church.

"I'm proud, Brother Tombs — or, rather, I'm grateful," said Garnet. "I look on this as a divine vindication against the missionary solicitude of an alien institution's ambitious zeal. My brethren, it's a heavenly proof of the superior vitality of Southern Christianity."

But they decided not to begin at once. Mary Salter thought they should, and so did the unmarried pastor of the other church, who, they said, was "sweet on her."

"All we need is faith!" said Miss Mary.

"No, it's not," was Miss Martha's calm response, "we need a little common sense." She said the two pastors ought to preach at least two Sunday sermons, each "pointed toward the projected—that is to say expected — showers of blessing."

"Sort o' take the people's temperature," put in Doctor Grace, but she ignored him. By that time, she said, it would be too near Christmas to start anything of the kind before——

"Why, Christmas, Sister Martha, think what Christmas is! It ought to be just the time!"

"Yes; but it isn't."

"I think Miss Martha's right," said Parson Tombs, very sweetly to Mary; "and I think," turning as affectionately to Martha, "that Miss Mary's right, too. We need faith *and* wisdom. The Lord promises both, and so we must use all we can get *uv* both. Now, if we can begin a couple of days before New Year, so's to have things a-goin' by New Year's eve, I *think* we'll find that wisdom and faith have kissed each other."

Miss Martha and Sister Tombs smiled softly at the startling figure. Miss Mary and the unmarried pastor dropped their eyes. But when Doctor Grace said, fervently, "That sounds good!" all admitted the excellence of Parson Tombs's suggestion.

(To be continued.)

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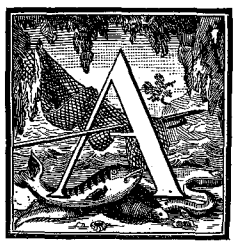
AMERICAN GAME FISHES.

By Leroy Milton Yale.



DEFINITION of "a game fish" could hardly be made to suit all fishermen, or even all anglers. The essential idea is that the fish shall be caught for game or sport and not for food or gain, and one may accept the opinion that game fishing is "fishing of every kind requiring skill and carried on humanely and for enjoyment." Angling books, from Walton and Venables to Francis and Norris, speak of the gudgeon or "sunny" as well as the trout, the eel as well as the salmon. If a more restricted definition be attempted, each restrictor notes those characteristics of a game fish which give him sport, and the result is rather an analysis of the peculiarities of the angler than of any definite group of fishes. Two very good essays at a definition, by Dr. Browne Goode, may be combined, and from them the following characteristics selected. A game fish should have beauty, sapidity of flesh, and a certain degree of rarity to excite the desire of the angler, as well as courage, strength, nimbleness, and cunning to test his skill in a contest rendered the more even by delicacy of tackle.

It so happens that game fish do usually possess beauty of form or color, some far more than others, it is true; but sapidity of flesh is a more important quality, since no true angler seeks a fish that is not, at the least, good food, nor will he consent to the slaughter of any which is not dangerous to man or to better fish, unless there be a pretty sure prospect that it will find a welcome upon some table. Adherence to this rule sometimes cramps sport in remote regions where fish are large and abundant and human mouths few, but the self-denial is as nothing compared to the disgust at the waste of fine fish. However beautiful or sapid a fish may be, few would continue to seek it for pleasure did it not avoid capture by its cunning or resist it by its strength or activity. In fact to many anglers, perhaps to most, this fighting capacity is the main characteristic of a game fish, as it might be in a pugilist. That it is not the only one is shown by the contempt in which some hard fighting but worthless fish are held. Whatever qualities be accepted as essential, certainly that fish which possesses the most of them, or in the greatest degree, will be entitled to the highest rank. Each angler will place his own estimate upon the relative value of individual qualities, but if we are ever called upon to settle a point of contested precedence, that fish, other things being equal, whose habitat is the most interesting, delightful and sequestered and whose capture involves the most refreshing exercise, shall be placed first.

All of the elements that go to make up this "gameness" in a fish vary greatly according to various circumstances, and none more than wariness and activity. The same fish may at one time be agile in the extreme, at another quite lethargic. But the change of mood as to shyness or cunning is even more striking. The shyness of the trout is proverbial, yet I have, after a fruitless hour of fishing, had a trout dash more than once between my very knees at the lure dangling in the water, while I was adjusting my disarranged casting line. Probably no fish better exemplifies this variation than the bluefish. At some seasons hunger or excitement seems to deprive them of all caution, and they will contend with insane eagerness for any lure—be it white rag, pine stick, or what not—which may be dragged after a sailing boat. A week later, perhaps, the most appetizing morsels which the angler's ingenuity can devise tempt them in vain, if the water be clear enough for them to see the line. Every experienced angler for striped

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bass can tell remarkable tales of the cunning with which the blue-fish seizes every piece of chum that is meant for his betters, but absolutely refuses to touch a baited hook unless he can first bite off the line. I have again and again had this fish — a synonym for senseless voracity—in plain view pick the bait piecemeal from my hooks. This increased wariness much enhances the sport. Trolling, or "drailing," for bluefish is an exhilarating frolic, but matching and outwitting their cunning with fine tackle is really game fishing.

It is interesting in this connection to note how quickly wariness is born of experience. As it is developed in much fished waters it might seem to be the result of observation or of individual suffering, but, in some cases at least, it evidently comes from information received. For instance, it is often noticed that if a fresh run of sea-trout is encountered, they may be taken apparently without stint so long as none escape after hooking. If, however, one manage to free himself, the sport with that fly, and often for that day, is ended. His companions seem unalarmed by his struggle, but are warned by something learned from him after his escape. The same has been observed of other fish.

But the gameness of a fish, being measured by the sport his capture gives, may be modified by circumstances quite outside of the fish itself; the angler's mood, his tackle and many other things. The salmon fisher, for instance, may to-day abhor the splendid sea-trout as "vermin," not from any affectation, not even from the spirit of purism which led to the colored brother's contemptuous rejection of the fine pike because he was "a-catting," but because it has interfered with the pursuit of the salmon or has been found in the pools or on the spawning-ground of the nobler fish, where it may do great damage. To-morrow, properly equipped, he will gladly go to meet the trout at the head of the tide.

The possibility of getting sport from a fish is especially dependent upon the method of fishing. If one anchor his boat in ten fathoms of water, and sinks his stout hand-line with a lead as heavy as any fish he may reasonably expect to take he will not much value the gameness of the prey he hales from the depths. But if he study the habits of that fish and search for his hiding-places in the rocky tideways or his feeding-places on the shallows, and "angle unto him" with light tackle, suitable to his weight, he is changed from an acquaintance of low estate into a respected and admired antagonist. And it may in general be asserted that any fish is most game when fished for in that way which gives it the greatest chance of resistance and of escape, and which demands the greatest skill and delicacy on the part of the fisherman. Deep fishing, whether bottom fishing or deep trolling, demands heavy tackle, if only to carry the necessary weight of lead. Save for the largest fish, such tackle at once destroys any chance of finesse. The fish being well hooked, any force which will not mutilate it enough to loosen the hook may be employed. For such fishing the rod has little advantage over the handline, as only the stoutest rods can stand the strain.

In shallow water, or where fish are sought not far from the surface, more or less delicacy of apparatus is practicable, and it would be hard to find a better standard of the gameness of a fish (*i.e.*, its sport-giving power) than the degree of delicacy that is permitted and of skill demanded in its capture. Yet not until rods are constructed to register ergs or foot-pounds will anglers agree as to the relative fighting ability of their favorites, and discussions thereof are generally futile. Doubtless it is the element of delicacy which has given fly-fishing its pre-eminence in the estimation of anglers. No greater skill is demanded to excel with the fly than in minnow casting or in casting the worm in "North Country" style; but with the delicate rod and tackle called for by fly-casting the angler derives more pleasure, or at least more kinds of pleasure, than in any other way. And it is for similar reasons, no doubt, that those fish which are known as reliable risers, at least in certain seasons, are those by which most store is set.

Locality, opportunity, and personal

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predilection make specialists of anglers. In our great country one who does not make an occupation of his pastime can practically know but a few of the enormous number of fine fishes in its fresh waters or along its shores. The limits of a magazine article will admit only a part of those which have given the writer pleasure in his occasional holidays. Some of these occupy, by common consent of anglers, places of honor, others are less known or more slightly esteemed; but since they are, if properly fished for, truly game fish, they are recommended to the sincere "brother of the angle" who cannot command the time required to enjoy the pursuit of those more vaunted.

"For by cause," says Dame Juliana, "that the Samon is the moost stately fyssh that ony maye angle to in freshe water, Therefore I purpose to begyn at hym." Stately indeed he is, and all that attends his capture has something of state about it. His beauty triumphs over the adverse surroundings of the fishmongers' slab. Look at a bright spring fish, note his graceful rounded lines, his small head, his gleaming sides with almost imperceptible scales, and with here and there a black X worn as jauntily as the patches of an old-time belle. Imagine him living, strong, agile and alert and you cannot wonder that the acclamation of anglers declares him king of sporting fishes.

The Atlantic has but one salmon, the *Salmo salar;* the Pacific coast of our country has at least five, all belonging to the genus *Oncorhyncus.* The salmon of commerce comes from that coast, several species, especially the Quinnat, or King, Salmon, being taken in enormous numbers to meet the world's demand. Some of these kinds are equal as food, under the same circumstances, to the Atlantic fish, and probably would be his peer as a game fish if they could be persuaded to rise to a fly. As it is, they generally are trolled for in bays and estuaries with handlines and tackle so robust that even their gallant fight can avail little. Such noble fish deserve fairer handling. The supply has seemed inexhaustible, but the unrestrained destructiveness of nets and wheels is beginning to tell. The experience of the Eastern States and still older countries ought easily to show our quick-witted Western brethren where the trouble lies, and where the cure is found.

Let us go back to our Eastern fish and our Eastern rivers. Probably the yield of a season would be counted a poor day's haul on the Columbia, but the taking of each fish is an event. Long before the snow-water on his gills wakened in the fish the recollections of his native stream the angler had made his plans for the encounter and arranged the details of his preparations with loving care. At length he is upon the river. That alone would be an experience worth the pains, but for the haunting expectation of that salmon's rise. Out of the forest on the flanks of the low mountains, comes the stream twined of the threads of countless brooks. Over falls and through chasms, of which the gaffers, who are loggers in winter, will tell by the evening fire, it finds its way to the broad pool beside which he has set his camp. Behind the camp, a little way up, is a cool spring among the rocks; higher yet on the sides of the cliff are spruces, cedars, birches, maples and all the multitudinous foliage of early summer. Across the pool the rocky wall rises nearly perpendicularly to its crest of trees. The bed of the stream, too, is of rock broken into steps, with patches of gravel where, through the uneven water, he is able to make out the resting-place of a fish quite disproportioned to the shallow, clear stream. His soundest leader and his most taking fly are put out. He watches its curving journey down the pool. Foot by foot he lengthens the cast, until he knows the fish has seen the lure. One after another he offers the most enticing wares of Kelso or of Sprouston, and adds thereto bizarre creations of his own without effect. The fish has run the gauntlet of scores of pools and knows the contents of the fly-book as well as its owner. The angler's arm, soft from the winter's disuse, begins to tire. The fly falls with less grace and sidles down the water as if it were as discouraged as he; when around it what a swirl, as half a bronze-black head shows for an instant above

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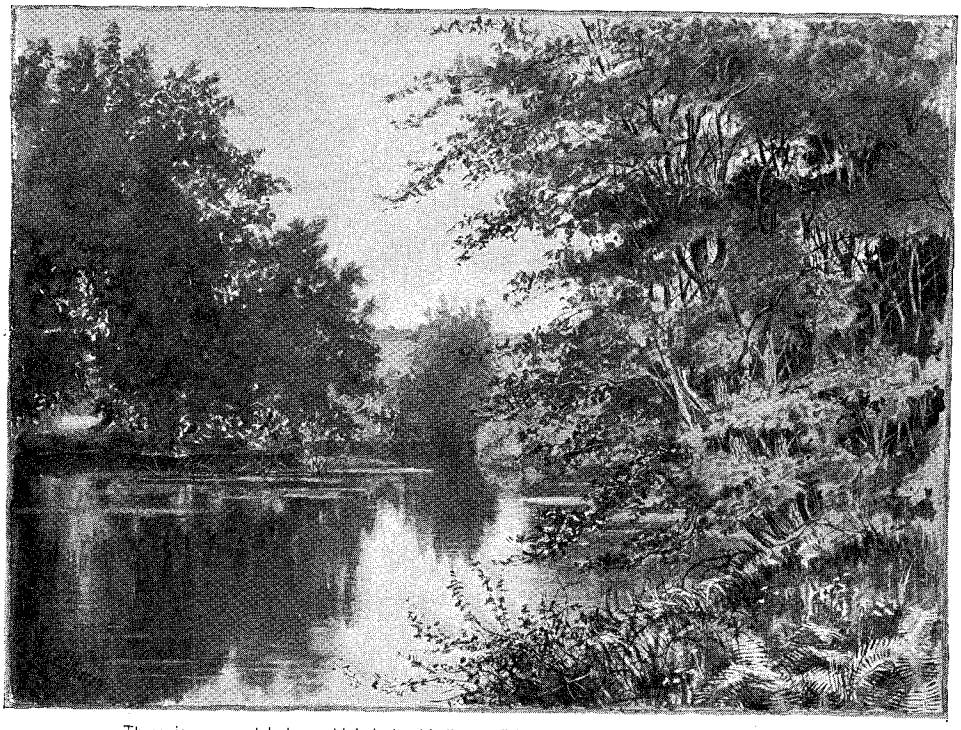

There is one pool below which I should like to fish myself, for old sake's sake.—Page 758.

the surface! What wonder that many a novice is paralyzed by stage fright. It is well if his gaffer sets up his rod in time and brings him to his senses. He will need them all.

The struggle need not be told; the runs, the retrieval of the line, the leaps and sulks, and all the devices of the excited fish; nor yet the counter-manœuvres of the angler and his surprising rushes with rod high in air over places through which a little before he painfully clambered with the gaffer's aid. It is an experience the angler never forgets, but to another it has little meaning.

The Trout of Europe, the trout of Walton, does not exist in our country, save in a few places, mostly preserves, where it has recently been introduced. But when our English forefathers came to New England they found a fish which so resembled it, although more beautiful, that they called it the Brook-trout; and brook-trout it ever will remain, although the strictness of science says it is no trout, but a char. But, as Jordan remarked, "Nothing higher can be said of a salmonoid than that it is a char!" The determining distinction lies in the formation of one of the bones of the head, and would escape anyone but an anatomist. There are in our country, however, real trout. Such is the Rocky Mountain, or Red-throated Trout (*Salmo mykiss*), a good fish and much more worthy of introduction into new waters than the Rainbow Trout (*S. irideus*) which a few years back was quite extensively placed in Eastern streams and lakes. The latter is not the peer of our own fish.

What a lovely creature is this Brook-trout! Stouter than most chars, he is still lithe and very muscular. The water and the soil about him vary his color, but in the dullest mill-pond he is not ugly. In bright, cold water with clean bottom, how he gleams, be he the fingerling of a romantic stream in his first nuptial garment or the six-pounder of a Nipigon reach. From his olive back, vermiculated like the damascening of an old sword-blade, and his spotted side to his ruddy belly and fins, barred with black and gold, he is a

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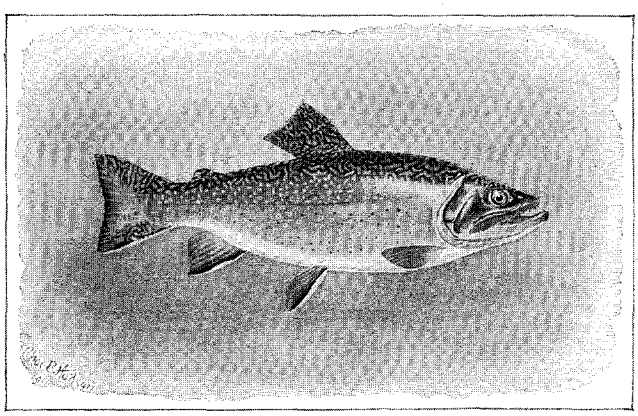
beauty. Beautiful, too, are all his haunts. In mountains and in lowlands, in rushing rivers and in quiet lakes, where the springs gush out beneath the roots of the evergreens, or where the salt-tide forces back the flowing streams, he is ever the same lover of clear, cold water. Not even hunger will take him where it is foul or warm. It has been my good fortune to know this lovely fish in many brooks and streams and in larger waters, from the Bay of Heats and the Saguenay to that great river whose rapids were Niagara's training-school, and everywhere he has led me to pictures of abiding beauty. But in memory none is lovelier than the streams where I first fished and which I still visit. Come to one of them.

In the springy meadows of the uplands, between the sparsely wooded hills, are its well-heads, where the darting fry heed not the drinking cattle. Their joining runnels make a brooklet, and when its sister joins it from the northward already there is water worthy of fishing. Better leave it. Here are small fish trying their strength. If you startle a good one she is here on an errand which shall increase your sport by and by. We will leave the road where it crosses the brook the second time and enter a wonderful shade of oak and beech and maple. This



Brook-trout.

brook would give Meander a sense of rectitude. Amid bowlders, beech-roots and boles, mossy and dappled, making little promontories covered with bracken, maidenhair and shade-loving plants, it winds about with a tiny pool and rapid at every rod. There is no room for a cast here, but there is fascinating fishing if you dape your fly or let a worm whirl in the eddies. Ah, that one is not full eight inches; put him back and come down to an exquisite, deep pool which has eaten itself out of the high bank from which the maple hangs. Go to the bottom of the pool on the farther side where the bank is low, and you will have a short cast up stream over a good fish. A little below is a pond full of fish, but not large ones. Pass it: the stream below is better. Its right bank is wooded, but on the other you may come to it across the meadow and screen yourself behind tall grasses, clethras, azaleas, and other brook-side things. One fish picked up here gives more pleasure than a dozen from the dampy pond. There is one pool below (still with its steep side and its meadow side, for the stream has clung to the curve of the low hill) which I should like to fish myself, for old sake's sake. In the pond below you will find abundant good fish. Take what you will, and then I'll show you the way home.

One dislikes to pass the grayling, "the lady of the streams," but in our country its habitat is relatively so restricted that it must remain, even to most anglers, a book or aquarium acquaintance. Its repute as a game fish varies greatly. But it should be borne in mind that those who know it best hold it highest, and it seems altogether probable that the slight esteem of others is due to their having fished for the grayling in summer. It is in full season only in autumn, after the holiday time for most busy men is over. Whatever may be thought of its fighting qualities, there is no dispute about its beauty. Its dark back is olive-brown or purple-black, its sides are purple

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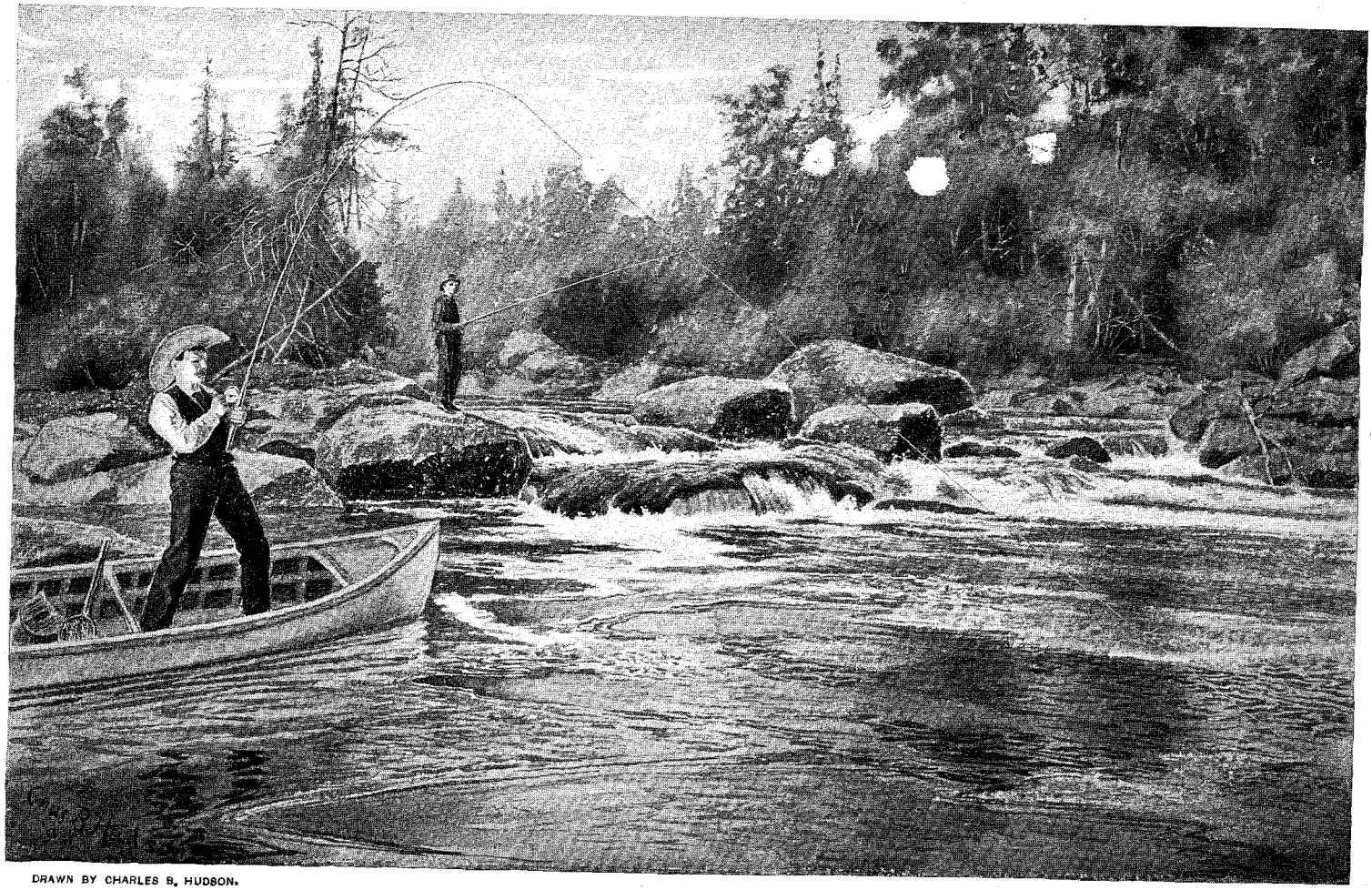

DRAWN BY CHARLES B. HUDSON.

Trout Fishing—a Strike.

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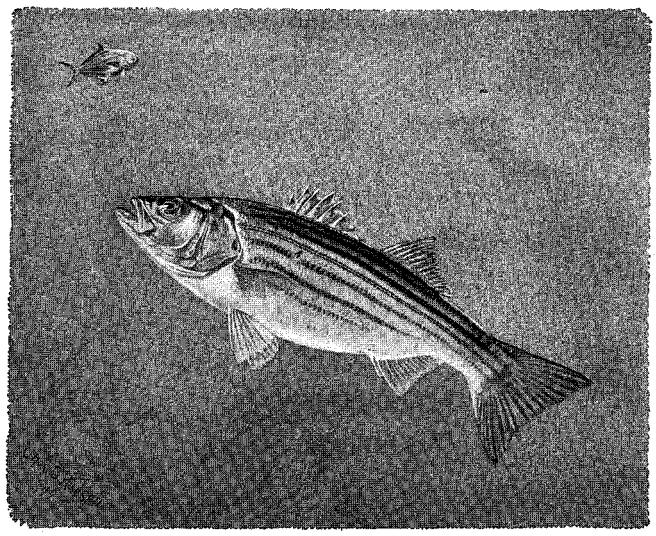
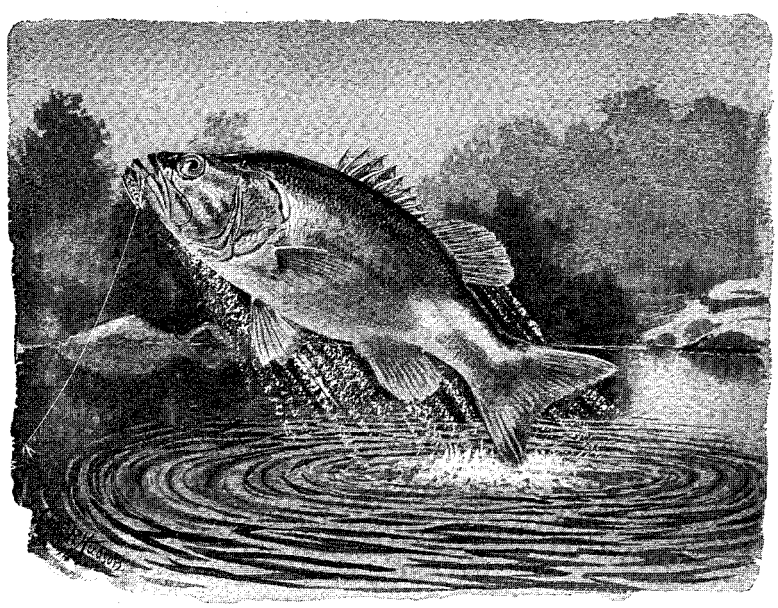


A Striped Bass.
(The small fish to the left, a pompano.)

and silver glinting like nacre as it turns in the light, which makes its spots now black, now purple.

These are the noblesse of game fishes, and they are game for the few as well. They multiply and grow, in fresh water at least, so slowly that unprotected they soon disappear from thickly settled regions. To seek them in their remote and sequestered homes demands an expenditure of time and money proper only to the relatively few. The personal preservation of fishing waters jars a little our democratic notions, but without such care the game cannot exist. It is no question of sport for the many or for the few, but of sport for the few or for none. Fish preserves do not (as has been charged against great game preserves) hinder any man's successful bread-winning. They simply demand that the flow of water be free and unpolluted, and that the owner have the same right to the fish he raises that his neighbor has to his poultry.

With the disappearance of the trout, and perhaps because of it, the black-bass (or rather the black-basses, for there are two of them) has become the most generally popular of our fresh-water game fish. For ourselves we cannot put it be-



Large-mouthed, or Oswego, Black-Bass.

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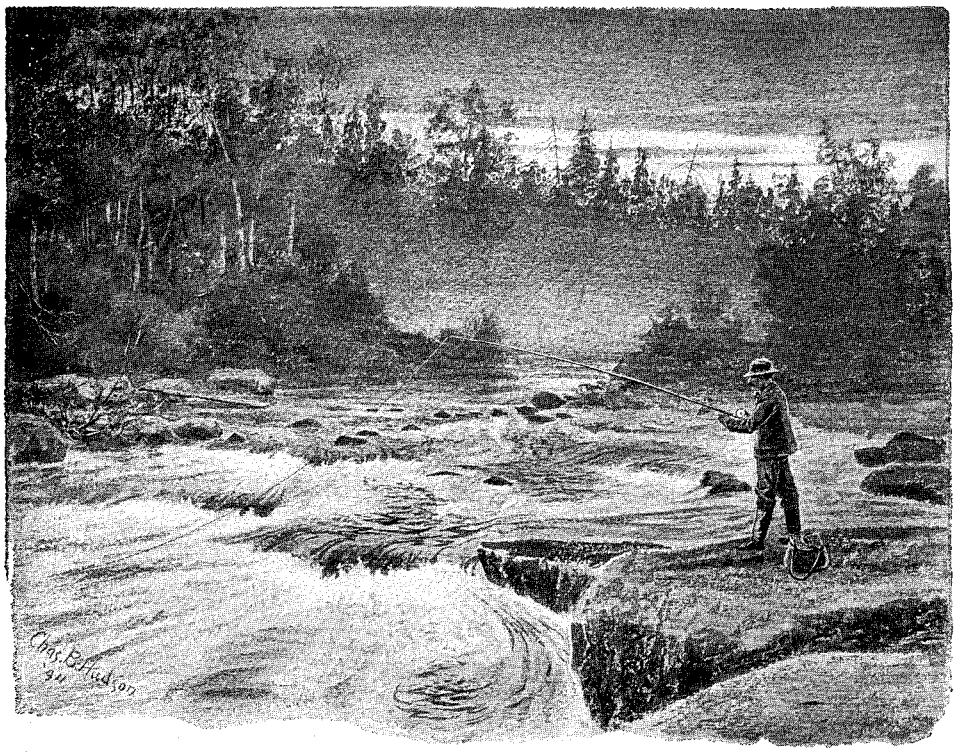
side the game salmonoids; but these being *hors concours*, it (meaning the small-mouth species) is all in all better than any fish of its weight found in fresh water. Its habitat is naturally wide, extending — both species included — through the basin of the Great Lakes and the upper part of the St. Lawrence, the



Black-bass Fishing—a Cast at Dawn.

Mississippi Basin and the South Atlantic States, including the Florida peninsula. East of the Appalachian chain, down to and including the Potomac, they seem to have come only by man's help. The earlier anglers of the Eastern States did not know the fish, but throughout that immense region which goes by Central time, it has been a favorite since its settlement, and has become such where introduced. It has been sometimes put into waters from which it would more wisely have been excluded, but, on the other hand, it has made good fishing-grounds of many a sheet of water which before scarcely yielded a day's sport. While it does best with good spring water, if there be but food enough it will thrive and grow rapidly under conditions which would be fatal to such a fish as a trout. Hence bass of a pound weight are probably as easily found as is a trout of one-fourth of that. Many things contribute to the survival and growth of the bass. In the first place, the parent is not, like many anadromous or late-spawning fish, driven away by winter from its ova before they are hatched. The nest is fiercely guarded as long as the young stay in it. Then, as cold weather approaches, it hibernates in the mud or some safe place where the winter poacher cannot find it. When active it has a voracity equal to a pike's and is even better able to gratify it. Naturally, then, where it is found at all it is usually reasonably abundant and of good size. Remarkable strength is evident from its heavy build, but the secret of its agility must be hidden within its brain. In mild climates it spawns rather early in the season, and is looking for food at the time when

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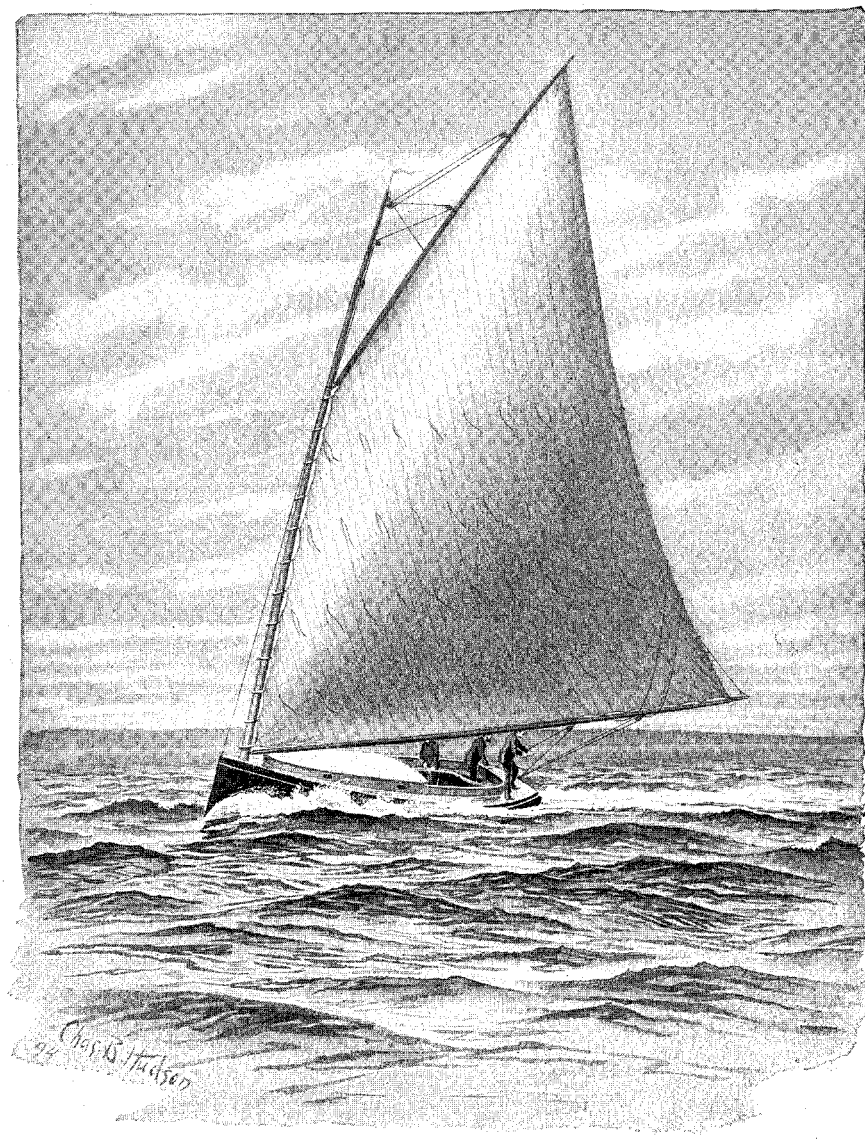

Trolling for Bluefish.

the "average citizen" is taking his holiday. These qualities are enough to secure popularity.

The two species of black-bass have had many scientific names, and a good score at least of popular ones, the most generally used being "small-mouthed bass" for *Micropterus dolomei*, and "large-mouthed bass," or "Oswego bass," for *M. salmoides*. The former is generally considered by anglers to be much the better fighter. Dr. Henshall, who speaks with authority founded on special study and large experience, claims that, weight, water, and surroundings being the same, the fish are equal in strength and method of resistance. We may leave this point open and say simply that the black-bass is a very game fish indeed. He fights very hard and fights long. He tries various tactics, leaping high and frequently shaking his head in the air, as if to dislodge the hook, suddenly

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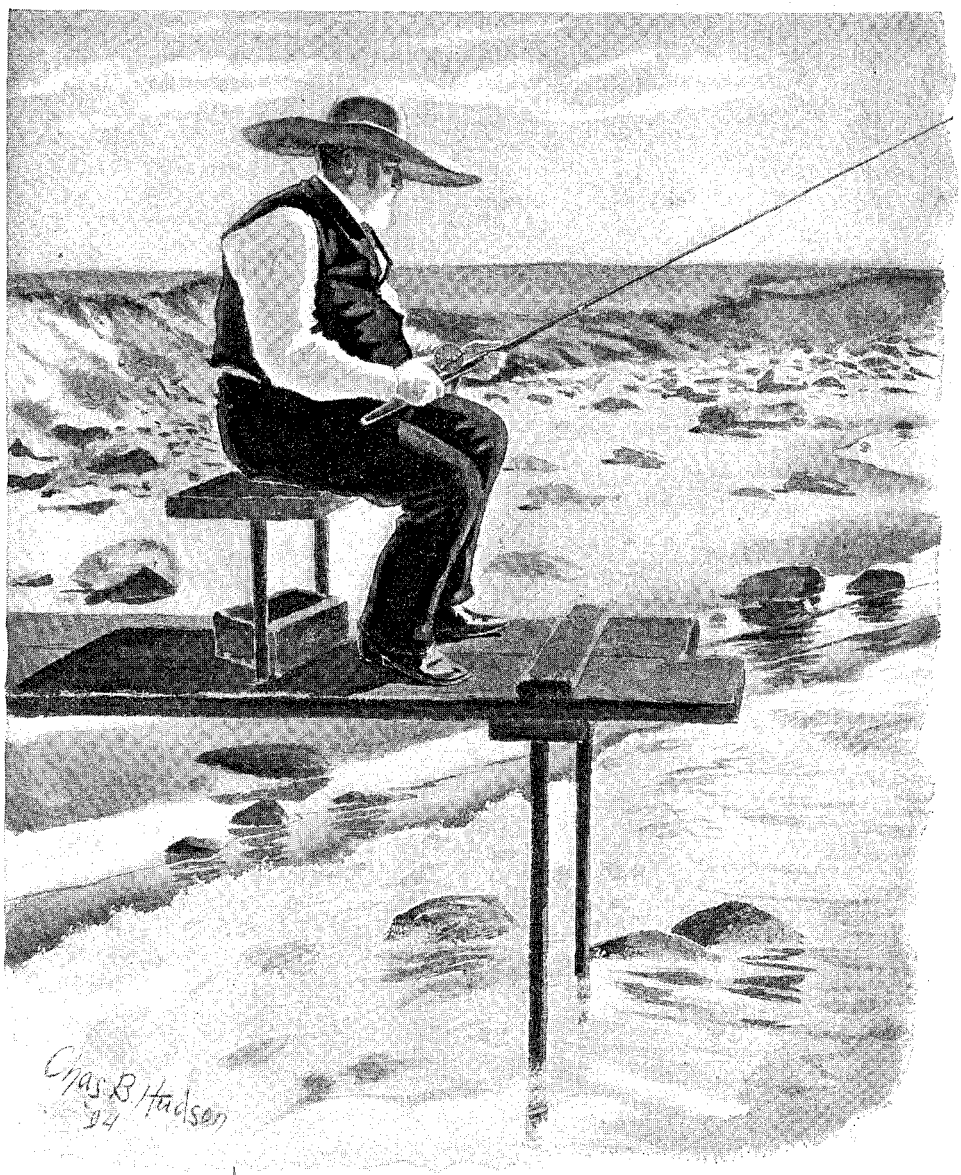

A Striped-Bass Fisherman's Stand.

boring down, darting from side to side, "jigging" and taking advantage of any rock or sunken log about which he may tangle and break the line. His vitality is such that he survives capture a long time, and even the merciful blow upon the base of the skull sometimes is not sufficient to make him "stay killed."

The bass is taken in all sorts of ways, and with a great variety of lures. Still-fishing, trolling, minnow-casting and fly-casting are all employed. The still-fisher's outfit is generally the most ample, as the bass is noted among fish for the catholicity and variability of his taste: minnows, shrimps, crickets, grasshoppers, helgramites, dew-worms, and what not. Pretty certainly, if the angler has depended upon a professional fisherman for his bait, he will find himself overstocked with what the fish were

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DRAWN BY CHARLES B. HUDSON.

Gaffing a Striped Bass.

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taking day before yesterday and scantily supplied with what they wish to-day. Even with all the baits known to the fisherman he may fail to find the fish in his favorite places—a fact which has led some to suppose that they make circuits of the sheet of water they inhabit, staying but a short time in one place. It is possible to fish a well-stocked pond often without finding the fish at all. Minnow-casting and fly-fishing are, after all, much the more satisfactory methods of fishing. They have much the same kind of interest: by them both a great deal of water can be investigated without unreasonable delay or labor, and the situation of the fish ascertained if they be in the humor for either lure. Fly-fishing for bass has nothing peculiar in it, save that the flies used are usually large and showy, and the rod, line, and gut proportionably heavier than for trout-fishing. The fly is ordinarily used with success only in moderately shallow water, and perhaps the same might be said of minnow-casting; and in using them early in the season it is wise always to make sure that the places where rises are frequent are not the resting-place of some belated spawners. The fly will have done no real harm if you put the fish back, but the minnow-hook may have done irreparable damage. In case of doubt it is better to sheer off into deeper water and come again later in the season.

The pike family, which in Europe contains a single species (*Lucius lucius*), is represented in our own country by at least five, of which three are commonly considered game fish; namely, the common green pickerel of the Eastern and Middle States (*L. reticulatus*); the pike, the same as the European fish; and the maskinongy, meaning, in Algonquin, great pike (*L. masquinongy*), which is found chiefly in the basin of the Great Lakes, and is the finest fish of the group. The Maskinongy is often cautious and not easy to entice, and after hooking, its weight, strength, and alertness make it a worthy antagonist. In waters about the Thousand Islands it is considered a prize. The Pike, if large, often gives nearly as good sport, especially if for the sake of plunder it has left its favorite lakes or slack water, and dwells a while in a rapid current of cold water. But, on the whole, I have not found it a very interesting fish. It sometimes makes one or two good runs soon after hooking and, failing to break away, then comes home. Its admirers speak of it as game to the last, but I have not seen this peculiarity. It surpasses all other fish in one thing: the number of incredible tales of which it is the subject. At the beginning of the Christian era, the manufacture of the legend of the mighty and voracious pike was well established. The industry is still continued, thrives without protection and no trust as yet restricts its output.

Nor is the common Pickerel a fish to excite much enthusiasm. Yet in ponds and streams not stocked with better fish it is an object of consideration. In cold, clear streams, and in lakes after the autumn chill has settled upon them it loses its muddy flavor and becomes an acceptable table-fish. Even when the lakes are frozen it gives sport to those who like to use the spear or to skate from one "tip-up" to another. But when the trout is out of season and the bass is in the mud the pickerel still gives a few days of real angling before the rods are put away for the winter. Best of all, to our taste, is it to seek him in the lake shallows or in the still reaches of the streams, when the autumn haze tempers the glory of the leaves, when the white frost makes the bents crisp under foot and our pockets shall be heavy with hickory-nuts, even if our creels be light. There is another fish, sometimes called pike or pickerel (and salmon, too, for that matter), which is no pike. It is the Wall-eye, or Pike Perch. It is interesting ichthyologically; it is an excellent table-fish when fresh and, if caught in quick water (I have known it only in the Nipigon and the Grande Décharge), a good fighter.

The delights of angling are by no means, in our country, bound up with the capture of a few kinds of fish. It is one of the evidences of the enormous resources of our anglers that so many kinds, the taking of which would in England (the country *par excellence* of angling literature), be considered well

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worth describing, are here airily waved aside as "boys' fish." If such they be, there is a good deal of boy left in some veteran anglers. The chubs and their kindred, the race of sun-fishes and all the lesser basses, and even the yellow perch (good risers at the fly all, in their season), have been thus slightingly characterized.

Now, take this perch, for instance. He is dear to the boy's heart because of his gregariousness and his courage. If he be found at all, he is usually found abundantly and, unless age or hard experience have cooled his ardor, he is not alarmed at the disappearance of his comrades, but follows the caught one to the last, and is ready to try his luck on the next bait. But large perch are not so easily taken. It requires fine tackle to deceive them and sound tackle to hold them and fish of three-quarters of a pound or more, or even of half a pound, give excellent sport, and there are few better table-fish taken from fresh water. Not the least of its excellences, to the angler's mind, is the fact that it can be caught late in the season, generally as late as it is comfortable to sit in a punt.

Sea-fishing attracts or repels according as the charms or discomforts of the sea the more impress the fisherman. The drawbacks of deep-water angling have been mentioned, but there is ample field for angling in salt water without these. Shore-fishing is often exceedingly satisfactory if one but have the skill to make a fairly long cast; while estuary and harbor-fishing have much the same charms as lake-fishing, with the great abundance of game which the sea affords. Around New York the opportunities that salt water affords for skilful and delicate angling are widely appreciated, and the advantages gained both as to sport and to success by the use of fine tackle are more and more recognized. Among the delights of salt-water angling is the variety of fish that may be taken even in a single day's sport. It is impossible to even enumerate those ordinarily sought for. Those denizens of the two oceans and the Gulf familiar to the readers of angling journals must number a hundred or more species. Quite a large number of them, not generally recognized as anadromous, push their way, in search of food or for other reasons, into brackish or even into fresh water, affording the angler some of his choicest opportunities. At a single point, about forty miles up the Hudson, the writer has taken the striped bass, the bluefish, the weakfish, the hickory shad, and the Lafayette, all sea-fish, amid scenery as beautiful as that of a Highland loch. Even the enormous tarpon, which may outweigh his captor, is sought for in shallow harbors or estuaries.

The capture of the Striped Bass, however, is most satisfactory, as the "setting" seems most appropriate, in the breakers or in the rocky tide-ways of the coast. Whether or not the tarpon shall yet oust him from his place, the bass has hitherto been *facile princeps* among the game fish of salt water. The admirers of "the salmon of the surf" have even challenged the supremacy of the river king. Beautiful, strong, active and cunning, his taking is a triumph to the angler and a gratification to the gourmand. There are few more beautiful fish than a bass. His colors are more brilliant before he reaches the grandest size, and fish of medium weight — ten to thirty pounds — are generally thought to be the most active. But the same is true of most fish. There is one particular about the fight of the bass which is never forgotten, the straight-away rush after it feels the hook. As he sees score after score of yards of line disappear from the reel in spite of all the pressure of thumb that the rod will bear, the anxiety of the angler is intense. Sometimes the fish is turned (or rather he changes his mind) only when the despairing fisherman thinks he can count the remaining turns on the 200-yard spool — and sometimes he does not change his mind at all. It is rather remarkable that right within the limits of New York City has been the school, if one may so say, of bass-angling. Hell Gate, with its ledges and eddies, was an ideal place for the fish and the founders of the great bass-clubs were largely trained there. Of late years the constant passing of steam and sailing craft, the pollution of the waters by the sewage of a metropolis, not to mention the senseless

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and lawless taking of tiny fish, have impaired the fishing, so that fish of above five pounds are rarities; yet in one week during the last summer, after a hard blow, the East River trollers took a number of larger fish. The surf fisherman fishes from the shore, making long casts—fifty yards or more—from the reel or throwing the hand-line with the skill born of practice. The platform "stand," so much in vogue at fishing clubs, we cannot help thinking a mistake. To give so wary a fish the opportunity to silhouette the fisherman against the sky cannot be conducive to success. A shorter cast from a less conspicuous position, we believe, would take more fish. In shallow water, rivers, estuaries, and the like, the bass will take the fly, and the method is well worth the trial.

There is an humble kinsman of the bass which has been one of our life-long friends, a game fish of far more merit than many a higher praised one, the White Perch (*Morone americana*). When young he is the victim of his appetite and falls the prey of any fisherman with any tackle, but as he becomes of ripe age he is shy enough. Large ones often are taken by the ambushed angler on the lightest of fly-tackle, when the bait-fisher had abandoned the water as hopeless. Here is the memorandum of an afternoon's fishing in early June of last year:

Let us row up the creek as far as we can. The ebb is well spent and it is hard to keep the skiff afloat, so we land and haul her up, taking the shrimp seine. A few sweeps in a favorable place give us bait enough. Upon the finest of drawn-gut leaders we put a couple of dark midge-flies, and as a stretcher a small hook of fine wire (No. 6 Aberdeen is about right). Bait this with the smallest of shrimps, for the herrings are still running and are likely to be along with the perch; your fresh run herring is dainty; no coarse tackle nor large baits for him. A strong southwest wind has blown off the hot mists of the morning, the sky is clear with snowy cumuli and the sun bright, but we need not after all throw off our coats. The broad meadow is encircled with rich-colored oaks of small size, and on one side the pasture-land slopes up above them. Through the green the creek wanders as if determined to stay within it as long as possible. Here and there a straight branch shows that at some time man has tried his hand at topography and sends us a long way around.

Not too near the bank now. Or, if you cannot cast up against the wind so far, crawl up and cast kneeling. Not here to-day! These little migrations are among the charms of this fishing. Many usual haunts may be tried fruitlessly before the fish are found, but if found they are likely to be in force; they are social creatures. Ah, we have found them. There is a good perch at the shrimp. How he makes the dropper dance! And now a herring has that and is out of water in an instant, showing his broad silvery side, and then, making this same breadth serve him, he sways and surges at the leader like a boy's kite in a flawy sou'wester. For a few minutes they take freely, and then are gone and we go too, meeting them or others again and again at the bends and the reaches. Now the creel is full enough, and the westering sun suggests that we are waited for at home. We cut across a large bow of the creek, looking to find something more dainty to offer than the contents of the creel. Here it is, the sweet-scented arethusa. How abundant it is! Around this rosy centre we put a few blooms of the great blue iris and buttercups. That will suffice. Well! This is an odd place for the checkerberry, but here it is, out in the meadows by the salty creek; red berries and ruddy young leaves ("drunkards" the children call them), hot to look at, hotter yet to taste.

So along to the place where we hid the net beside the dike, and then to the skiff. She floats free with the risen tide. When we shoot the bridge, down flat and save your head! That's safely done. Here's the eddy where we used to take the scuppaug with trout tackle. Do you remember that twilight? They will be there again at the end of the summer, as game and as toothsome as ever. What a pity to inflict the indignity of a hand-line on the brave little fighters! Now for home and supper.

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A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER VII.

"RIEN NE VA PLUS."

THE day was lovely and noticeably mild, for even when it is very late spring, in this slow-moving climate, the chill is not wholly gone out of the air. Leonard looked with an amiable eye at the animated market-scene at the foot of the gray rock of Monaco, and at the jaunty yachts at anchor in the little bay, and sniffed agreeably the pleasant salt-water smell that came to his nostrils while he mounted the long incline from the Condamine. But when he came to the Casino, though the sun was full upon it, it had for him a cold look. This florid edifice, that surpassed all of its class since farmer-general Benazet, under royal protection, ran the play-houses of France, began to have something very hollow and factitious in its gayety.

For himself, Leonard's situation was now such that he felt that he had almost less to fear from going forward than going back. He was like the soldiers taken between two fires, or rather those who dread the severity of their own officers more than the enemy. He was in a condition to say,

"If I desire to live, I must conquer."

The very first person he met in the rooms was good old Major Longwood, the retired English army officer. This acquaintance looked flushed, disturbed, not at all his usual self, and Leonard, recalling the story about him, was greatly surprised to see him there.

"It's refreshing to see that you can concede a little to human frailty, Major," said he. "I thought you never came here."

"Oh, yes, I come occasionally. I—I used to come here at one time, more or less, more or less, you know," he returned, nonchalantly.

"So it is not true that he was paid his ten francs a day by the Administration to keep away?" thought Leonard, as he moved on. And presently he was far too much engrossed with his own affairs to think anything about it.

As if going into battle or on a dangerous journey, he had certain preliminary arrangements to make. He mounted to the comfortable reading-room, above stairs, where all the newspapers and fine stationary were at everybody's disposal. He sat down to write, but gave up that idea. He merely took five hundred francs from the bulk of his money, enclosed it in an envelope and put it securely in an inner pocket.

"A prudent person," he said—he still considered himself a prudent person—"must foresee the worst. If things really go against me, this will serve us awhile as running expenses. Otherwise we shan't have a cent to bless ourselves with."

The sum thus kept back was to be considered as if it did not exist; he was to stop at that point. "He really ought to have left it behind, on deposit, or with Miriam," he said, but he argued that he had not had time, and also that the latter course would have aroused suspicion. He struggled with himself, too, to make the sum a thousand or two thousand francs, instead, but he could not 'spare' so much. To "foresee the worst," with a comfortable budget of bank-bills, to the amount of a great many thousand francs, in one's pocket, is not easy. The truth is, he refused to foresee anything unpleasant whatever.

He entered the gaming-rooms, and went first to a *trente-et-quarante* table. It was in his plan of campaign to risk a certain amount there. The chances of winning at that game were said to be better, and he felt that he had never given it a fair trial. He had some vary-

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ing successes, and then the allotted sum melted away. He took it with considerable calmness; the real test had not yet come.

All preliminaries being now duly accomplished, the moment had come for really serious play, the play that was to reinstate and save him. His Waterloo was to begin—except that he did not in the least admit the notion of a Waterloo of the disastrous sort.

"The request I make of destiny is reasonable and modest," he said. "I merely ask for what belongs to me, what I have lost of my own. I demand no profits, no brilliant fortune. This being granted me, and having had my lesson, I forswear any and all conceivable games of hazard forevermore."

Surely a reasonable request, to which hardened Dame Fortune might have done herself much credit in listening. The famous "red" table at which he had made his great gain was one of those suppressed for the summer season. He had thought of choosing it, and looked upon it as a suspicion of bad luck that it was missing. Still it had played him false so much, given him such staggering reverses afterward, that it really made no difference; so he chose another.

People made way for him, gave him a place now, almost as a matter of right; it was well known that he was not of those who indulge in mere affectations of play. He was a client after the Administration's own heart.

He played away methodically a thousand francs, making every piece go as far as possible. He had not stopped for breakfast, and about two o'clock it occurred to him to go out and get something to eat. Not that he was hungry, but one ought to fortify himself for the struggle.

When out on the esplanade he turned mechanically in the direction of the arcade with the fine cafés, but yielding to a more economical impulse, passed through the Hotel Metropole and out on the other side, where the palm-trees around its grass-plot had little electric lights flowering in them at night. Not an unnecessary centime must be spent now—it might make all the difference in his fate. He knew of a restaurant where the whole repast cost hardly more than the fee to the waiter below.

Up the hill, hidden amid the foliage, some new streets were squeezing a scant foothold out of the side of the mountain. Glaring new houses and hotels seized upon every inch of the rocky slope not absolutely precipitous, and hung over the deep gorge of Sainte Devote with a daring that made one fear to see them fall down upon the theatrical little chapel in its depths. Leonard turned eastward, instead of penetrating this quarter. He passed a church, with ambitious cupola, creating a bold religious aspect where it would least be expected, and kept along the straggling business Avenue Saint Charles, which, later, becomes the road to Mentone.

His restaurant was clean and good, if modest. He wondered if some of the others were players down on their luck like himself. Even the people of the Principality, who made their living out of them were wont to speak with contempt of the *joueurs*, the gamblers. There were two that were certainly not players. One was like an English clergyman, and his companion might have been a divinity student. The elder man had very stiff sandy hair, projecting upper teeth, and a semi-invalid look. Their boots were white with the dust of a long pedestrian tramp. They began to lament the crying evil of Monte Carlo in a rhythmical, "dearly-beloved-brethren" tone. They spoke openly, as if, since it was English, nobody could possibly understand them.

"I'm told one of the Yorkshire Longwoods was very keen after it at one time," said the younger man—"Major Longwood, quite ruined himself, you know, had to get out of the army—and all that sort of thing."

"A sad case—a sad case. I knew some of the women of his family—and dear, good women they were."

"I'm told he's come into quite a fortune again, has the Major."

"I heard it too, a few days back. Let us hope he'll make a different use of it to what he did the last time."

Leonard could hardly fail to be struck by this. Exciting things, then, were in store for the genial old Major once

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more, and his unwonted presence here to-day was well accounted for.

The clergyman's diatribe even charged vulgar cheating upon the Casino. "It's alike the world over," said he; "don't tell me the contrary. They lead the victim on, allow him to gain a trifle, and then fleece him at their convenience."

"It's shocking, shocking. And can nothing be done to put a stop to the place altogether?"

"The worst of it is that even warnings often act only as an enticement. Some of the most incurable cases are those of people who have come over to see what the dreadful place they had heard so much of is like. The enlightened sentiment of Europe will yet reach this far and sweep it away. In the meantime it seems as if the only remedy—a poor weak one, it is true—were not to go there one's self, and to say nothing about it, good, bad, or indifferent."

They made Leonard Bond suffer a moment of keen anguish. He might not even have had a fair chance against hazard; like the most besotted of simpletons he was perhaps merely the victim of cheap trickery.

But he shook off the feeling, saying, "I must not listen to such things, I shall be 'rattled.' I have need of all my calmness, all my powers, this day beyond every other."

He began anew. He played mainly upon the dozens and the columns, keeping a piece or two at the same time upon numbers selected at random. He chose the number of the cab that brought him over from Nice; the date of his birth; the day of the month; the number of the battalion in garrison at Villefranche, the 24th Chasseurs; the former lucky 19; half of the number of the Kharkoff's house on the Promenade, since the whole number went above the limit; the number of Madame Radamoff's rings; and so on and so forth. It was curious to see, since *some* choice must be made, the far-fetched expedients that determined it.

Leonard played simple chances and complex chances, now fostered a certain number, now followed the progression of *paroli* or the *coup de deux*, and tried, by doubling and tripling, to combine in a final gain the sum of many losses. As if the nickel roulette-wheel, in the midst of the grass-green cloth, were some magic spring, he plunged into the circle of its fascination with tireless persistence, to seize the treasure hid in its depths.

He heard a party that included Louise Bradbury, laughing behind him.

Then a stir of more vivid and tragic interest, at least to those who were in the secret. Mrs. Lanfoot ran up to the group behind Leonard, and cried, in a breathless way:

"Major Longwood is here! Major Longwood is here!"

"Yes, I've seen him," rejoined Louise Bradbury. "What did you mean by that absurd story that he never came here?"

"But he's playing! he's playing! Come and see! come quick! He's been to the Administration, and given up the ten francs a day they allowed him. He came into another fortune yesterday, and now he's here again gambling it away for dear life."

It was true. The story went from one to another, and people crowded in large numbers to see him. The poor old Major—all his long years of scarcity and humiliation forgot, all the simple and genial tastes acquired to fill those years forgotten—was at the *trente-et-quarante* table, playing the very highest stakes, tossing the second fortune, in great handfuls, into the same abyss that had swallowed the first.

The voices diminished, then ceased. Leonard heard, without turning his head. The piece of news gave him a certain thrill, but the problems before him were far too absorbing to let attention relax. It was a mad day, then; the Maelstrom was turning its wildest whirl. It was appropriate that all the world, even that part of it which had been the most restrained, should throw off its caution and plunge into it with him.

The winning of a *maximum*, however, the highest stake, after a while, gave him a brief gleam of cheerfulness. Much encouraged, he was about to play two such stakes at once; but the croupier took it into his head to stop it. By the letter of the rules, indeed, such play was forbidden, but the rule was not en-

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forced. There was Lord Buntrock, for example, who had lately put down *maximums* on every one of the coincident chances, nine of them in all. As luck would have it, he saw that the stake they had refused would have won, had they left it down. He was very angry, "rattled" he would have called it. It was a bad sign, perhaps a sign of the breaking up and of the beginning of the end; for the successful gambler should remain imperturbably cool. He got up to change his table, and met Louise Bradbury coming back from the Major Longwood episode.

"One could calculate just about how long his inheritance will last him," she said.

They had met comparatively little for some time. She had been away to Florence, and but lately returned. She was more prudent, too, of late, and more serious than she had been. Luck at play had gone against her. The legend of the handsome young American girl who had won all her fans, gloves, bonbons and carriages, not to say the hotel-bills of the family, no longer held good. Her mother had reproved her. The young woman awoke to the fact that when she had been playing her part as a spoiled child of fortune, she had allowed herself to set some of the proprieties at much too audacious a defiance. The admiring French captain, who had seemed so entire a captive of her bow and spear, had gone to other fields and had incautiously left behind him some ungallant remarks upon her freedom of manner, which were going about the clubs and elsewhere with very derogatory effect. She was rather chastened by this, for the moment, and inclined to square her deportment much nearer to usual and even stiffly conventional lines. This, however, with people in general, not with Leonard.

"We are all going back by the six-o'clock train. Won't you come with us?" she said, ingratiatingly.

The question was both offensive and alarming to him, and he refused in that curt way which she let him use with her, but which he would never have used even with her, had not his mind been so wrought upon and distracted. He was surprised to note with what difficulty his voice came from his dry throat.

At a new table Leonard first tried playing "in his head," a bit. He chose his numbers, and watched to see how he would have succeeded had he actually put stakes upon them. He succeeded well this way; but, with a new beginning came new failure. He suddenly remarked that the croupier was Krieg, reputed to give so many *voisins*, the neighboring numbers.

"Why did I not remark that before?" he asked; and, fingering his coins with a fevered touch that left them hot as from a new mint, he began to play *voisins*.

As he half stood, to place the pieces about the board himself, as he was fond of doing, for to let the croupier place them with his rake seemed but to invite that rake the more surely to sweep them away—he felt his muscles stiffened as with rheumatism. He seemed to have suddenly grown old.

His old favorite, the 19, turned up. Good! He placed *voisins* about that number—three to the right, and three to the left of it. If he won on any of those seven numbers, he would be out by his pieces on the other six, but he could well afford this deduction from a gain of thirty-five. The manœuvre being successful, he meant to repeat and continue.

But none of them won. Click! clatter! went the wooden rake, sweeping away his gold pieces into the omnivorous treasury.

The goaded bull of the arena, too oft repulsed in his fierce onset upon his persecutors, stands vacillating, at last, and loses spirit for the combat. So, too, Leonard, sick with disappointment, began to draw near the stage of the staggering step, the glazing eye, the total collapse of brave endurance. His head was befogged; he said to himself that he had probably not come into the contest in good physical condition; he should have waited for a better moment.

He now took account of stock, passed all his remaining funds in review and made ready for a final effort. The bills being changed into coin, he found piled up beside him something like eleven

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hundred francs. That is to say, the total of his worldly possessions was perceptibly less than the sum he had lately spent for an extravagant dinner. His theory of high play, partially abandoned perforce, came back to favor again.

"Play high and leave it to luck; that is the only way to fortune," had been his argument. "As the lucky stroke comes but rarely, with small play you can never arrive at anything."

He divided his money into seven maxima, of nine gold pieces each, and put them upon the fortunate 19 and its six neighbors. He would fall decorously, if fall he must; he did it quietly like a pattern gambler this time, leaving the authorized assistants to place the stakes.

The large metal disk, that ran like a spring of shining water in the green cloth, spun rapidly round to the right; the ivory marble spun rapidly round to the left, and went dancing, clicking, clattering amid the compartments as if playing a merry game of leap-frog.

"*Rien ne va plus,*" sang croupier Krieg, one of venerated founder Blanc's original Swiss or Germans, brought down with him from Homburg.

The marble danced no more, but pursued its gradually diminishing rounds. It seemed to go on forever; would it never stop? But it did stop. Leonard saw it with an eye that half-looked and was half-averted in dread. It stopped in—*un numéro quelconque,* a wholly indifferent number, the designation of which it is not here of least importance to set down. It was none of Leonard's.

He gazed before him vacantly. Some spectators looked at him with a half-amused smile, not knowing, nor caring, how serious it was. What did this mean? It meant that he was to get up and go away, that he had no business there, that others, *real* players, were waiting for his place; there was no room at the board for mere loungers and lookers-on.

But not yet. He bethought him of the five hundred francs he had put away in the envelope in his inner pocket. He brought it forth feverishly to the light. He had meant to stop absolutely at this point, and consider it as if it did not exist.

"But what an absurd, indefensible resolution," he argued. "Here is another plain duty to be performed. Shall I leave Miriam and the boy penniless while a single chance remains? It would be actually criminal not to use this sum to bring back all the rest. It is ample. Fate has only let me go down to the last sou to make her restitution the more startling and complete."

Again he ranged all his cash, and the bystanders, thinking him a person of infinite resource, turned away their attention to others. It really made no difference upon what number he placed it: it was now the time for propitious fate to do her part; so he hazarded upon the once lucky 19. The wheel went round, the croupier announced another number that had won, and unconcernedly drew in the losses, Leonard's all with the rest.

The rake that took away his money seemed to rake his vitals, rake the very living tissue of his heart.

Up to this final moment he had believed in his recovery, believed with unshakable confidence. Gone, gone to the last dollar, to the exhaustion of the last possible resource; gone, gone, and all absolutely beyond repair. Those men sitting there so coolly and flippantly would not give it back to him, his precious gold—no, not if he should weep tears of blood, not if he should exhibit unheard-of agonies of despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND AS TO YOU, DEATH, IT IS IDLE TO TRY TO ALARM ME."

LEONARD BOND felt at first as if he should die on the spot. He held to the edge of the table dizzily even, though seated. Now it was settled; he must in very truth go away: he was cumbering useful space. But before he did that he thought of doing two different things. First, a wild notion came into his head to reach over and seize some handfuls of gold from the dealer's stores and continue the play. Second-

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ly, he fancied himself speaking to them, to all their infamous faces, much as follows:

"But this is a mere absurdity, do you understand? No consideration is named for these great sums you take. Persons are not stripped of their fortunes in this trifling way. The very subsistence of beloved wife and child —wife and child, do you hear—is not to be diverted from them by the spinning of a gimcrack toy. This is not serious; this is not the business of men; it is the play of babbling infancy. Away with it! let us hear no more of it."

He was almost surprised himself that no such words issued from his dry lips. On the contrary, he sat in impassive silence. It could not have been long that he sat there inert, but it seemed very long. Another address—to himself—was creeping meanwhile through his brain.

"Am *I* to go away empty-handed? Am I, forsooth, looked upon as an intruder here? Have I no right at this board, no share in its interest, any more, after all these months? Do they mean to tell me that? *Allons donc! voilà des blagues!*"

It seemed to him that he was on the very point of uttering a formless cry of protest, a mad incoherent cry, devoid of reason or of hope of benefit. But the imperious pressure of the atmosphere of "good form" was upon him in turn. He merely rose, with a prodigious affectation of indifference, to save appearances, and moved back from the table. He remained there a little while, till he thought the bystanders must be thrown off the scent by his nonchalance, and then almost staggered away, like one aged before his time.

"What shall I do next?" he asked himself. "Surely *something* is to be done next." The answer was vaguely forming itself, full of dreadful possibilities. "Shall I go and ask for their pitiful *viaticum*—the sum that takes you a little way out of the territory—to go, then, where? They shame you by leading you about the rooms from croupier to croupier to see if these know you and recollect your losing any money. They throw doubts upon your ever having had any. They tell you contemptuously they cannot afford to reimburse railroad fares to every loser of a wretched five- or ten-franc piece. Ah, no, none of the Administration's *viaticum* for me."

The answer to his self-interrogating question took shape. It was very clear. There was but one thing to do—to die. It was not a matter of argument but of recognition. The world would be well rid of so weak and worthless a character. He must die, because he could not go back again to that world he had just left behind him, because he could not go and face Miriam. Who could tell her that henceforth she had not merely no new house, but no income, no reserves, no means of existence? Not he.

Louise Bradbury met him, drifting aimlessly along, and was alarmed at the look, the lost expression of his face. She had watched his play only in part, and did not know how serious it was; she thought he was merely changing tables. It was not at all logical in one holding toward him the baneful views we have known her to declare, but she said, laying her hand on his sleeve almost as gently as Miriam might,

"You look as if you would not mind taking your share of the common air and daylight. If I were you I would not play any more to-day. You ought to stop."

"You have changed your opinion of the amusement, it seems?"

"With my luck, perhaps. I must tell you about it. But believe me," she went on, either feeling or simulating repentance, "when I persuaded you to play, when I influenced you to come, I did not really think you would let it take hold of you so seriously. You do not look well. You ought to rest."

He made her an answer that caused her delicate hand to abandon his sleeve, and the fingers to close upon themselves as if repelled by a slow galvanic current. All her wounded susceptibility was evinced in the slight gesture. A feeling of surprise at the idea had struggled to the surface even from the depths of his tragic preoccupation.

The words were significantly cruel, comprehensive, final. He refused to admit her to a share even in his ruin.

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Well, it was but four o'clock in the afternoon, and he issued forth into the outer world with no other occupation than to arrange the manner of his death.

Four o'clock was early in the day to be turned out on such an errand. Ruthless destiny might at least have let him complete the full session, that he might bury his overthrow under the darkness of midnight. Self-sentenced to death, *how* was he to die? It suddenly came upon him, with a chill, that he had no weapon. His forethought, occupied with dreams of riches, had made no provision for this woful contingency. Perhaps he was going to be balked of his purpose of self-destruction by the bare lack of a weapon. With a certain poor attempt at business-like order in his ideas, he went over all the various alternatives.

He might dash his head against the wall in the Casino rooms. It seemed, on some accounts, as if it ought to be done there, before them all, as a protest against their infamous doings; he wondered that suicides did not oftener think of that. But it was not certain that that would prove effectual; and the dramatic effect would be best obtained by the short, sharp explosion of a revolver. Again, he might cast himself down from the cliffs at Monaco, but there was no telling that that would be certain either; he might only be wounded on the sharp rocks, and picked up, and nursed back to life again in a hospital. Then, there was the sea; he had thought of that sometimes at Nice, when it was placid and winsome, even when he was happy; as the dreamy, speculative idea comes to all of us in our time. But he was a strong swimmer, and perhaps he would be forced to turn back from any attempt to go down in its depths by pure physical repulsion and the failure of will. There remained some loose change in his pocket, and poison was not necessarily dear, but he knew that the garish pharmacy, up at the top of the slope, would sell him no poison without a doctor's prescription. It was a place where they were peculiarly on the alert for such cases as his.

There popped into his head the memory of a revolver he had seen lying carelessly in a drawer of the desk that belonged to Banfi, at the Café de Paris. He had seen it at the time that the usurer paid him the money for Jojo. Possibly he might secure it without too much difficulty. He betook himself hastily to the Café de Paris on this errand, but no overt attempt could be made upon the drawer without detection.

He called to mind at last an omnium-gatherum place, in the Condamine, a sort of respectable junk-shop, where he had sometimes unearthed rather good bits of bric-a-brac, and where he was consequently known in person to the owners. He remembered revolvers among the medley of objects encumbering the windows. Thither he went, and entered. He pretended to have forgotten his money for the nonce, induced the proprietor to take his sleeve-buttons —on a promise to redeem them on his very next visit from Nice—and received in exchange a revolver, which he said pleased his fancy, and some rounds of ammunition.

Once out of the shop again, the idea beset him that, instead of this, he should have tried to raise another five-franc piece or two, to go back and try his fortune anew at the tables. He might yet, as goes the true gamester's formula, have saved all.

"It's a devil's notion," he said, "which, if I had yielded to it, might have stripped me even of this my last resource and comfort."

But the idea, once having entered his head, would not easily leave it. He turned back to the shop again, after having already gone a considerable distance; there divested himself of his waistcoat and other articles of apparel not absolutely necessary to that decent appearance which was an essential condition of admission to the Casino, and upon these received another five-franc piece. He had now a five-franc piece in his pocket, in addition to the friendly bulk of the revolver.

When he returned into the Casino to play it, it was almost like a disembodied spirit returning to a world with which it has no longer any ties. All those interests, that fever, had for him passed away. He played his new stake indifferently; it was only a sort of duty to perform. He had no real hope in it and

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the upshot showed that none was warranted. It was swept away without causing a ripple in the current made up of such prodigal sums; he breathed hard and departed. He was expelled forever from the world of the fortunate, and even of the unfortunate. His warrant of expulsion was signed, sealed, and delivered — yes, stamped and double-stamped with all the rigors of a savage formality.

He had found the motive and the means to die; it remained to choose the time and place. But first a word to Miriam. He sat down by a wicker-table, in one of the wicker-chairs of the corridor of the Grand Hotel, and wrote her a letter.

He told her all he had done since the beginning of this infatuation, and the fatal result. He exposed to her their penniless situation, the decline of his powers for work, and his hopelessness of being able to remould the future. He set forth the dread step upon which he was now resolved, and defended it on the specious plea that it was the only possible one for himself, and the best for her also, the best indeed for all of them. In the anguish of these reflections, in the agitation of such a moment, it might easily happen to him to be obscure in certain parts and to forget some business directions he would otherwise have given.

In a few words full of conviction he dwelt upon his strong love for her and the child, and the bitterness of the pain of parting. "Oh, what a tangle, what a wreck I have made of my life!" he went on. "Oh, to clear it all away, and begin anew. I cannot bring myself to believe that this parting of ours is final. Flying in the very face of heaven, as I am, I almost persuade myself that heaven will somehow, somewhere, be more merciful to us. Are we not children all, in need of fuller help, of direction, of forbearance? Will not the eternal justice give yet another chance, and let me bring this defeated character, which had possibilities for good, to the worthy development of which it sometimes seemed capable?

"You and I have spoken of suicide together, Miriam, in that way in which all people speak of it at times. We have discussed whether it was brave or cowardly, and whether it is ever justifiable. Well, I, who am about to meet the problem face to face am not thinking, at this moment, whether it is brave or cowardly, or whether it is justifiable, but only that it is inevitable. Given my nature, is any other conclusion possible? You saw what unfeeling conduct I became capable of toward you by partial reverses at play; how then should I count upon myself when all is lost? And if all my efforts could not command success in life, even under ordinary conditions, could it ever be expected, could any betterment ever be looked for, after this overwhelming blow, this complete disaster?

"Miriam, darling, these last few months I have not been a rational being. I have been beside myself. The faults and errors I attributed so freely to you existed only in my imagination; my pains and difficulties were all of my own making. They say that when one really becomes deranged he turns his most violent hatred upon those whom he has most dearly loved, and that have I done. Oh, forgive all — even this! forgive! forgive! and good-by!"

When he had finished the letter he put it in his pocket. He did not yet mail it. The place of his death, oh, grim decision! was still to be determined. Some indication of it should be given for Miriam's guidance, but that hateful choice his distracted mind for the moment refused to make.

He was most inclined to seek, for the dread act, their new cottage; and in pursuance of this idea he set out briskly, on foot, for St. Jean. He was without even the money for a railway fare, and must walk, but he had the time, and it was better that he should arrive there at night, even late at night. Under cover of darkness he could perfectly well enter the cottage. There was a low platform there, already up, in the end of his studio, and there were some draperies and other properties. He would make a sort of picture of it.

But Miriam would see him; no mantle could hide his face from her. His heart misgave him at the thought of that dear child's affright and lamentable woe. If anything could have shaken his reso-

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lution it was this difficulty of disposing of his mortal remains. His pity and his æsthetic sense both revolted against it. Oh, the bad taste, the repulsiveness, of that last dread exhibition! Oh, the weakness of poor mortality that must abandon its helpless clay so absolutely to the disposal of others!

No, he would not go to St. Jean. As he reached the little station at La Turbie the idea that had led him thus far became unendurable to him.

"I will not blast the sight of poor Miriam with a horrid spectacle," he soliloquized. "She must never recall me as lying before her disfigured by a dishonored death. My body need not be found at all. I will disappear from the world of the living as a vision and a memory. She must think of me only as I was at my best, or when she last saw me."

He had called to mind the small caves in the pine-wood, along the mountain foot-path, by which he and Miriam had descended, on their first trip to Monte Carlo. One of those might do; there he could disappear almost absolutely; at least he would hardly be discovered till Miriam had left the country to rejoin her relatives, and the blow would be softened by time and distance. He had already set foot on the rude *sentier*, to climb, when he was called back by a new, cynical reflection.

"No," he said, "Miriam must *know* that I am dead. It would be only a new injustice to her to leave it in any doubt. The legal identifications must be made. It might be thought, otherwise, that I was still alive. It is a sad necessity; but here at least she will not come in person; some conventional preparations will first have been made."

So he added the final words to the letter, and posted it at the station of La Turbie. The town itself, with the Roman tower of Augustus, was a good hour's climb up to the lofty level of the Corniche Road, under the yet bolder steep of Mont Agel, scarred with the works of its modern fortress. The trail was an adaptation of a Roman mule-path.

He broke off almost an armful of pink roses from the last rural property he met with, and took them with him. The place was shut up, and the roses tumbled over the wall in a riot of color and fragrance. He loved the beautiful to the marrow of his bones, and the charm of this beauty should be around him at the end, perchance to serve as a mute appeal against being cut off from his birthright in the everlasting realm of beauty.

It must be confessed that he talked aloud to himself as he went on in the strange quest for a place for his own death and burial. He summed up in detail all the wrong he thought life had done him from his earliest years. He did not cast the blame of his fate upon Monte Carlo; he scorned to plead what he would have called "the baby-act;" no, the fault was his own; he should have been strong enough to withstand the contemptible temptation. He recalled in a whimsical way the young American girl from Cannes and her joke that he should commit suicide by way of entertainment for her. If she could but see him now!

Critical in his search, he climbed far up the foot-path. Some of the caves were too small, many inconvenient, some were already occupied with the fagots of the wood-cutters. He found one at last to his liking and entered it. There were some few pine-boughs in the bottom, left by the wood-cutters, but it had a deserted air. It was half his own height below the surface, and dry, a veritable nest or pocket. Here was the end of the journey; here was to be the last resting-place, the mausoleum of Leonard Bond, whose heart had once beat so high with the pride of life, of that Leonard Bond who had believed himself capable of fine and wondrous things.

Twilight drew on while he was making his preparations, and then the dark night came. He had made a slight barrier of branches across the front of the cavern to create a species of privacy, and also as a certain indication to the searchers when they should come to look for him. He felt cold in the light clothing he wore, and overcome with fatigue—as though such ills were of any moment to a man in his situation. He made up a bed of the boughs, and then drew a part of them over him for a sort of coverlid. There was something al-

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most warm and friendly in the idea of dying there. Miriam had spoken of sleeping there if they were lost — Oh, how lost, how fatally lost he was!—and her image would be with him now in his last sleep.

He drew the roses nearer his bewildered head, and their rarer perfume overcame that of the pine. He placed the cold muzzle of the pistol against his temple, then against his heart. There were questions to be studied out, even in that supreme moment of mental distress. Problems of his physical anatomy, the contingency of failure, came up. Should the ball be deflected by the temporal bone, should it strike a rib, instead of passing between? Might he perhaps only wound himself, and lie there disabled with no capacity to fire again?

In the midst of this it suddenly occurred to him that, in his letter to Miriam, he had forgotten something. Certain things were clearer to him now. There were directions to give about the building-lots in America, the last poor fragment of his possessions, which it would be criminal to neglect; without these points she might not even get them for her own. There were some figures in his private memorandum-book to be consulted, and he must write the note to her upon some leaves torn from this, and attach it clearly in sight upon his coat, to be found with his body. But he realized that this purpose was futile. He had no means of making a light, and he could not consult his memoranda nor write a note in the thick darkness of the cavern and the forest. Therefore, he must, perforce, await the break of day to do these things.

No fear that his resolution might weaken. One may live at night, a muffling species of death already, but with the coming of the morning light, of the new day, then depression is again at its heaviest, and the resolve to end with all takes on its sternest energy.

So he lay, waiting, upon his rude bed of branches. At moments he would pity himself, and again shrink back from death with a repugnance beyond words; but a calm, inexorable pressure always brought him back anew to the same point. "Nothing within me has become more promising, I suppose, and nothing without more hopeful, because I am sorry for my lot," he said, "and nothing in the general situation has improved because I do not want to die."

He thought how it might be if the cavern should close over him by some convulsion, and his body never be recovered. Or, perhaps, his whitened bones might be found there ages after, and give rise to learned theories like those of the prehistoric men in the caves at Mentone. He saw his death making a little paragraph in the foreign papers, and a larger one in the American papers at home. Some of those would contain a brief mention of his work and scanty fame. Some friend would arise to say that his death was the result of accident, not suicide—they always did that. Finally, they would charitably put it down as temporary aberration of mind, due to illness.

But he determined to think of pleasanter things, to devote his last moments on earth to thoughts of Miriam. He reviewed the whole course of their acquaintance from the beginning. It was but an everyday, quite earthly beginning. He had met her in some pleasant large parlor, where they gave afternoon tea, in Dresden. Her relatives were in Dresden, and she had lived much abroad. She had long been in mourning for her mother, then. Her black dress and bunch of violets at the breast gave a touch of pensiveness to her sweet face and rounded figure. With what sympathy, what respect, what ardor, he had learned to glow! His eyes had followed her every movement caressingly, drawn after her by an involuntary attraction spite of him. He thought she did not see it, but she said she had known it all from the first. His longing for so delicious a companion had grown imperious, irresistible.

He slept. He dreamed that Miriam and the child had already gone before him to the farther shore, and were waiting for him there. There was nothing formidable or strange about it all; it was like our own world when it is happy. It was only as if he had returned from some little journey to

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town, and, in pretty muslin attire and wide straw hats, such as they wore, they came down a sunny path of heaven to meet him, crying, joyously, "Here's papa! here's papa!"

Ah! and the awakening then! He awoke as the condemned do, to the morning of his execution. Though only self-condemned, the sentence was not the less unchangeable. The new day, when all that one dreads is about to begin again, when all that one longs for in vain is shown in its fairest color, that is not the time for the distracted soul to halt in its desperate plan.

The light was obscure in his rocky retreat, and he had slept much later than he had supposed. He was never to go forth from that cavern. He had not to concern himself about a scrupulous toilette now. He merely pushed away a part of the branches he had set up as a screen, in order to let the light come full upon the paper on which he was about to write. He stopped an instant to look out. The morning was beautiful in the wood, beautiful with that loveliness of inanimate nature that seems so heartless to the human woes that would turn to it for redress and consolation. Yes, here he was to end; the indifferent smiling of nature but reaffirmed his purpose. He saw again that his weapon was in order. He already forecast the dire crash of the bullet into vital tissue, the flashing sparks and meteors, the onrush of black chaos that was to be the last extinction of human life.

Now he drew out the private memorandum-book from his inner pocket, the one he had saved in the nick of time from the hands of little son, who was about to throw it over the terrace. He found his pencil, and opened the book.

His amazed eyes stopped with tenderness, his over-burdened heart beat with a great and sudden throb of revulsion, at what he saw there. Brief as was the time during which the sweet, interfering little boy had had the book in his possession, he had made some notable changes in it. He had left his irrepressible baby arts, the memory of his captivating charm, in the very penetralia of it. The central leaves bore the imprint of some soiled little finger-tips, and between the pages he had thrust a choice small collection of the whimsical odds and ends he had been playing with on the day in question.

There were disclosed to view some dried scraps of geranium-leaf, a blue pansy, and a bit of flowering cytisus. This last grew, in fair supply, in their place also. It seemed to Leonard a heaven-sent sign. His mind flashed on the instant to the story of the little town of Roquebrune, there above Monte Carlo, which had been stopped in its descent by this plant. The legend was inevitably recalled. Idle the legend might be, trivial enough the coincidence might be, but, at this moment, they seemed vital with meaning, scarcely less than a direct interposition of providence. The infinitesimal shrub, posted in a coign of vantage, had served as a nucleus of resistance, loose earth had banked itself against it, and checked the momentum; stones, then some uprooted trees had rallied there; great bowlders had added their immense bulk to the mass; at length an unyielding barrier was created, and the headlong land-slide was stopped. So, too, was it meant that he should be saved.

"I will live," he cried. "Little Lucien's flower stops my mad resolve. I am strong again. I am free of it."

Had there been anything conscious, any least trace of design, in the appeal to memory, even had it come from Miriam, the revulsion of feeling might not have been so strong. But, oh, the sweet naïveté, the touching naturalness of this baby token! The vistas of ineffable charm it opened back upon the joys of domestic life! The vistas of duty, too, in the future, it opened and glorified! A flood of remorse passed over him, followed by clearer vision, a nobler philosophy, sane reasoning, manly resolves. What had been done in the past it was too late to undo, and it took on the aspect of a hideous dream of selfishness, but as to what remained for the future——

"I put aside all pride and false shame," said he. "In whatever conditions my lot may now be cast, under whatever hardship or poor appearance, I can still find something to do for Miriam and the boy. I belong to them and

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not the idle grave. They have a right to all that yet remains to me of strength and good-will to labor."

He tossed away the pistol into the depths of the cave, joyously pulled down the barrier of branches, and kissing the token from little son, in his hand, sallied forth. For a moment, only, the thought of the letter he had sent Miriam gave him sudden pause. Mailed the afternoon before, she might well enough have received it by this time. His heart bled for her as well as himself. If he could but call it back! He was to go to Miriam's side; he was to be humiliated in her eyes. But this bitterness, too, he would bear as a part of his punishment. "It shall not weaken my purpose. I will live to be an instrument of use in a humble way," he declared, knowing full well that his determination to live by no means opened a pleasant life before him.

He was not far from the top of the pass, and he climbed the rest of the way rapidly. Some red-trousered soldiers off duty from the fort high above were dancing with one another at the inn at La Turbie, for lack of better partners. Leonard was not in a condition for a forced march; but, when he thought of Miriam's pain, he wanted to annihilate time and space. He set off swiftly along the Corniche Road. Now and again there was a wreath of mist, and he journeyed almost in the clouds, as it were. He passed along above Eze, wild as the wildest scene of exploits in the tales of robber-barons. He looked down upon the sea, the map-like capes and promontories, then westward to the castle on his own hilltop, to red-roofed Nice and the foamy Var, through the mountain-gap, down upon the far-spreading prospect that he and Miriam had come to know so well together.

By eleven o'clock he was at the Quatre Chemins. He turned there, at the inn, with its quaint sign-board, where Massena won his victory, took the ancient cobble-paved foot-way, and descended rapidly into Villefranche.

He met persons he knew near the entrance to the village, and others in the little Place de la Paix, but there was nothing significant in their looks. None of them gave any signs of agitation in regarding him. They had not heard that he was dead, or ever meant to be. So, then, the news had not yet got out. Should he find Miriam prostrated with its horrors alone? or should he not find that she had flown despairingly to Nice, to consult the Consul or other friends about it, and determine what was best to be done about the search for his body? Prospect of a new overwhelming humiliation. He had not thought of this before. If Miriam disclosed it, as she necessarily would and must, how infinitely difficult to face this world which knew all he had meant to do, even if he had not done it! It was almost enough to drive one back again.

Oppressed by the most painful misgivings he paused a moment at that focus of village activity where the blacksmith shop and the Buvette of the Four Seasons stood over against the Octroi. The Buvette catered to foreign as well as native custom, offering artfully, "Wisky, Old Tom Gin, Laid Eggs and English Spoken." The little postmaster and his wife, lately retired upon their pension after thirty years in the office down in the dark and dingy Rue Droite, were sunning themselves on the edge of the Place d'Armes. They had nothing to do now but sun themselves, and they put one foot before another only with extreme deliberation, as if they wished to accentuate to themselves the luxury of their leisure. They reminded Leonard of the late changes in the post-office, and a faint glimmer of hope arose upon the horizon.

Far on ahead he discerned a figure resembling that of Maurel, the postman. He gave chase. It was Maurel, toiling along as usual on his little bowed legs, his satchel of letters over one shoulder and a package of newspapers in his hand. Leonard came up with him as he turned precisely into the smaller gate of the Villa Soleil. He faced about on hearing the quick step and hurried breathing of Leonard, touched his glazed vizor and said, with his chronic, polite smile,

"*Justement*, a letter for Madame and a journal for Monsieur; but I'll take them up if Monsieur was not going to the house."

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"Your second delivery of course?" queried Leonard, with his heart in his mouth. He affected a nonchalant tone, but dared not yet stretch out his hand to take the missives offered him.

"No," began the postman apologetically, "no, unfortunately, it's only the first for to-day. Those new fellows down there in the post-office don't understand their business well yet. Between ourselves, they are too stupid to live. For instance, they must let all the mail from the eastward go on to Nice last night, and it had to be got back again this morning. But it's a lesson to 'em; they won't do it again. I guess even *they* will get things straight after a time."

"Oh, blessed relief! He took the correspondence with alacrity now. It was his own handwriting; it was the letter mailed to Miriam from La Turbie station. He had outstripped destiny. He tore up the letter and scattered the fragments. Not even Miriam now should ever know of his projected suicide. The rest, yes, the gambling, the ruin, since she needs must, but his purpose of self-destruction never. For both their sakes, that secret should be confined to his own breast.

When he had gone about half way up through the grounds, there were Miriam and little Lucien coming down.

"I saw the postman turn in at our gate and I thought we'd come down to meet him," called Miriam. "Was there anything?"

Leonard held up the journal, as if to indicate that that was all.

"Bad boy! where have you been?" began Miriam anew. "If you can't send us telegrams when you're away over night——"

Something in his face checked her, and she broke off, setting Lucien to dancing around her and crying joyfully, as in Leonard's dream,

"Here's papa! here's papa!"

"And play wi'! play wi'!" added Lucien.

Leonard hindered their dancing, managed to take them both in his arms at once, embraced them with a greater and more passionate tenderness than he had ever before known. Under the intense strain that had been put upon him, his voice even quivered in a half sob of heart-breaking emotion.

"Oh, Miriam!" he cried, "Oh, Miriam! Miriam! I have you still, my loved one. Oh, my wife! Oh, my child! Darlings! darlings! You are mine. I have a home. I live, I live. Am I not the most fortunate of all men?"

The imminent blight had passed, the cold touch of death had not descended upon him, the grave had not claimed him for its own. Instead, the warm arms of affection were around him, the peaceful prospect, full of sunshine, flowers, and simple rural comfort was before his eyes. Here he could repose a little while, here he could collect for a little his all but demented faculties.

Miriam divined that something terrible had happened, but with a true-hearted woman's sympathy still affected to ignore it. She endeavored to lead away from it, make light of it, to pretend that nothing had happened, thinking it best that it should not be entered upon at once.

Leonard put his arm about her waist, she rested her head against his shoulder, and, while the little child, now on the one side, now on the other, interwove their fingers with his own, or sported about them, like one of the loves that accompany the graces in pictured mythology, they slowly climbed the path together. Their farmer was pruning the rose-bushes; gypsy Barbara, with a gleaming sickle that suggested the crescent moon of Diana, was seeking grass for Lucien's rabbits. Along the terrace before the house was a row of small orange-trees. Leonard had planted them with his own hand, and, until in his distraction all things were neglected, it had been his custom to watch their growth day by day. As they drew near he noticed that these had many blossoms, freshly opened, and they wafted him a breath of their delightful fragrance.

THE END.

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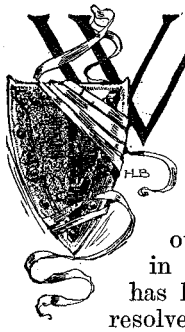
THE FUTURE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

By Archibald Forbes.



WHAT are genially termed "the amenities of warfare" are quite pretty, but in the nature of things they are also quite artificial; and as a matter of hard fact they are in principle nothing other than a contradiction in terms. What of chivalry has lasted into modern times resolves itself into a kind of Quixotic notion that rose-water and bloodshed are compatible one with the other. Occasionally a man arises among us frank enough, bold enough—many people may say brutal enough—who dares to brush aside the sophistical upper layer of conventional amenities and go straight down to the bed-rock of the subject. "The main thing in true strategy," said General Sheridan once, in his most trenchant manner, "is simply this: first deal as hard blows at the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of a country that they will long for peace and press their government to make it. Nothing should be left to the people but eyes to lament the war." The Russian General Gourko is another great soldier who has expressed himself to the same effect, and who, indeed, evidenced the courage of his opinions in an extremely practical manner.

Nevertheless, the "amenities of war" have held their own more or less among civilized nations ever since standing armies came into existence. Frederick the Great had to ignore them in great measure during the Seven Years' War, because of the hordes of Pandours—Carlyle's "Tolpacheries and kindred doggeries"—which hung venomously on the fringes of his armies. But every reader of military history will remember Fontenoy and the ceremonious little episode between Lord Charles Hay, of the English Guards, and the Count d'Auteroche of the Gardes Françaises. The "amenities" fell into abeyance during the ferocious wars of the French Revolution, but revived genially in Wellington's Peninsular campaigns, during which the mutual understanding of non-molestation between the outposts of the opposing armies was carried to curious lengths. The author of "The Subaltern" tells how he used to fish in uniform on one bank of a small stream while the other bank was thronged by the French pickets, eagerly watching his success, and pointing out particular pools and eddies where they suggested to him the best sport could be obtained. It is authentically told that a British field officer, making the rounds one night, found to his surprise that a whole picket guard had disappeared. Going forward and peeping into a cottage whence came a noise of revelry, he beheld the British picket carousing socially with a similar party of French soldiers. When he presented himself his own men rose, and, wishing their companions good-night, returned to their post with the utmost coolness. The sentries on either side had faithfully remained on their posts, and on neither part was there any intention of desertion. "In fact," adds the narrator, "it was a sort of custom, the French and English pickets visiting each other by turns." In the American Civil War there was little, if any, personal rancor between the soldiers of the respective regular armies. The "Yanks" and the "Johnnies" on outpost duties were for the most part quite fraternal, and there were constant friendly barterings in tobacco, coffee, and whiskey. In the Franco-German campaign in 1870 war once more in a great measure went back to grim first principles. Before any battle had been fought, and therefore before defeat could have exacerbated the French troops, they availed themselves of every opportunity that offered to pot at the German outposts, sentries, and patrols. Each reverse made them the more venomous, and the Germans, who at first showed no little forbearance, by and by

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ceased to refrain from reprisals. Accordingly, during the sieges of Paris and Metz, an immense amount of simple, cold-blooded murder was perpetrated on the foreposts, of which the French had the best because of the longer range of their Chassepots. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78 the "amenities" on the part of the Turks took the simple form of mutilating the Russian wounded before killing them, while the Muscovites confined themselves to refusing quarter and refraining from burying dead Turks.

The abstract theory of the "amenities" is nothing other than preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon, should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigor in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This is no doubt humanity, but it is supremely illogical. Marbot recounts in his memoirs perhaps the most thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz a body of beaten Russians, about five thousand strong, strove to escape across the ice on the Satschan Lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrust out from shore by the French. Next morning Napoleon, riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice-floe a hundred yards out and entreating help. The Emperor became intensely interested in the succor of the man. After many failures, Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice-floe toward the shore and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet. The Emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their deaths. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre!*

It has been the wounded in war who up till now have owed the most to its amenities. Prisoners of war have not fared so well; and it makes one shudder to recall the horrors of Andersonville or the deadly tramp across the snow-covered Wallachian plain of the Turkish army which had held Plevna so long and so valiantly. But in civilized countries, since Lützen onward, the commander of a routed army, or, as after Talavera, of an army that has conquered but whose subsequent retreat circumstances have compelled, has not hesitated to leave his wounded to the good offices of his adversary, and seldom indeed has the onerous duty not been humanely fulfilled. After Corunna and after Talavera the French took medical charge of the wounded left to their care by the British; after Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthez, and Waterloo the British hospitals were full of French wounded. In many of the German field and base hospitals in 1870, in every alternate bed might have been found a wounded piou-piou, sharing in every respect alike with his friends the enemies on either side of him. In recent wars—the Crimean War was a melancholy exception—vast strides have been made in the methods of dealing with the wounded on the actual battle-field, as well as in the hospitals to which the more severely wounded are now so promptly relegated. Of the voluntary aid which the peoples of neutral states as well as those of the combatant powers, have contributed and are ready to contribute again in the disinterested service of humanity, some details may subsequently be given. In one case where no foreign aid was tendered, when, I may add, it ought in brotherliness to have been tendered, a nation proved itself fully capable of performing its duty to its wounded in the most zealous and efficient manner. The Sanitary Commission of the United States was among the noblest works in the world's record of devotion. Well might its historian write of it as "the true glory of our age and our country, one of the most striking monuments of its civilization." The Geneva Convention has worked ardently, if not always quite practically or consistently, in the cause of humanity, although there is

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certainly point in Mr. Niemann's sententious remark, that "in order to carry out the ideas of the Geneva Convention, it would be necessary to cease to make war."

In principle, the existing arrangements for medical assistance in the field, and for the removal of the wounded therefrom, are in great measure identical in most European armies. The English system may be briefly summarized. In the field there is a medical officer with each unit—regiment of cavalry, battalion of infantry, body of artillery, etc. He has at his disposition the trained regimental stretcher-bearers of his particular unit, two per company or troop. To each brigade is attached specifically one bearer company and one field hospital; to each division an additional field hospital. For an army corps the medical establishment consists of the field hospitals and six bearer companies exclusive of the regimental aid; and in addition to this a certain number of officers of the medical staff are utilized for staff purposes. The entire service is under the command of a surgeon-major-general, subject to the authority of the general commanding. There are three stages for the wounded man between where he falls and the field hospital, where he either temporarily remains if his case is not serious, or whence he is sent back to the base hospital if he has been severely wounded. The first stage is from the fighting-line to the collecting-station. Where he has fallen he receives medical aid from one or other of two sources, whichever may the sooner reach him: the surgeon of his own particular unit accompanied by that officer's orderly from the bearer company belonging to the brigade, carrying the field companion, water-bottle, and surgical haversack, or a surgeon belonging to the bearer company with a private similarly equipped. At this stage the surgeon, whether of the unit or of the bearer company as the case may be, affords the wounded man merely temporary aid and does not undertake any serious surgical operation. The patient is placed on a stretcher which may belong to the bearers of the unit or to one of the eight stretcher detachments of the bearer company, and is carried back to the collecting-station, which, while if possible under shelter, is as near as may be to the fighting-line consistently with safety. The collecting-station is in charge of a sergeant equipped with field-companion and water-bottle and a small reserve of bandages and first dressings to replenish the surgical haversacks of the stretcher-bearers. From the collecting-station to the dressing-station, farther rearward and if possible out of fire, a certain specified number of ambulances ply, loaded with their complement of wounded men, each vehicle under the care of a corporal or private of the bearer company. These two stages, from the fighting-line to the collecting-station and from the collecting-station to the dressing-station, constitute the "first line of assistance."

At the dressing-station, located if possible in a building, if not, in a tent, and in proximity to a good supply of water, the medical officer in command is on duty, assisted by a surgeon, a sergeant-compounder, a cook, etc. Here the wounded receive more detailed attention than could previously have been paid to them. Beef-tea and stimulants are supplied when needed, minor, and, in case of emergency, even capital operations are performed. As the wounded are dressed they are placed in the ambulances plying between the dressing-station and the field hospital, which stage is known as the "second line of assistance." The collecting and dressing stations may have to be advanced or retired according to the ebb or flow of the battle, but the general principle holds good that the two shall never be far apart, so as to shorten the journeys in the first line and thus bring the wounded within reach of surgical aid as speedily as possible. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, a quarter of an hour was held to be the extreme length of time for the wounded man to lie on the field before receiving assistance; but then there were but a few hundreds of men to be dealt with, in contradistinction to the thousands of wounded which a great battle necessarily produces.

The following table may be of inter-

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est as marking the difference in detail between the German and the English appliances and methods for dealing with the wounded. The unit of comparison is in each case that of an army corps numbering thirty thousand combatants:

	Medical Officers.		Regimental Bearers, per 1,000 Men.	Total for Army Corps.	Medical Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers and Men.	Stretchers.	Ambulance Wagons.	Beds.
	Per 1,000 Men.	Total for Army Corps.							
German.									
Regimental aid.	2	60	16	480	....	....	120	....	....
Three bearer companies	..	....	....	....	21	717	124	24	.....
Twelve field hospitals	..	....	....	....	60	....	....	....	2,400
Totals	2	60	16	480	81	717	244	24	2,400
English.									
Regimental aid.	1	30	16	480	....	....	120	....	.....
Eight bearer companies	..	...	....	....	24	488	64	80*	.....
Twelve field hospitals	..	....	....	....	48	....	....	....	1,200
Totals	1	30	16	480	72	488	184	80	1,200

* According to regulations, thirty-seven of these wagons would be in use in front only of the dressing-stations, each wagon carrying seven wounded, two of whom lying down. Total, 224.

Thus the German corps has twice as many regimental medical officers per thousand men as the English. It has sixty more stretcher parties, twice as many beds in field hospitals, but fewer ambulance-wagons by one-half. Taking the means of carriage from fighting-line to dressing-station, the English corps has 184 stretchers and carriage for 224 wounded per ambulance-wagon, making 412 in all. With the average distance of dressing-station from fighting-line taken at fifteen hundred yards, the number of journeys to and fro that could be estimated for, would not exceed five, on fifteen hundred wounded moved by carriage. Taking fifty per cent. of the wounded as requiring carriage from the field, this would give three thousand wounded that would arrive at the dressing-stations for transfer to the rear, or ten per cent. of the whole force.

This much of detail has been gone into in regard to the present system of dealing with the wounded in battle, with the motive of accentuating the contrast between that system, with its promptitude of succor, and the harsher conditions which must inevitably be endured by the wounded of future warfare. One day about two years ago I happened to be listening, in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, to a lecture which was being delivered by Mr. John Furley, one of our oldest and most devoted volunteer Red Cross men on many a stricken field. He talked of a new pattern of stretcher with telescopic handles, and drew fine distinctions between the patterns of ambulances of infinitesimal shades of differences, apparently in the full conviction that the wounded of the future would fare as do the wounded of the present. Called upon to speak, I ventured to observe that if in the next great war Mr. Furley should be in the field, about the second evening after the battle he would probably find a wounded brigadier-general competing eagerly for a share of a country dung-cart for his conveyance to the field hospital. I regard this as no strained illustration of the state of things that will exist in the future after a great battle, in consequence of the immense number of wounded which the altered conditions of military armament and of fighting will bring about. The Philistine audience, which included sundry brigadier-generals, gibed at me; but when later I happened to go into the matter more closely with intent to write this article, I found myself in accord with all the best authorities. "*Vae vulneratis!*" will be the cruel watchword of future wars. The late Dr. Billroth, the greatest of Austrian surgeons, who made the Franco-German war on the Prussian side, held that "we must come to the conclusion that in future it will be no longer possible to remove the wounded from the field during the battle by means of bearers, since every man of them would be shot down, as bearers would be more exposed than men in the fighting line; and the most that can be aimed at is that the wounded man of the future shall be attended to within twenty-four hours." Bardeleben, the surgeon-general of the Prussian army, has said: "Some urge an increase of bearers; but we must not forget that

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bearers have to go into the fire-line and expose themselves to the bullets. If we go on increasing their number, shall we not also be simply increasing the number of the wounded? The number of men provided for the transfer of the wounded now exceeds one thousand for each army corps. It is no true humanity that in order to effect an uncertain amount of saving of human life a number of lives of other men should be sacrificed. The whole system of carrying away the wounded on litters during the battle must be abandoned, for it is altogether impracticable." There are many other testimonies to the same effect. In the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars I had already personally recognized, and had written in that sense in my war correspondence, that the losses among the bearers and surgeons were so great that the service already "approached impracticability." And I added, with a prescience which stands justified to-day, that "in the warfare of the future the service as now existing will be found utterly impracticable, since with the improved man-killing appliances certain to be brought into action, the first battle would bodily wipe out the bearer organization carried on under fire."

It is virtually impossible that anyone can have accurately pictured to himself the scene in its fulness which the next great battle will present to a bewildered and shuddering world. We know the elements that will constitute its horrors; but we know them only, as it were, academically. Men have yet to be thrilled to the heart by the weirdness of wholesale death inflicted by missiles poured from weapons the whereabouts of which cannot be discerned because of the absence of powder-smoke. Nay, if Dr. Weiss's recently invented explosive, of which great things have been predicted, is to be brought into use in the German army, there may no longer be any powder, the "villainous saltpetre" superseded by the more devilish "fatty substance of a brownish color." The soldier of the next war must steel his heart to encounter the deadly danger incident to the explosions of shells filled with dynamite, melinite, ballistite, or some other form of high explosive, in the midst of dense masses of men. The recent campaign in Matabeleland has informed us with a grim triumph of the sweeping slaughter the Maxim gun can inflict with its mechanical stream of bullets. Quick-firing field guns are on the eve of superseding the type of cannon in use in the horse and field batteries of to-day. All these instruments are on terra firma, if that be of any account. But if there is anything in the story of Edison's invention of a flying-machine for military purposes which can be so steered as to carry and drop with accuracy five hundred pounds of explosive material at a given point, or to shed on an army a shower of dynamite, then death incalculable may rain down as from the very heavens themselves.

Most of the European powers have equipped their armies with one or other form of the new small-bore rifle, and those which have not completed their rearmament are making haste to do so. The only type of new weapon, the results of the fire from which have been actually tested on the battle-field, is the Männlicher, which was used to a considerable extent in the Chilian Civil War of 1891. As is generally known, the 8-millimetre projectile which the Männlicher throws is much lighter and of much flatter trajectory than any of the old larger bullets. Owing to its higher velocity and pointed shape, its power of perforation is extraordinary. In the matter-of-fact language of Bardeleben, "Owing to the immense velocity of the Männlicher bullet and its small surface of contact, it meets with little resistance in striking, causes little commotion of the neighboring parts, has no time to stretch the various tissues it encounters, and merely punches out a hole, carrying the contused elements before it clean out of the wound, without seriously damaging the surrounding wall of track." The now obsolete bullets fired from great distances and striking a bone, frequently glanced off or rebounded. This will occur no longer; the new long-range projectile, if it strikes at all, has sufficient force to pass through, cutting any vessels or organs it may meet in its path. It is, therefore, all the more deadly. Whereas the accepted estimate of casualties in modern

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warfare has been in the ratio of about four men wounded to one killed, the percentage in the Chilian fighting is authentically given as four killed to one wounded. This ghastly proportion will probably not maintain itself in future battles on a larger scale, but there can be no doubt that the fighting of the future will be deadlier than that of the past. Yet the properties of the new bullet are not entirely lethal, although it will slay its thousands and its tens of thousands. Its characteristic of absence of contusion, which contusion from the old bullet frequently stayed the bleeding of injured vessels, must result in more frequent deaths from hemorrhage, more especially in the inevitable lack, in the future, of prompt surgical intervention. But the wounds it causes, if they do not produce immediate death, or speedy dissolution from hemorrhage, are expected to be more amenable to treatment than those which were occasioned by the old bullet.

It is remarkable that the more modern battles of Europe in which great numbers of men have been engaged—battles in which were used rifled cannon and small arms—have afforded greatly less percentages of casualties than those of earlier battles in which smooth-bore cannon and muskets were the sole weapons of fire. At Borodino in 1812, there fought 250,000 French and Russians, with a result of 80,000 killed and wounded. At Salamanca in the same year, when 90,000 English and French were engaged, the casualties amounted to 30,800. In each case the proportion of casualties to forces engaged was one-third, and the proportion was the same in the battle of Eylau in 1807. In the battles of Magenta and Solferino in the Franco-Italian war of 1859, when the French armament was in great part rifled, the proportion of killed and wounded to the total forces engaged was but one-eleventh. At Königgrätz in 1866, the proportion was one-ninth. In the two days' fighting before Metz in August, 1870—the battles of Mars-la-Tour on the 16th, and the battle of Gravelotte on the 18th—there were in all on the ground about 450,000 Germans and Frenchmen. The casualties of the two days amounted to 65,500, affording a proportion to the total strength of one-seventh. These figures work out that the old Brown Bess and the smooth-bore guns inflicted proportionately more injury to life and limb than occurred in the battles later in the century with all the appliances of improved armaments. But the largest army placed on a battle-field on any one occasion, by any European power within the present century—the Prussian army which fought at Königgrätz—did not amount to more than 260,000 fighting men. To-day, the war strength available for the field of the German Empire is close on 2,500,000 men; that of France, 2,715,000; that of Russia, 2,450,000; that of Austria, 1,600,000. When the first great battle of the next great war comes to be fought, a million of combatants will be in the field. On the percentage of 1870, and putting aside altogether the effects of the recent developments in man-hurting, the casualties will exceed 140,000. According to the existing ratios, of this number 35,000 would be slain, 70,000 would be comparatively slightly wounded, and 35,000 would be severely wounded. In the absence of actual experience, the Chilian statistics could not be relied upon, at all events, in full. It follows that if the wounded of the next great battle are to be dealt with as the present arrangements prescribe, apart from the gleaning of the bearers during the battle, surgical assistance will have to be provided for 105,000 wounded and hospital accommodation for about 70,000, viz., the 35,000 severely wounded and one-half of the comparatively slightly wounded.

To cope adequately with this vast aggregate of human suffering—with this gigantic example of "man's inhumanity to man"—is obviously impossible; it confessedly cannot and will not be attempted. The primary object of war is manifestly not to succor wounded men but to engage in battles, to beat the adversary, to win victories. The battles of the future may or may not be less prolonged than those of recent campaigns. We cannot prognosticate. The battle of Gravelotte lasted from noon until 10 P.M.; the battle of Mars-la-Tour right round the clock, from 9

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A.M. to 9 P.M. It is certain, because of the vast strengths engaged, that the battles of the future will cover much more ground than heretofore, and it is probable that the fighting will be more stationary. Let me briefly adumbrate the possibilities—indeed, I may say the probabilities—of the results of a great battle in the next great war, which is sure to be "short, sharp, and decisive." The fighting has been prolonged and bloody, with the result that one side is definitely beaten, evacuates its positions and retreats more or less precipitately, leaving on the ground its wounded, none of whom could be cared for while the conflict lasted. The successful commander's ground is littered with his own wounded; he has them on his hands in thousands, and he has also on his hands the thousands of the wounded of the vanquished force which has gone away. The conqueror of the future, if he accepts the old-time conventional burden of his adversary's wounded, will become its victim. He will not accept the incubus. Is it to be imagined that the victor in such circumstances will think twice even about his own wounded, let alone the wounded of the other side? No. He is in the field, not to be a hospital nurse, but to follow up his advantage by hammering on the enemy who has departed, leaving his own wounded behind, and who may come back again to-morrow to strike him while clogged in the live and dead *débris* of yesterday's battle. The victor will hasten away to overtake or hang on the skirts of the vanquished army, leaving the wounded of both sides to be dealt with as may be possible by such surgeons as he can afford, in view of future contingencies to leave behind, and to the ministrations of cosmopolitan amateur philanthropists of the Red Cross and kindred organizations. For there will be no more military bearer companies; in the hunger for fighting men the 1,000 bearers per army corps of the present will have been incorporated into a strong brigade with arms in their hands and a place in the fighting-line. On the line of communication of the future, reserve ammunition trains are to precede the military ambulances, which up till now have headed the columns of vehicles. The German instructions in the present Regulations for Medical Services are, that when a battle is engaged in all available vehicles of whatever kind, empty regimental provision and meat wagons, empty supply-column wagons, country carts and wagons requisitioned, ambulances of medical establishments in rear, etc., are to be brought up for the transport of the wounded, in order to "satisfy requirements as far as possible." But the inevitable delays are obvious, and in view of further fighting in the immediate future, the whole available vehicles could not be devoted to the service of the wounded in the past battle. The order is specific that the Red Cross personnel and ambulances are never to be allowed to do duty in the first line, viz., on the field of battle, and that their activity must be confined exclusively to the period after the battle, that is, to the *étape* transport of the wounded to the base hospitals.

I have tried to foreshadow what I believe will be the plight of the wounded of the next great war. The prospect seems very disheartening; for the described dealing with poor, mangled fellow-men is not of a progressive but of a reactionary character, and reaction is repulsive to our age. Yet there may be some features of the prospect tending to mitigate its gloom. I venture to think, for instance, that the enforced remaining of the wounded on the field until the battle is over, and indeed for hours afterward, notwithstanding the suffering such delays must in many cases entail, will not, for the most part, produce consequences so calamitous as may be not unnaturally apprehended by those who "sit at home at ease." I am of opinion—and I venture to believe that I have bandaged and attended to more wounded under fire than any man in Europe who is not a professional military surgeon—that the severely wounded soldier, under the existing system of prompt removal to the dressing-station, does not uniformly benefit by the hustling and physical disturbance his removal necessarily entails while he is suffering from the first shock of being wounded. It is true that he may bleed to death if no minis-

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tration has been afforded him where he lies; but that risk apart, if the bleeding shall have been stanched or shall have stanched itself, I conceive that he may lie without serious detriment, often perhaps with actual advantage, even for so long a period as twenty-four hours, if the weather is not bitter. All men conversant with war know instances of extraordinary tenacity of life in wounded men who had received no attention. Segur's well-known story of the man wounded at Borodino having been found alive by the army returning from Moscow, has been discredited. But my comrade and myself found on the fifth day after the battle of Sedan, a wounded Frenchman walking about in a sequestered part of the battle-field, not indeed with sprightliness, but without evidencing great debility; yet his lower jaw had been shot away, a wound which precluded him from eating solid food. I found also, on the third day after the battle of November 30, 1870, on the east of Paris, in weather so bitter that sentries were actually frozen to death on their posts, a nest of three wounded Frenchmen lying in a hollow, not starved to death, not frozen to death, but pretty hungry and quite alive. I may even dare to go so far as to hold that, at all events in the British service, in small wars, the soldier is coddled nowadays to the extent of being really deteriorated by overtenderness of treatment. He has an anæsthetic administered when the top joint of his little finger is being taken off; he has hypodermic injections when he has a twitch of pain; he is treated with champagne, with all sorts of delicate extras, and everything that can make a man reluctant to own to convalescence. In the old days of the Peninsular War, men had natures of more pith, and did not seem to die in much greater proportion than nowadays, although they were entire strangers to all this demoralizing excess of dry-nursing. Take, for instance, Major George Napier, one of the Napier brothers who were always being wounded. Shot down in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was made a football of for about a quarter of an hour while the column passed over him as he lay. He was picked up with his arm shattered; Lord March bound his sash about it and bade him go and find the amputating place. He discovered that locality after an hour's search, and then sat down at the end of a queue of men to wait for his turn which came two hours later. Then there was a dispute between the surgeons on a point of etiquette. Napier had asked his own regimental surgeon to do the business, but a superior staff-surgeon successfully asserted his right to perform the operation of amputation. It took twenty-five minutes, the staff-surgeon's instruments being blunted by much use. The stump was bandaged and Napier bidden to go and find quarters. He walked about on this quest most of the night, finding at last a house in which a number of other wounded officers had gathered, and he remained there sitting by the fireside, with his stump taking its chance, for a considerable time longer, until the death of the gallant General Crawfurd gave him a bed vacancy. During that same evening there arrived a soldier of his regiment who had been searching for his officer for hours. Napier said to the man: "I am very glad to see you; but, John, you are wounded yourself; your arm is in a sling." "Arrah, be Jasus, your honor," answered honest John Dunn, "sure, it's nothing to shpake about—only me arrum cut off below the elbow, just before I shtarted to look for your honor!" To conclude: stern experience of future warfare will one day, please God, force home upon the nations the decision, whether their wounded and necessarily untended warriors in their thousands and their tens of thousands are to lie bleeding on the battle-fields while the strife is raging above them; or whether the peoples of the civilized world shall take the accomplishment of the blessed millennium into their own hands, and bring it about, in the words of the old Scottish paraphrase, that

> No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall crowds of slain deplore,
> They'll hang the trumpet in the hall
> And study war no more!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

PERSONS who not being already in the business of writing are tempted to dabble in it, should consider, among other objections to such a course, the great detriment it may prove to their usefulness and possibly also to their enjoyment as readers. To be a good reader is a vocation by itself, and one which writers habitually and enviously admire. That the business of writing conflicts with it is notorious. When the library of the late Guy de Maupassant came to be examined by his executors it was found that almost all the modern books in it were gifts from the authors of them, and that their leaves were in almost every instance uncut. Writers do read books occasionally, and even books by other contemporary writers, but they usually read them either for a special purpose, as to make a review, or with the general purpose to keep informed about what is being written, or with a certain feverish anxiety to make sure that someone else is not doing their kind of work better than they can do it themselves. Find a writer, if you can, who does not look back with regret to the time when his reading of books was an irresponsible felicity. He read "Ivanhoe" and "The Tale of Two Cities" with simple happiness and no sense of obligation to dissect the authors' art or arrive at his own critical opinions. But nowadays when he reads it is with a balance in one hand and constant interruptions, while the actual book goes into one scale and his notion of what it ought to be, or his recollection of some book someone else has written, into the other. To read books simply for what there is in them, and with no conscious regard for what one's verdict will be when the reading is over, that may be reckoned one of the joys of youth. But it is not strictly a joy that belongs to youth only, for some grown people have it too; but not (or at least very rarely) if they are writers. The spectacle of the blithe maiden in a brand-new ball-dress is a jocund sight, even to a dressmaker. But the dressmaker does not take the same unimpeded delight in it that it brings to the other spectators. Inevitably and unconsciously she counts the stitches, reckons the cost of the fabric, measures off in her mind the yards of lace, and appraises the quality of the trimmings; then she compares it mentally with other fine frocks, and when she has finished she knows far more about the gown than anyone who has seen it except the society reporter. But there is a quality in the pretty show that her scrutiny has missed and an emotion she has not gathered because her trained sight saw so much.

Everyone who has ever launched a book which has drifted in even a moderate degree into the current of public favor must remember how overwhelming a proportion of whatever subsequent satisfaction he got from it was due to that simple, old-fashioned, uncritical personage, the gentle reader, who reads books for the promotion of his own happiness, and if he likes them knows it and is cheerfully ready to say so. For the faults or shortcomings of a book the gentle reader doesn't much care if only there is a grace in it somewhere to which his soul responds. If it is verse, it does not concern him that Tennyson wrote better; if it is a story he does not throw it down because it is not the equal of Vanity Fair. If it gives him real pleasure, in sufficient

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quantity to pay for the time he spent in reading it, he declares that it is a good book and is ready to thank the author and buy and read the next book that he sends out. He, or perhaps I should say she, is the reader that the author loves and esteems and counts upon to quiet his own literary compunctions. But the reader who has himself dabbled much in writing can seldom be a gentle reader afterward. He is always a critic, mistrusting his own pleasure and his fellow's art; hesitating to express his possible favor for fear it will discredit his own discrimination, more eager to make a clever comment of his own than to find a pearl of someone else's thought. He has some knowledge of good and evil which the gentle reader lacks, but it is dearly bought, as perhaps all knowledge must be. To be sure, a good critic is a useful creature in his way, but it is a very good critic indeed in the making of whom it is worth while that a gentle reader should be spoiled.

Happily, in spite of the current epidemic of authorship, the gentle reader still seems to abound and to read books with uncorrupted faculties. A month or two ago a Boston newspaper of high literary responsibility chronicled the death of Mrs. So-and-so, "the distinguished author." It gave a sketch of her life and a list of her principal books. There were a baker's dozen of them, and an ink-bedabbled reader who ran his eye down the list failed to recognize a single title that he had ever heard of before. But the gentle reader must have read those books and approved them with his catholic kindness, else so many of them had never lived in print, and the good author had gone with a soul far less relieved to her honorable rest.

My cousin Anthony tells me that if woman suffrage comes to a vote in New York State he expects to vote against it. Such, he says, are the instructions that Mrs. Anthony has given him, and as his vote in the matter concerns her more than himself, he thinks himself even more than usually bound to execute her wishes. I found him quite fixed in the opinion—Mrs. Anthony's opinion—that the suffrage would do the New York women no good. The favorite representation of the reformers, that everyone was allowed to vote except aliens, minors, idiots, and women, seemed to have had no effect on Mrs. Anthony. She had no sort of doubt, of course (nobody has), that wise women were better qualified to vote than foolish men. She would not argue at all whether women were inferior to men or not. She could not see its bearing on the case. Her point of view was familiar enough, being simply that the suffrage was not a privilege but an obligation, and one which it did not seem to her the duty of our women at this time to assume. If the obligation to vote were laid with any discrimination upon individuals who had proved their capacity to exercise it, Mrs. Anthony thought the case would be different. She would not shrink from a duty that society by any reasonable process of selection seemed to have chosen her to bear. But when all the men could vote it was certainly no special honor to women to let all the women vote too. Nature had suggested in a large way the division of labor between men and women, and though the details of assignment varied from age to age, and Mrs. Anthony hoped that she was well up to the times in her estimate of the contemporary dimensions of woman's sphere, she did still believe in the division of labor, and she had not been able to learn of any mitigation of women's present duties by which it was proposed to offset the new task which threatened her. Mrs. Anthony declared, my cousin said, that so far as she understood her business in life she tried hard to do it. What she undertook she tried to undertake with her eyes open and with a definite intention of performing it as well as she could. If she was called to help manage a public charity and found herself able to respond, she went to the meetings of her colleagues and took her duties seriously. If children were born to her she tried industriously to raise them, to keep them clothed and healthy, and to bring them up, as far as she could, to be tolerably wise and good people. With her children, and her household, and her social duties, and her labors in the charities with which she was connected, Mrs. Anthony declared that her hands and her mind were full, and that the proposal to compel her to keep up with politics, to go to primaries

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and vote intelligently at elections was an imposition against which she rebelled. Men were willing enough nowadays to do for women almost anything that women really wanted done. They were particularly willing to let women do new kinds of work, especially ill-paid, vexatious work which they were inclined to shirk themselves. But what women really wanted was not so much the privilege of doing the men's work for them as to have the men do their own work and do it properly. There was nothing which women could gain by having the suffrage which they could not gain at far less expense by having men vote conscientiously. If there was fighting which it was indispensable to have done, Mrs. Anthony declared that she did not aspire to do it herself. She wanted her men to do it for her. She wanted her men to do her voting also. She demanded protection, security, and a reasonable amount of peace for the better furtherance of her duties already in hand, which were far too important and too engrossing to share her attention with practical politics. The suffrage once imposed upon women, they could never get quit of if, and it would be imposed, she feared, unless the mass of women, who don't want it and feel no obligation to undertake it, speak their minds and proclaim how they feel about it and why. Such, Anthony said, were his wife's sentiments. They are emphatic enough, certainly, and justify his intentions about his vote. How widely they are shared by intelligent women in New York State is hard to find out, because all the women who think they want to vote are signing petitions, but all the women who don't are doing nothing. But the particular thing that voting men in New York will want to know before they pass upon the woman suffrage question at the polls is, how large a proportion of the intelligent women in the State feel as Mrs. Anthony does, and prefer to have their voting done by their representative males.

THE Lombrosos and Nordaus, all those who, at first or second hand, have occupied themselves with the psychosis of modern man, and with the physical outcome of such psychosis, have left unconsidered one department of this inquiry, which has, however, its very interesting features and problems. One has *à priori* a conviction that, yielding to the modelling touch of environment, the human being has always emerged from the distinctly differentiated sociological epochs through which he has passed with certain correlated physiological and physiognomic marks impressed upon him. Patriarchalism must have produced its own physical, as well as mental, types. Militarism must have done the same. If the old cobbler, or the young dry-goods clerk, come, after a time, to have facial and bodily expressions which the trained or even instinctive observer recognizes as characteristic, it is not mounting fancy on a winged horse to suppose that the general ideas which rule a period in the life of the race must leave behind them physical imprints much more profound.

What, then, we now ask ourselves, are to be, generically, the physical characteristics of industrial man? Those directly concerned with such inquiry are the people for whom plastic forms have immediate, concrete significance — painters, sculptors, actors, poets. But, indirectly, we are all concerned. We are all unconsciously educated by the corporeal attitudes and expressions of the men and women about us. The artist may wonder whether the men and women of the industrial age will offer his successor many good models. The rest of us wonder whether our posterity will have before thier eyes many of those physical presentments that minister to the sense of beauty, and thus feed and refresh the soul.

It is certain that the physical aspect of the industrial man must differ from that of his forerunners in some notable ways. In the social systems that preceded industrialism men always used their muscles, in smaller or greater degree, in direct contact and conflict with natural forces. Wherever the resistance of nature has been normally overcome there also have been called into being the most beautiful, or, at least, the most energetic, or the most dignified, or the most hieratic, expressions of the human body and face. In every survival of past conditions we see the fact exemplified. The European peasant-woman at work in a field, while her blue petticoat

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takes the wind, is an illustration; so are some of our own Southern negroes hoeing in a cotton-patch. Here are bodily lines that have an importance, a significance, not inferior to those of the landscape in which they are set. To watch the clock-maker and wood-carver over their tools is to have, if we are attentive to the movements of the hands, to the intentness of the muscles about the eyes and mouth, a wondrously delicate impression of human energy fashioning and adjusting material; while, so harmonious, so rhythmical, so beautiful are some of the expressions of manual labor of the stronger, the more expansive kinds, one well understands how Mantegazza, the Italian anthropologist and physiognomist, should recommend the artist to seek material for his highest inspirations in the workshops of turners, carpenters, blacksmiths. There he may encounter the "heroical cast of countenance to be found again on battle-fields and in the parliaments of nations."

Now, the whole tendency of the industrial age is, of course, to render the manual contact of man with matter less and less frequent and direct. Machinery is made to intervene whenever possible. When not, the functions of labor are divided and subdivided until each individual comes to perform a mere special fragment of the work, a fragment so limited in scope, necessitating so constant a repetition of the same few machine-like movements, that all freedom of muscular action is shut out. In America this essential basis of industrialism, the effort to liberate man from the need of grappling with nature and material, with his own muscles, can be studied as nowhere else. The Yankee farmer never scratched the soil with his own finger if he could get or invent a piece of machinery that would scratch for him. The American families of the cultivated classes who throng the huge, luxurious modern hotels obey the same national instinct. They try to get as far as possible from personal wrestling with the household problem. That, reduced to its simple elements, is an arranging and an overcoming of natural forces by muscular movements.

In the days when princesses washed linen in the midst of their handmaidens, and spread it to dry, acts that we now call servile were executed without sense of ignobleness; therefore, we may be certain, with noble motions. But we'll have none of this now. We have our little repugnances. Saint Catherine of Siena could love to cook and find matter for reflection as she stirred the pot; not so the wife of the New York merchant. The expansive actions, with a practical end in view, grow, in short, ever fewer. The expression of the civilized human body grows, then, more and more concentric, more and more static. The logical *finis* of the industrial man would seem, as to the physique, to be entire atrophy of the powers of muscular expressiveness.

Oh! let no one object that the expansive actions without a practical end—without an end of immediate, positive, commonplace utility—will save the situation and preserve some poses and motions of supreme beauty for the artist of the future. Physical culture for the sake of physical culture alone will not do that. Foot-ball availeth not, nor all the scale of athletics. Not in the highest sense. The primary condition of true beauty is fitness; otherwise, concrete usefulness. When men and women shall have ceased entirely to hunt, to ride, to sow, to reap, to draw water, to sweep, to carry weights upon their heads, simply because unless they did these things they would starve, they will also cease to fall into attitudes that stir the sense with a perception of energy in action that seems one with the rhythm of the universe. Another objection can be made, it is true, and that is more logical. We are told that all our conceptions of what is pleasing and poetic are the result of impressions, perhaps banal and ugly enough to the race in the first place, repeated so many times that they gradually became a matter of custom; then restful, like all old habits, and finally idealized. According to this view a ruined castle only appears to us more beautiful than a modern railway station, because the latter has not yet been worked over into an organic conception. When we have grown accustomed to seeing men abstain from all expansive muscular action, we may change, also, our ideal of physical dignity and beauty and grace. This is possible. But, somehow, it does not seem likely.

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